July 4, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

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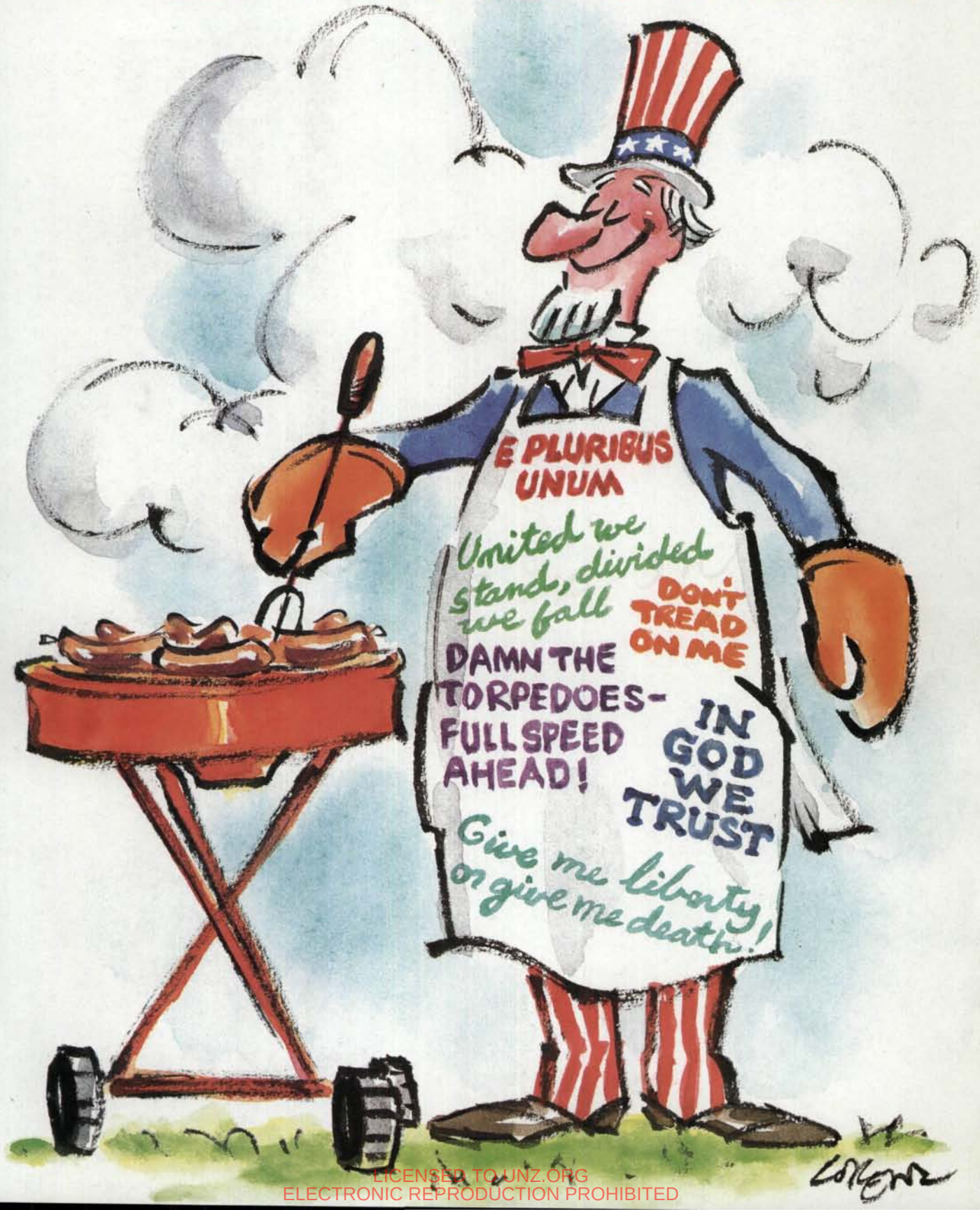
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DON'T TREAD ON ME
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IN GOD WE TRUST
Give me liberty or give me death!

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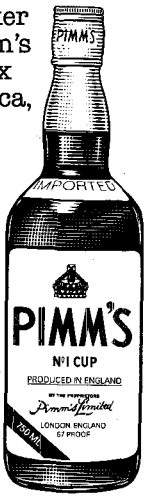

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

GODSPELL—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

IN PERPETUITY THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE—A comedy by Eric Overmyer. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

INTO THE WOODS—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/16/87.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

M. BUTTERFLY—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—WEST MEMPHIS MOJO, a production of the audacious Crossroads Theatre of New Brunswick, is set in a barbershop in West Memphis, Arkansas, in 1955 and tells of the attempt of a pair of blues songwriters and a guitarist to make it in rock and roll, which is beginning to take off. Martin Jones wrote the strong, witty script, and Rick Khan directed. (6/27/88) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

OIL CITY SYMPHONY—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson) everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performance of Michael Crawford in the title role. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE ROAD TO MECCA—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Starting Monday, July 4, Kathy Bates replaces Miss Irving. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance Monday, July 4, at 8.)

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ROMANCE/ROMANCE—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SPEED-THE-PLOW—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under the direction of Gregory Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TAMARA—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 239-2590. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 5 and 9; and Sundays at 7. The matinée schedule varies; please call ahead.)

THREE WAYS HOME—S. Epatha Merkerson is a welfare mother; Malcolm-Jamal Warner is her unmanageable sixteen-year-old son; and Mary McDonnell is a volunteer social worker assigned to her case. All of them are splendid. The play, by Casey Kurtti, much of it in monologues, is comic and sad and never dull. (6/6/88) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

URBAN BLIGHT—A revue, with sketches by among others, Wendy Wasserstein and David Mamet and songs by David Shire, Richard Maltby, Jr., and Edward Kleban. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday through Friday at 8. Closes Friday, July 1.)

LONG RUNS—ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Linda Hart (substituting for Patti LuPone, who returns on Tuesday, July 5), and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for sure-fire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Joan Rivers plays the mother; Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **BURN THIS:** A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs recently celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, July 6, at 2:30.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. Starting Tuesday, July 5, Norman Large replaces Mr. Crivello. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 2:30.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sun-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Le Cirque du Soleil—A circus from Montreal, in its first appearance here. (Battery Park City. Tuesday through Thursday, June 28-30, at 8; Friday, July 1, at 5:30 and 9; Saturday, July 2, at 4:30 and 8; and Sunday, July 3, at 1 and 4:30. For information about tickets, call 344-5910.)

Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—A return engagement of the comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays, except July 5, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY,** a musical loosely adapted from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones" by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, July 17.)

Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

THE FESTIVAL

(There are only two weeks left to go of the First New York International Festival of the Arts, which concludes July 11. For recorded information about performances, call 587-1111, or, outside New York, 1-800 782-4396; for reservations, call the individual box offices.)

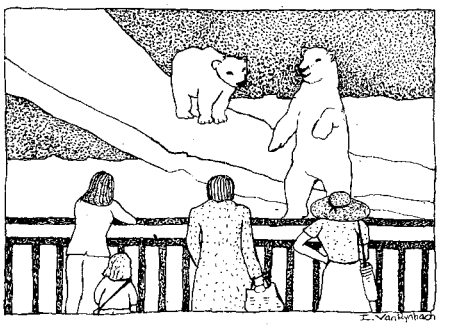
THEATRE

American Repertory Theatre—Two plays in repertory. **BIG TIME: SCENES FROM A SERVICE ECONOMY:** Keith Reddin's one-act satire about terrorism and international finance. Directed by Steven Schachter. (Friday, July 1, at 5 and 9, and Saturday, July 2, at 5.) . . . **SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR:** Robert Brustein's adaptation of the Pirandello classic. (Wednesday, July 6, at 8.) (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, **V & V ONLY,** directed by Marshall W. Mason. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 3.)

The Death of García Lorca—José Antonio Riál's play about the last three days in the life of the Spanish writer. Directed by Carlos Gimenéz and translated, from the Spanish, by Julio Marzán. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

Gate Theatre Dublin—Presenting two plays. **I'LL GO ON:** A one-man performance of excerpts from three novels by Samuel Beckett. Barry McGovern is the one man, and he serves the author well. He also did the adapting, with Gerry Dukes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, June 29, at 8. Special performance Wednesday, June 29, at 7.) . . . **JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK:** Donal McCann is Captain Jack Boyle, the Paycock; John Kavanagh is his sneaky sidekick, Joxer; and Geraldine Plunkett is his wife, Juno, in this stunning revival of Sean O'Casey's masterpiece. Joe Dowling was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly



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at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 2.)

Miracolo d'Amore—A theatre piece for fifteen dancers and singers, conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Iguana—A revival of Tennessee Williams' 1961 play, directed by Theodore Mann. With Jane Alexander, Pamela Payton-Wright, Nicolas Surovy, and Maria Tucci. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

O'Neill Centennial Celebration—Two plays in repertory. A disappointing revival of the tragic **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT** alternates with a sunny revival of **AH, WILDERNESS!** Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst star in both. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . ¶ "Ah, Wilderness!": Monday and Tuesday, June 27-28, Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, Monday, July 4, and Wednesday, July 6, all at 8. Matinées Saturday, July 2, and Wednesday, July 6, at 2. . . . "Long Day's Journey": Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, and Tuesday, July 5, at 8. Matinée Wednesday, June 29, at 2. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Stars in the Morning Sky—Leningrad's Maly Dramatic Theatre in a play about four prostitutes from Moscow who have been detained in a barracks nearby because the Olympics are coming to town. Directed by Lev Dodin; in Russian, with simultaneous translation. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinée Wednesday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 2.)

Also Playing—ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE: A one-act-play marathon, the second cycle of which consists of "Juliet," by Romulus Linney; "Door to Cuba," by James Ryan; "Human Gravity," by Stuart Spencer; and "Mango Tea," by Paul Weitz. The third (and last) cycle will start Wednesday, July 6. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAWORTH SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL:** Final performances of the London *Stage Company's production of Jean Genet's* 1949 play "Deathwatch," which has been integrated with " 'Adame Miroir," a ballet for which Genet wrote the scenario. With three dancers from the Dance Theatre of Harlem. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Monday and Tuesday, June 27-28, at 8.) . . . **HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT:** "Jika," a play about the South African student movement, written and directed by Maishe Maponya. (466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTAR:** A pair of one-act musicals (both with a score by Fernando Rivas) set in New York—one in the thirties, the other in 1999. (420 W. 42nd St. 465-1761. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.) . . . **"LETTERS TO A DAUGHTER FROM PRISON: NEHRU AND INDIRA":** A play directed by Vijaya Mehta. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 242-4204. Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, at 8.) . . . **MABOU MINES:** In "Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said," a work taken from a science-fiction novel by Philip K. Dick. (Tisch School of the Arts Theatre, New York University, 721 Broadway. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call 869-3530. Closes Sunday, July 10.) . . . **PAN ASIAN REPERTORY THEATRE:** Momoko Iko's "Boutique Living & Disposable Icons." (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.) . . . **THEATRE FOR THE NEW CITY:** Bob Morris's play "A Circle," about two American artists hiding from New York in a small town in Italy. (155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.) . . . **UBU REPERTORY THEATRE:** "You Have Come Back," a play by Fatima Gallaire-Bouregа about women and Islam. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, July 2.)

DANCE

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Tuesday, June 28, at 7:30; Wednesday, June 29, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, July 3, at 3: Program A. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 30-July 1, at 8, and Saturday, July 2, at 2 and 8: Program B. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Kazuo Ohno—The eighty-one-year-old Butoh dancer in "Suiren." (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Tuesday through Thursday, June 28-30, at 8.)

Pina Bausch Tanztheater Wuppertal—In two full-length works. Monday, June 27, at 7; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 28-29, at 8; Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, at 8; and Sunday, July 3, at 2: "Viktor." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 5, at 8: "Carnations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, July 10.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening night of the season, which continues through Sept. 11: "The Merry Widow," with Leigh Munro, Ruth Golden, Paul Austin Kelly, and Richard White; conducted by Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday, July 6, at 8.)

Orchestras and Recitalists—ORCHESTRE SYMPHONIQUE DE MONTRÉAL: Charles Dutoit conducts a Lutoslawski-Debussy-Prokofiev program. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, June 27, at 8.) . . . **ELECTRIC PHOENIX:** An English vocal quartet that makes use of its voices both unaltered and altered electronically, in a program that includes the world première of John Cage's "Songs for Voice—93-96." (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, June 29, at 8.) . . . **SOUND SPACE ARK:** A chamber group from Japan, performing works by its director, Toru Takemitsu, and others, including John Cage. With Fred Sherry, cello, and Ida and Ani Kavafian, violin. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Tuesday through Friday, July 5-8, at 8.) . . . **THREE AVANT-GARDE VOCALISTS:** Joan La Barbara, Shelley Hirsch, and Frank Royon Le Mée performing their own compositions. Miss La Barbara uses a set designed by Judy Chicago. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, July 6, at 8.) . . . **LONDON SINFONIETTA:** Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting the chamber ensemble in two performances, the first with soloists Paul Crossley, piano, and György Pauk, violin; no soloists on the second night. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7, at 8.)

Pop—YOUSSOU N'DOUR AND SALIF KEITA: Vocalists from Africa. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday, June 30, at 8.) . . . **AT THE CENTRAL PARK BAND SHELL:** Friday, July 1, at 8:30: Malombo, with Beth Soll & Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 3: Brave Combo, with the Horseflies. . . . ¶ Sunday,

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July 3, at 3: Youssou N'Dour. (Mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

JVC Jazz Festival—Monday, June 27, at 5: Jay McShann, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8: The Ahmad Jamal trio, the Michel Petrucciani trio, and the Michel Camilo trio. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8: The Charles Mingus All-Star Big Band and Geri Allen. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 5: Duke Jordan, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 7 and 11: B. B. King and his Orchestra, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Bonnie Raitt, and Dr. John. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 8: The Dizzy Gillespie Big Band and Carmen McRae and her quartet. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 5: Dave McKenna, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: Mel Tormé, Group 5, Cissy Houston & the Sweet Inspirations, and Montgomery, Plant & Stritch. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: Lionel Hampton and his Orchestra and the Wynton Marsalis quintet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: Daniel Humair, Michel Portal, Martial Solal, and others in a salute to jazz in France. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: The Gil Evans Orchestra, conducted by Miles Evans; and Courtney Pine. (92nd Street Y.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 5: Marian McPartland, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8: Sarah Vaughan and her trio. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 7 and 11: The Carlos Santana–Wayne Shorter group, and Lee Ritenour and the GRP All-Stars. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8: The Dave Brubeck quartet, with the Henry Johnson quartet. (92nd Street Y.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 5: Gerry Wiggins, solo piano. (Weill Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 7 and 11: Kenny G and Stanley Jordan. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8: The Buddy Rich Big Band (conducted by Steve Marcus), with guest appearances by Stan Getz, Nancy Wilson, Mel Tormé, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 7:30 and 11:30: Celia Cruz, Tito Puente, Paquito d'Rivera, Mongo Santamaria, and Dave Valentin. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: Miki Howard and Najee. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: "A Night for Lady Day," with Ruby Braff, Buddy Tate, Barry Harris, Buck Clayton's Swing Band, Chuck Wilson, and a host of others. (Town Hall.)

PERFORMANCE ART

P.S. 122—**Andrzej Grabowski:** A Polish actor, presenting "Audience 5," a performance in the form of a tongue-in-cheek lecture on contemporary music. (Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 9.) . . . **Dumb Type:** A dance-oriented performance group from Kyoto that makes use of film and photography. (Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, July 10.) . . . **Tim Miller:** In "Some Golden States," an autobiographical piece. (Friday through Sunday, July 1-3, at 9.) . . . **Terry Galloway:** A storyteller from Austin in "Been Out All Night." (Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7, at 9.) (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

FILM AND VIDEO

"Great Masters of the Performing Arts"—The Museum of Broadcasting celebrates personalities of the theatre with television shows from its archives. **Theatre** (through July 2): Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne programs, Tuesday, June 28, at 12:15, 2:15, 4:30, and 6. . . . ¶ An Orson Welles program, Wednesday, June 29, at 12:15 and 2:45. . . . ¶ Katharine Cornell programs, Thursday, June 30, at 12:05, 1:45, and 3:30. . . . ¶ A Lee J. Cobb program, Friday, July 1, at 12:15 and 2:45. . . . ¶ Helen Hayes programs, Saturday, July 2, at 12:15, 2, and 3:45. . . . **Musical Theatre** (July 5-9): Danny Kaye programs, Tuesday, July 5, at 12:15, 2, 3:45, and 5:30. . . . ¶ A Mary Martin–Noël Coward program, Wednesday, July 6, at 12:15 and 3:15. (1 E. 53rd St. For detailed program and ticket information, call 752-7684.)

"International Treasures of Film"—The Museum of Modern Art hosts a series of films, from the teens to the eighties, in which one or another of the performing arts has prominence. Monday, June 27, at 2:30 and 6: "Dead End" (1937; William Wyler), with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 2:30 and 6: "Great Actresses of the Past"—A handful of short excerpts from silent films, with Gabrielle Réjane, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Sarah Bernhardt, and Eleonora Duse; and "Queen Elizabeth," with Sarah Bernhardt, in its entirety. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 2:30 and 6: "A Double Life" (1948; George Cukor), with Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 2:30 and 6: "The Last Metro" (1980; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 2:30 and 6: "The Guardsman" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, and Roland Young. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 2:30 and 6: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, and Jason Robards. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 2:30 and 6: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 5, at 2:30 and 6: "The Mikado" (1939; Victor Schertzinger), with Kenny Baker, John Barclay, and Martyn Green. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9490.)

"Film as Vision: American Avant-Garde Cinema"—A survey of radical films made between 1939 and 1977. On Friday, July 1, at 7, Shirley Clarke will be present at a showing of her film "The Connection." Other programs daily, except Mondays, through Wednesday, July 6. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. For detailed program and ticket information, call 598-7171.)

DANCE

Paris Opéra Ballet—Monday, June 27, at 7: A benefit honoring Rudolf Nureyev. "Études," "In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated" (American première), and "Song of the Wayfarer" (with guest artists Jessye Norman, soprano, and James Levine, conductor) will be performed. Mikhail Baryshnikov, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Paul Taylor, and a host of others will participate in "Le Grand Défilé," a procession of dance-world luminaries. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, June 28-30, at 8: "Études," "Leçons de Ténèbres," and "In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated." . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8, and Saturday, July 2, at 2: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: "Études," "Leçons de Ténèbres," and "In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 5, at 8, and Wednesday, July 6, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through Saturday, July 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Liliane Montevecchi,** a former Folies-Bergère star who came to notice here in the Broadway show "Nine," sings in the solemn, woody nook known as the Oak Room at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **Larry Adler,** self-proclaimed champ of the mouth organ ("all-around" category; the blues and jazz titles he bestows on others), teams up with **Harold Nicholas,** the singer and dancer who walked up walls and jumped over orchestras with his brother Fayard, Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine. Singer-comedienne **Claiborne Cary** performs at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club, there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Latin-jazz pianist **Eddie Palmieri** and his followers trade sets with **Kenny Burrell's** three-guitar quintet Tuesday through Sunday, June 28-July 3. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, C. & W. fans, and followers of the jazz singer **Betty Carter.** Ms. Carter, a daredevil improviser who leaves melody in the dust and scatters lyrics to the winds when it suits her, is an exciting performer who always keeps her audience in view; she makes her singing visible, accompanying its leaps and turns with dramatic gestures and pop-eyed faces. She'll be here with her trio Friday and Saturday, July 1-2; the **Terence Blanchard–Donald Harrison** quintet opens. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, horn players compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **Hank Jones,** the eldest of the four great pianists who came out of Detroit in the forties and fifties (Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris, and Roland Hanna are the others) and the gentlest of the bunch, works with bassist **Ray Drummond** through Saturday, July 2; tenor saxophonist **Bill Saxton** leads a trio on Sunday, July 3; and tenor saxophonist **George Coleman** brings in a three-some on Monday, July 4. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian

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THE ART OF
THE NEW YORKER
A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

courthouse. **JIMMY WITHERSPOON,** the Arkansas blues singer, holds forth Tuesday through Sunday, June 28-July 3; **BILLY BANG,** a New York violinist who can swing and rhapsodize as well as dig into your ear the way a mosquito does, moves in with his quartet on Tuesday, July 5. **HAMIET BLUIETT,** the baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his Telepathic Big Band on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, will be on his throne in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle Tuesday through Saturday, June 28-July 2. Sets at ten and midnight.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Azymuth, a Brazilian pop-jazz trio, performs Tuesday through Sunday, June 28-July 3; **SANTI DEBRIANO'S** Double-Bass Quintet holds forth Tuesday and Wednesday, July 5-6. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving on to a patch of midtown sky. **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** one of the wonders of bebop piano, will be on hand Tuesday through Sunday, June 28-July 3. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from six on Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. The piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar on clear nights. **HAL SCHAEFER** will be on duty through Saturday, July 2; **MICKEY TUCKER** takes over on Tuesday, July 5. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A *room where the tenth letter of the alphabet* (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** a guitarist whose models include his easygoing dad, Bucky, and a singer whose inspirations include Nat Cole ("Hit That Jive, Jack" and "Straighten Up and Fly Right" are in his repertoire), is here on Thursdays with his trio. The rest of the schedule: Monday, June 27, Andy Tuck; Tuesdays, June 28, and July 5, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** Wednesday, June 29, the Virg Dzurinko trio; and Friday, July 1, singer Randa McNamara's band. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Saturday through Monday, July 2-4.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **BARBARA LEA,** a fine and easy singer and a whistler who could knock a bird out of a tree, will be here Thursday, June 30, and Saturday, July 2, with pianist **WES MC AFEE.** Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays and Monday, July 4.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** a Bud Powell admirer, will have bassist **PAUL BROWN** at his side Tuesday through Saturday, June 28-July 2; **RUSS KASOFF,** who serves as Liza Minnelli's accompanist, teams with **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Tuesday, July 5. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans-born pianist (he studied with the father of all the Marsalises) and fashion plate (in the smart tickler tradition), flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—What the JVC Jazz Festival rarely touches this edge-of-SoHo retreat readily embraces; it's now in the midst of a seventeen-night counter-festival starring the obscure, the dissonant, the rowdy, the polemical, and the profound. Most of the shows are double bills. The second week's performers include singer **CASSANDRA WILSON'S** group on Monday, June 27; saxophonist **C-SHARPE'S** quartet (with pianist **BARRY HARRIS**) on Tuesday, June 28; the **HAMIET BLUIETT–DON PULLEN** duo on Wednesday, June 29; pianist **ANDREW HILL'S** trio on Thursday, June 30; violinist **BILLY BANG'S** quartet and **GEORGE LEWIS** on Friday, July 1; saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN'S** trio on Saturday, July 2; **SUN RA** and his disciples on Sunday, July 3; and pianist **MICHELE ROSEWOMAN'S** and violinist **LEROY JENKINS'** bands on Monday, July 4. Shows at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight and eleven the rest of the week.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The lineup: Monday and Tuesday, June 27-28, a blues band made up of some Muddy Waters alumni, including pianist **PINETOP PERKINS** and guitarist **BOB MARGOLIN;** Thursday, June 30, Arkansas rock-and-roll drummer and singer **LEVON HELM;** Friday, July 1, Louisiana R. & B. singer **MIGHTY SAM MC CLAIN;** and Saturday, July 2, **BRAVE COMBO,** a rocking polka band from Denton, Texas. Music after nine. Dining. Closed Monday, July 4.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **JOE WILLIAMS** on the bandstand. Mr. Williams is gaining on seventy, but his big voice remains flexible and buoyant, and whatever he sings—an Ellington song, a Joe Turner blues, a supper-club standard—he sings with ease and gentlemanly cool. Even his occasional yodels and growls seem politely matter-of-fact—asides rather than events. He moves on down the line following his shows on Saturday, July 2. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. **GRAHAM PARKER,** the no longer young but still angry pub-rock bloke, performs on Monday, June 27. **LYLE LOVETT,** a country singer from outside Houston whose songs about strong men and cardboard women contain varying amounts of moonshine and mean spirits, sings on Tuesday, June 28. Lovett comes disguised as a non-country person (he has a mad poet's flyaway hairdo), and so does **K. D. LANG** (she wears her hair short), who is appearing opposite him with her band, the **RECLINES.** Lang, who grew up in western Canada and has a rangy voice, does all kinds of country music (rockabilly, Patsy Cline torch songs, hoedown numbers) with authority and charm. Soul Asylum, a Minneapolis band, works out on Wednesday, June 29, along with **LIVING COLOUR,** a New York hard-rock operation. **WIRE,** a British band whose work (twittering synthesizer sounds, obscure lyrics) only the most diligent art-rock student can hope to decipher, holds forth on Saturday, July 2. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The sched-

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ule: Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, reggae men **PABLO MOSES, MUTABARUKA,** and Charlie Chaplin; Friday, July 1, **TABOU COMBO,** a Haitian dance band; Saturday, July 2, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Tuesday, July 5, Andrew Tosh (son of the late Peter Tosh); and Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7, South African trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **CHRISTINE LAVIN**—a local folk hero whose many good songs include one about men who like to camp out, one about men who have or don't have an air-conditioner when you need it, and one about cool folk star Suzanne Vega—performs here on Sunday, July 3, at seven-thirty and ten-thirty. Music from eight-thirty the rest of the week. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. A three-star hard-bop trio—pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**—has the floor Tuesday through Sunday, June 28-July 3; pianist **MAL WALDRON** brings in a quintet on Tuesday, July 5. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain but functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. **CHARLOTTE BROWNE,** a young Harlem-born singer who favors skintight leopard-spotted dresses and saucy blues by Helen Humes and Alberta Hunter, does a seven-o'clock show on Thursday, June 30; **LIL QUEENIE,** a rock-and-soul belter from New Orleans, performs after nine-thirty that same evening. Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, belong to **VALERIE WELLINGTON,** an under-thirty blues singer from Chicago. She has a voice that carries from here to the next county, and she tends to use it and her considerable charm to bowl you over, sometimes at the expense of plain feeling.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hepcat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. On June 27, violinist **JOHN BLAKE** solos with **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE** and Son Primero; on July 4, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** works with ensembles led by **RAY BARRETTO** and **WILLIE ROSARIO.** Pop-jazz pianist **RAMSEY LEWIS** directs a trio Friday through Sunday, July 1-3, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, **HERMAN FOSTER,** a pianist who gives you a lot of Erroll Garner-ish dramatics, works with bassist **JON BURR** Tuesdays through Sundays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **CHARLIE ROUSE,** a tenor saxophonist who worked with Thelonious Monk during the sixties and has spent much of the eighties with the Monk-inspired quartet Sphere, will be around with his own quartet Tuesday through Sunday, June 28-July 3; **J. J. JOHNSON,** whose mobile, uninflected trombone work (no smears, slurs, or blats) set a standard for post-Swing players of his instrument, moves in with a quintet on Tuesday, July 5. Monday, June 27, is reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band, and Monday, July 4, for **BOB MINTZER'S** seventeen-piece ensemble. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding de-constructionist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **DAKOTA STATON,** whose singing is sometimes colored by Sarah Vaughan-like flights of fancy, will be here with her trio Wednesday through Sunday, June 29-July 3. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Guitarist **JOE BECK,** pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** are on duty through Saturday, July 2. Music from eight. Everybody clears out for a week's vacation starting Sunday, July 3.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

RICHARD TEITELBAUM ENSEMBLE—With the George Lewis ensemble and Shelley Hirsch. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, June 29, at 8.)

JIMMY CLIFF—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Wednesday, June 29, at 9. For tickets, call 757-3100.

QUEST—With the Andrew Cyrille quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 30, at 8.)

YUSEF LATEEF—With Cecil McBee and Eternal Wind. (Symphony Space. Friday, July 1, at 8.)

LEONARD COHEN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, July 6, at 8.

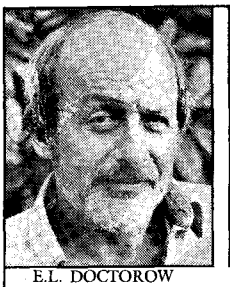
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Monday, July 4.)

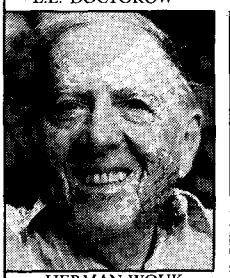
GALLERIES

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Works on paper. Through July 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

JOSÉ CAMPECHE (1751-1809)—A Puerto Rican


E.L. DOCTOROW

NANCY MILFORD


HERMAN WOUK

THEODORE H. WHITE

PHOTOS, TOP L-R: © 1984 Nancy Crampton. LOWER L-R: © 1978 David Kennerly/Gamma Liaison; © Carl Mydans.

Some of their best works began in the same setting.

Whether their books begin in the south of France or the streets of New York City, all of these authors chose the same place to work—The New York Public Library.

It's where E. L. Doctorow did research for *Ragtime*. It's where Herman Wouk worked on *The Caine Mutiny*, Nancy Milford wrote *Zelda*, and Theodore H. White, *The Making of the President, 1964*.

Author Jerzy Kosinski said, "This library is probably the most important single address I can think of since my arrival in this country twenty-seven years ago."

The Library is important to so many others as well.

For children, it's a place to enjoy puppet shows and the magic of literature. For dancers and choreographers, it's a place to perfect their performances by viewing original films and tapes. For students, businessmen, scientists and artists, it's a place where learning is accessible and free.

For countless people, with needs of every kind, the Library is the perfect setting.

The New York Public Library
WHERE THE FUTURE IS AN OPEN BOOK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–Cont'd

who recorded the high society of San Juan in his portraits. Forty-seven of his paintings are currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 25. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Laura Foreman / Bonnie Lucas—Assemblages. / Paintings on paper and assemblages. Through July 23. (Yi, 249 Centre St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Julio González (1876-1942)—Paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 19. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Guirey—Five abstract paintings based on Fragonard's "La Bascule." Through July 22. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

David Hockney—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. Drawings at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 29. . . . ¶ Prints at Drake, 50 W. 57th St. Through July 23. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Early graphics at Ingber, 415 West Broadway. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Photographs at Kasmin, 580 Broadway. Through July 16. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Oliver Johnson—New paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 26. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

Justen Ladda—An installation linking art and commerce, by an artist whose assemblages of toasters, hair curlers, and golf clubs recall such well-known sculptures as Brancusi's "Kiss" and Giacometti's "Pointing Man," and whose paintings make use of fake fur and plaid fabrics. Through July 15. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Paintings. Through July 15. (Katzen Brown, 475 Broome St.)

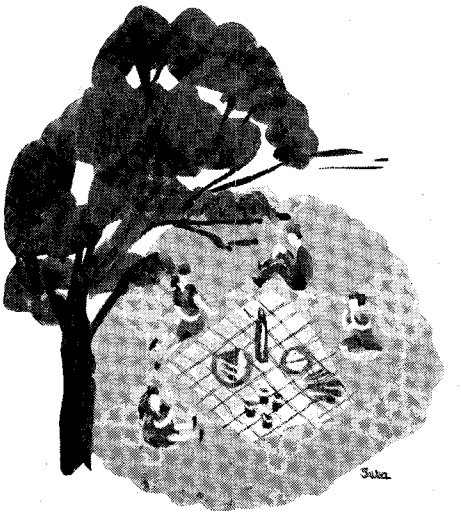
Patricia Nix—Painted constructions in mixed mediums. Through July 14. (Nerlino-McGear, 96 Greene St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through July 29. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick—Densely painted abstractions done in the late fifties. Through July 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Rezac—Abstract sculptures in cast iron, cast bronze, and wood. Through Sunday, July 3. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **aca**, 41 E. 57th St.: Landscapes by Sylvia Mangold, Jane Freilicher, and Michael Zwack, among others. Through July 8. . . . **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Michael Young, Jack Barth, and Joan Nelson. Through July 29. . . . **brandt**, 568 Broadway: Betty Beaumont, Francesc Torres, and others in a show of works in various mediums. Through July 22. . . . **dintenfass**, 50 W. 57th St.: Seven guest artists, including Lynda Bailey, Elizabeth Jordan, and Eric Sparre, showing sculptures and works on paper. Through July 18. . . . **the drawing center**, 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **frumkin-adams**, 50 W. 57th St.: Large-scale paintings by Philip Wofford, Joan Brown, and James Gingerich, among others. Through Friday, July 1. . . . **good**, 39 Great Jones St.: Works in various mediums by Donald Judd, Nancy Haynes, and Carole Seborovsky. Through July 8. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings by Elizabeth Magill, Shahnaz Said, Yuko Shiraishi, and Suzanne Treister. Through July 29. . . . **jacobson**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works that create an illusion of depth, including a painting by Gregory Amenoff, a drawing by Wayne Thiebaud, a construction by Joseph Cornell, and sculptures by David Kezur. Through July 29. . . . **koury wingate**, 578 Broadway: Dike Blair, General Idea, and Cary Smith are a few of the painters and sculptors in this exhibit of new works. Through July 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **little johnsmith**, 133 Greene St.: Paintings, constructions, sculptures, and photographs in a show



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highlighting the influence of billboard art. Some of the artists are James Rosenquist, Walker Evans, and Julie Heffernan. Through July 23. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays.) . . . **postmasters**, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jan Frank, David Diao, and Silvia Kolbowski, among others. Through July 17. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **protetch**, 560 Broadway: Paintings by Arakawa, Alfred Jensen, and Sol LeWitt, who also has a sculpture on view. Through July 15. . . . **schmidt bingham**, 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Martha Mayer Erlebacher, Joyce Treiman, Donald Roller Wilson, and others which the gallery calls "oxymorons in art." Through July 22. . . . **shainman**, 560 Broadway: Large and small paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs by Bruno Ceccobelli, Petah Coyne, and others. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ruth siegel**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings in various mediums by Pat Sutton, Robert Jessup, Robert Berlind, and others. Also, sculptures by Colin Gray. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **303 gallery**, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A: Works in mixed mediums by David Cabrera, Larry Johnson, Liz Larner, and Charles Ray. Through July 9. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **toll**, 146 Greene St.: Paintings by Louise Fishman, Joan Mitchell, and David Reed. Through July 28. . . . **weber**, 142 Greene St.: Photographs by Thomas Joshua Cooper, a conceptual installation by Franz Erhard Walther, and a series of more than two hundred works in plaster by Allan McCollum. Through July 23. . . . **zabriskie**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by the Nouveaux Réalistes, including Yves Klein, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Gérard Deschamps. Through July 8. (Open Mondays.)

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery artists can also be seen at **alexander**, 59 Wooster St. . . . **burgin**, 270 Lafayette St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **nosei**, 100 Prince St.

Sculpture—Pieces by Richard Artschwager, Richard Deacon, Luciano Fabro, Claes Oldenburg, Giuseppe Penone, and Richard Serra. Through Friday, July 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gwen Akin and Allan Ludwig—Photographs by two collaborators who specialize in macabre subjects; for example, freshly killed partridges and skeletons with two heads. Through Saturday, July 2. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

Peggy Jarrell Kaplan—Photographs of Mark Morris, Robert Wilson, other well-known figures, and the cast of the "Mahabharata." Through July 20. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs, including prints of European Gypsies and country people and of the 1968 Prague uprising. Through July 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a retrospective of his work; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **burden**, 20 E. 23rd St.: Harry Callahan, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Sylvia Plachy are some of the artists who have photographs in a big exhibit entitled "Swimmers." Through July 30. (Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **gladstone**, 99 Greene St.: Portraiture by Robert Mapplethorpe, Richard Prince, Thomas Ruff, and Jeff Wall. Through July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The earliest work in the David Hockney retrospective is a self-portrait done when the artist was seventeen. Mr. Hockney has also recorded the Acoustiguide tape for the show, on which he explains his ideas and techniques. Through Aug. 14. Complementary exhibits are at André Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; Douglas Drake, 50 W. 57th St.; Paul Kasmin, 580 Broadway; and Ingber, 415 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings and drawings by Paul Klee, gifts to the museum from Heinz Berggruen. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Religious paintings and portraits by the eighteenth-century Puerto Rican artist José Campeche. Through Sept. 25. Works by the artist are also at Museo del Barrio. (The Metropolitan is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Deconstructivist Architecture," drawings, models, and site plans by Coop Himmelblau, Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, Zaha M. Hadid, Rem Koolhaas, Daniel Libeskind, and Bernard Tschumi. The chief organizer of the exhibit is Philip Johnson, who describes these architects as having eschewed harmony, unity, and clarity for the sake of disharmony, fracturing, and mystery. Through Aug. 30. . . . **photography**: The Garry Winogrand retrospective. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Georges Braque. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A loan show of sixty modern paintings from the National Gallery in Prague, consisting entirely of works that are in America for the first time. The artists include Cézanne, Chagall, Klimt, Gauguin, and Matisse, and their Czech counterparts. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Through Sunday, July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show documenting the work of Gordon Matta-Clark (1943-78), who used abandoned buildings as sculptural material—cutting out arcs, circles, etc., and displaying leftover fragments in galleries. Through July 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A hundred and fifty pre-Columbian artifacts from the permanent collection. Through Aug. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

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American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There are, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two feather suits (complete with feather crowns) that Roger Chapelain-Midy designed for the Paris Opéra's production of "Die Zauberflöte" are among the costumes on display in an exhibit documenting the history of the Paris Opéra House. Also included are costume designs, in watercolors, by Erté, André Derain, and Yves Saint Laurent, original architectural studies by Charles Garnier, and stage jewelry. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ The museum's garden is currently dotted with lawn chairs in every conceivable style. These bizarre—but comfortable—pieces are the work of thirty-one San Francisco Bay Area artists, including Martha Schwartz, Veronica di Rosa, and Daniel Friedlander. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Paintings and drawings Henry Clay Frick collected as a young connoisseur in the early eighteen-eighties have been brought from his Pittsburgh residence, Clayton, and hung alongside some of the Old Masters he acquired later. In the former group are works by Jean-Charles Cazin, Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret, and William M. Harnett. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of Stuart Klipper's photographs of deserts in Israel. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A comprehensive exhibit of the works of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) which includes watercolors of her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, repository of nearly thirteen hundred artists' self-portraits, has sent a selection of thirty—by Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carracci, Walter Crane, and others—in an exchange show with the National Academy, which sent a selection of its thirteen hundred self-portraits to Florence this spring. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of works by the Swiss sculptor Markus Raetz. Through July 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit on children's literature with about two hundred items, ranging from first editions to memorabilia. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, from 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Berg Collection of English and American Literature is celebrating its jubilee with a show of a hundred and fifty of its prize manuscripts and books, among them a first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems," the notebooks of Eliot and Auden, one of Virginia Woolf's diaries, and the typescript of Robert Lowell's "The Drive from West Street to Danbury." (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, July 4, from 10 to 6.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—Yankees at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, June 27-29, at 7:30. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Thursday, June 30, at 7:35; Friday, July 1, at 5:35 (doubleheader); Saturday, July 2, at 7:05; and Sunday, July 3, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Monday through Wednesday, July 4-6, at 7:35.

Racing—At **Belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 1. The Dwyer, Saturday, July 2; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Sunday, July 3; and the Suburban Handicap, Monday, July 4. . . . **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . **Atlantic City Race Course,** McKee City, N.J.: Mondays (except June 27) and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15.

Trotting—At **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Friday, Aug. 19. . . . **Yonkers Raceway:** Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1; through Wednesday, Aug. 3. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45, and Monday, July 4, at 6.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Glorious Fourth—The traditional Macy's fireworks display (upped to 14,000 shells), set off from barges in the East River, will begin at 9:20. The best viewing sites will be from the southbound lane of the F.D.R. Drive (which will be closed to automobiles) between 14th and 51st Streets. Pedestrians can enter the road at 23rd, 34th, and 42nd Streets. . . . ¶ On Saturday and Sunday, July 2-3, sailboats participating in the Stars and Stripes Regatta will be racing in New York Harbor between noon and 4 each day. They can be seen from the Battery.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **Much Ado About Nothing,** with Blythe Danner, Kevin Kline, Jerry Stiller, Phoebe Cates, and others, will run through Sunday, July 24. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—Central Park's Great Lawn: Monday, June 27, at 8 (rain date, June 30), "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Yoko Watanabe, Giorgio Lamberti, Harry Dworchak, and others; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . **Flushing Meadow Park,** Queens: Wednesday, June 29, at 8 (rain date, June 30), "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Hei-Kyung Hong, Dawn Kotoski, Vinson Cole, Paolo Coni, and Giuseppe Taddei; Marcello Panni. . . . **Cunningham Park,** Queens: Friday, July 1, at 8 (rain date, July 3), "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Yoko Watanabe, Giorgio Lamberti, Harry Dworchak, and others; Julius Rudel. . . . **Botanical Garden,** the Bronx: Saturday, July 2, at 8 (rain date, July 3), "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Ruth Ann Swenson, Dawn Kotoski, Vinson Cole, David Malis, and Giuseppe Taddei; Marcello Pani.

Music Festival on the Pier—Opening concerts in the Miller beer people's summer series. Monday, June 27: Jethro Tull, with Fairport Friends. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 6: Jimmy Buffett. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Prospect Park Bandshell—Tania León conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic, with the World Saxophone Quartet. (Saturday, July 2, at 8. For rain-date information, call 1-718 788-0055.)

IN THE COUNTRY

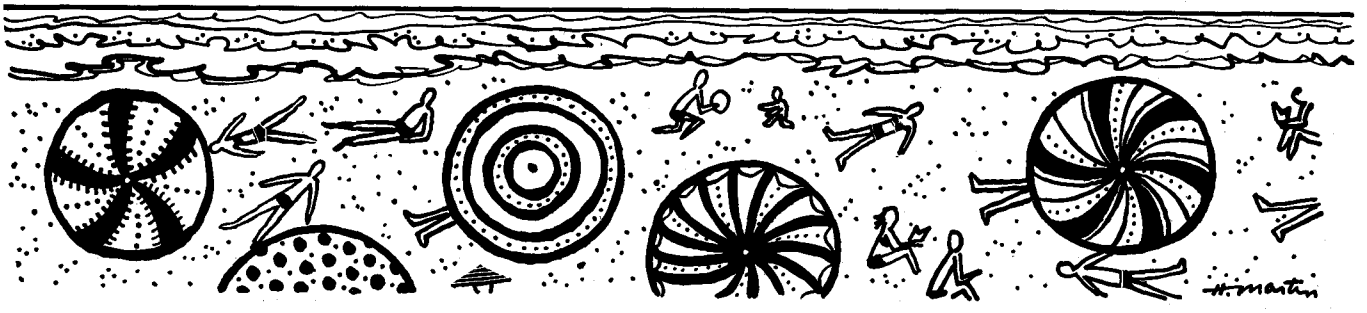
Caramoor Music Festival—Saturday, July 2, at 8:30: Jaime Laredo conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's; with Mr. Laredo and Eriko Sato, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, in an all-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's; with Peter Orth, piano, and William Blount, clarinet. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 21. Trains that leave Grand Central Terminal on Saturdays at 2:48 and 5:48, and on Sundays at 3:48, are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—This week's program is conducted by Gerard Schwarz, with Nathaniel Rosen, cello. The season of weekly concerts runs through Saturday, July 23. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Saturday, July 2, at 8:30.)

Tanglewood—Opening concerts of the fiftieth season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 28. Thursday, June 30, at 8:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, and John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in Bach's Cantata Number Eighty. Beethoven's Ninth is also on the program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8:30: Yuri Temirkanov conducting the orchestra, with Vladimir Spivakov, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the orchestra, with Vladimir Feltsman, piano, and Roberta Alexander, soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 8:30: Hugh Wolff conducting the orchestra, with Sanford Sylvan, baritone. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1492.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Through Saturday, July 2: The Pittsburgh Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 5-9: "The Roots of Creole," a program of Portuguese, African, and South American dance and music. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the **New York City Ballet** of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, July 23. Tuesday, July 5, at 8:15: "Glass Pieces," "Tanzspiel," and "Stars and Stripes" (with guest artists William Bolcom and Joan Morris). . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 6, at 8:15: "Ivesiana," "Woodland Sketches," "Tarantella," and "Ecstatic Orange." (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
See listings under "The Festival," on page 5.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Red Heat" (directed by Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 2: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 3: "Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Big Business" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
"Bull Durham" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Willow" (†). From June 29: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "The Presidio" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 5: "The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.
From July 6: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hairspray" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Beethoven's Nephew" (Paul Morrissey).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Big" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 30: "The Moderns" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine and John Lone.
From July 1: To be announced.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan. From July 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase. From July 1: To be announced.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 30: "Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.
From July 1: "Absolution" (1979; Anthony Page), with Richard Burton.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 2: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "A World Apart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 5: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna. From July 6: "Short Circuit 2" (Kenneth Johnson), with Fisher Stevens and Michael McKean.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Moonstruck" (†). From June 29: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 5: "The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.
From July 6: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Presidio" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Willow" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Presidio" (†).

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan. From June 29: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Rights and Reactions: Lesbian and Gay Rights on Trial" (1987; directed by Phil Zwickler and Jane Lippman) and "Oscar Wilde: Spendthrift of Genius" (1986; Sean O'Mordha), both documentaries. From June 29: "Beirut: The Last Home Movie" (1987; Jennifer Fox), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Hairspray" (†). From June 29: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years" (Penelope Spheeris).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 5: "White Mischief" (†). From July 6: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "The Moderns" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine and John Lone. From July 1: "Absolution" (1979; Anthony Page), with Richard Burton.
Theatre 2: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
Theatre 3: "Candy Mountain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Moonstruck" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through July 5: "The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy. From July 6: "License to Drive" (Greg Beeman), with Corey Haim and Corey Feldman.
Theatre 2: "Big" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bull Durham" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Willow" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Who Framed Roger Rabbitt" (Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 30: "The Last Emperor" (†).
From July 1: "Shy People" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jill Clayburgh and Barbara Hershey.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through June 30: "White Mischief" (†).
From July 1: To be announced.

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 30: "My Life as a Dog" (1987; Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.
From July 1: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Handful of Dust" (Charles Sturridge), with James Wilby.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 30: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
From July 1: To be announced.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Willow" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Commissar" (1967; Alexander Askoldov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Taxing Woman" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 5: "The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.
From July 6: "License to Drive" (Greg Beeman), with Corey Haim and Corey Feldman.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: "Big Business" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 28: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna. From June 29: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 5: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 6: Through June 28: "The Presidio" (†). From June 29: "Coming to America."

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METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (Robert Redford), with Rubén Blades. From July 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†). From July 1: To be announced.

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (316-6660)
"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (Robert Zemeckis), with Bob Hoskins and Christopher Lloyd.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase. From July 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "The Last Emperor" (†). From July 1: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 2: "Red Heat" (directed by Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 3: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 4: "Rambo III."
Theatre 5: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 6: "Maniac Cop" (William Lustig).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Big Business" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Presidio" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Presidio" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 28: "The Presidio" (†). From June 29: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through June 28: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
From June 29: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Great Outdoors" (Howard Deutch), with Dan Aykroyd and John Candy.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Big" (†).

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through July 5: "Poltergeist III" (Gary Sherman), with Heather O'Rourke, Tom Skerritt, Nancy Allen, and Zelda Rubinstein.
From July 6: "License to Drive" (Greg Beeman), with Corey Haim and Corey Feldman.

REVIVAL HOUSES

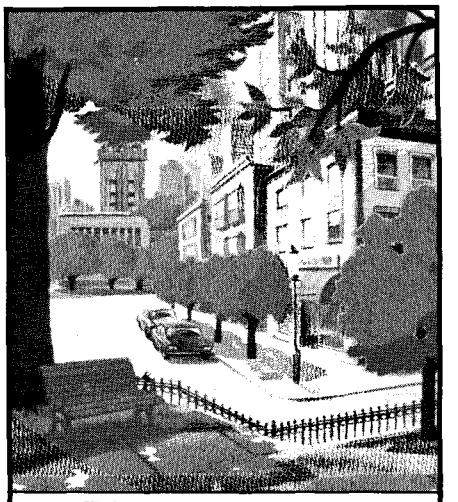
BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
June 27: "Monkey Business" (1931; directed by Norman McLeod) and "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), both with the Marx Brothers.
June 28-29: "No Way to Treat a Lady" (1968; Jack Smight), with Rod Steiger, Lee Remick, and George Segal; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
June 30-July 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†) and "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
July 3-4: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.
July 5-6: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968 †).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 28: "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (1987; Jack Clayton), with Maggie Smith and Bob Hoskins; and "Orphans" (1987; Alan J. Pakula), with Albert Finney, Matthew Modine, and Kevin Anderson.
June 29-30: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both directed by Akira Kurosawa, in Japanese, with Toshiro Mifune.
July 1-2: "Broadcast News" (1987; James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter; and "Raising Arizona" (1987; Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.
July 3: "Ginger and Fred" (1986; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina; and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).
July 4-5: Two different programs of Warner Brothers cartoons—one featuring Bugs Bunny and the other Daffy Duck.
From July 6: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Wedding in Galilee" (1987; Michel Khleifi; in Arabic and Hebrew).

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
June 27: "Daisy Kenyon" (1947; Otto Preminger), with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda; and "Fallen Angel" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Alice Faye, Dana Andrews, and Linda Darnell.
June 28: "Donovan's Brain" (1954; Felix Feist), with Lew Ayres, Gene Evans, and Nancy Davis; and "The Brain That Couldn't Die" (1963; Joseph Green), with Virginia Keith and Jason Evers.
June 29: "The Razor's Edge" (1946; Edmund Goulding), with Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power, Anne Baxter, Herbert Marshall, and Clifton Webb; "Tobacco Road" (1941; John Ford), with Charley Grapewin, Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, and Elizabeth Patterson; and "Sundown" (1941; Henry Hathaway), with Gene Tierney and Bruce Cabot.
June 30: "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty; and "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman, Valerie Perrine, and Gary Morton.
July 1-2: "The Last Emperor" (†).
July 3: "The Inheritance" (1976; Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Dominique Sanda and Anthony Quinn; and "Il Successo" (1963; Mauro Morassi; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Anouk Aimée, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
July 4: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.
July 5: "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary about Bob Dylan; and "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.
July 6: "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 27: "The Gold of Naples" (1957; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and De Sica; and "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German), a six-episode film.
June 28: "Bombshell" (1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan; and "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.
June 29: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949; Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable and Rudy Vallée.
June 30: "The Sailor from Gibraltar" (1967; Tony Richardson), with Jeanne Moreau, Ian Bannen, and Vanessa Redgrave; and "Mademoiselle" (1966; Tony Richardson), with Jeanne Moreau.
July 1-2: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.
July 3-4: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
July 5: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill"



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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

(1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.
July 6: "Back Street" (1932 †) and "Magnificent Obsession" (1935 †).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
theatre 1: See listings under "The Festival," on page 5.
theatre 2: June 27 at 3: "The Four Devils" (1920; directed by Wilhelm Anders Sandberg; a silent film, with Spanish intertitles); *and Mexican newsreels from 1936 and* 1942, with Spanish narration. . . . ¶ June 27 at 6:30: "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a silent film, with Danish intertitles). . . . ¶ June 28 at 3: "Mysterien eines Frisiersalons" (1922; Bertolt Brecht, Erich Engel, and Karl Valentine; a silent film, with German intertitles) and "Vida en Sombras" (1947; Lorenzo Llobet Gracia; in Spanish, with French subtitles). . . . ¶ June 28 at 6:30: "Humoresque" (1920; Frank Borzage; a silent film), with Alma Rubens and Vera Gordon. . . . ¶ June 30 at 3: "Mysterien eines Frisiersalons" and "Vida en Sombras." . . . ¶ June 30 at 6:30: "The Four Devils" and Mexican newsreels.
French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—June 29 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "États d'Âme" (1986; Jacques Fansten; in French, with English subtitles), *with Robin Renucci, Jean-Pierre Bacri, and* François Cluzet. . . . ¶ July 6 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Topaze" (1933; Louis Gasnier; in French, with English subtitles), with Louis Jouvet.
Murder, Mystery and Mayhem—A series of films set in New York City during the thirties, forties, and fifties. July 3 at 2: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400.)
Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 5: "Of Human Bondage" (1934; John Cromwell), with Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. . . . ¶ July 6: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (Goodbye, Children)—With Gaspard Manesse and Raphaël Fejtö, directed by Louis Malle. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Festival.)
Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," *Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this* simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. *In Danish and French.* —T.R. (Cinema Studio.)
Back Street (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadow of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. (It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6.)
Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)
Big—A formula fantasy film that has been directed very gently and tactfully by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through the script (by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg) about a twelve-year-old boy who wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties—Tom Hanks. There are neat, flaky moments, but everything has a tepid inevitability, and even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us. Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. It turns prepubescence into a dream state. With the slyly sexy Elizabeth Perkins, and good comic work by Robert Loggia and Jared Rushton. Also with John Heard, David Moscow, Jon Lovitz, and Mercedes Ruehl. (6/27/88) (Gotham Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)
Big Business—Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin, in a farce about two sets of identical twins accidently mismatched at birth. They're the Ratliffs, who live in a backwoods Southern town, and they're the Sheltons, who run the New York conglomerate, Moramax. The four women and their various courtiers, flunkies, and love objects wind up spending the weekend at the Plaza Hotel. The film often looks third class, and the director, Jim Abrahams, doesn't have the knack of making the details click into place. You're aware of an awful lot of mistaken-identity plot and aware of how imprecise most of it is. Yet the picture moves along, spattering the air with throwaway gags, and a minute after something misfires you're laughing out loud. Fred Ward, who plays Tomlin's down-home suitor, is serenely unself-conscious, and takes over as the film's hero. And Midler breezes through, kicking one gong after another. Far more free and inspired here than she was in "Outrageous Fortune" or "Ruthless People," she plays the poor girl as a supplicant abasing herself before the world's goodies. She's pure appetite. And as the mogul of Moramax she flips up her collar and her gesture bespeaks perfect self-satisfaction. (Chaplin did this sort of thing, and he didn't do it better.) With Leo Burmester as the bum. Script credited to Dori Pierson and Marc Rubel. (6/27/88) (Bay Cinema, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)
Bull Durham—Written and directed by Ron Shelton, this sunny romantic comedy has the kind of dizzying off-center literacy that Preston Sturges' pictures had. It's a satirical celebration of our native jauntiness and wit; it takes us into a subculture that's like a bawdy adjunct of childhood—minor-league baseball. Kevin Costner plays the smart, hyperarticulate catcher Crash, and comes through with his first wide-awake, star performance; at his best, he's as berserkly ironic as Jack Nicholson is at some of his peaks. After playing for twelve years, Crash arrives in Durham, North Carolina, to join the Durham Bulls and learns that he's been brought in to train baby-faced Nuke (Tim Robbins), a wild young rookie pitcher who is destined to move up. Susan Sarandon plays the beautiful, passionate Annie Savoy, a baseball fanatic who has her own scorecard: "There's never been a ballplayer slept with me who didn't have the best year of his career." What you keep reacting to is the film's exuberant doodles. With Jenny Robertson, Trey Wilson, William O'Leary, Robert Wuhl, and Max Patkin. (6/27/88) (Murray Hill, Loews New York Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)
Candy Mountain—Rudy Wurlitzer wrote the screenplay of this low-budget road movie and directed it in collaboration with Robert Frank. It's the story of a dim, unsuccessful young New York musician (Kevin J. O'Connor) who makes a deal with a rock star (David Johansen) and a couple of guys in business suits to track down a brilliant guitar-maker named Elmore Silk (Harris Yulin); the idea, of course, is to acquire his guitars, commodities that have become rare and fantastically valuable since Silk's disappearance from the scene years ago. On his journey through upstate New York and eastern Canada, the eager punk loses a couple of cars, spends all his money, gets arrested, trades observations on the romance of the road and the meaning of life with an assortment of oddballs, losers, freaks, and geezers, and eventually finds the great man holed up in a town in Nova Scotia, where the whole eventful quest turns out to be—surprise—sort of meaningless. This may sound dreary, and it's certainly thin, but the movie has a surprisingly genial spirit. Frank, a great photographer ("The Americans") who has also made several 16-mm. films, knows how to shoot the seedy roadside landscape so that we don't feel oppressed by the bleakness of it all. Working with the cinematographer Pio Corradi, he keeps startling us, offhandedly, with the beauty of thrown-together places and lives. The lively cast includes an eclectic bunch of musicians: Tom Waits, Leon Redbone, Dr. John, and Rita MacNeil.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)
Hairspray—With Divine, directed by John Waters. (3/7/88) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 28.)
The Last Emperor—With John Lone, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (11/30/87) (57th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; through June 30. . . . ¶ Thalia SoHo; July 1-2.)
Magnificent Obsession (1935)—This first version of the inspirational Lloyd C. Douglas novel—starring Irene Dunne as the virtuous widow and Robert Taylor as the drunk driver who was responsible for her husband's death —should certainly have been the last, but the woebegone trickeries of the material made the movie a four-handkerchief hit, and damned if Ross Hunter didn't produce another version in 1954 (with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson), and the slop made money all over again. Irene Dunne spends a lot of time in the hospital and is at her most infuriatingly gallant and womanly; Sara Haden and Theodore Von Eltz don't help much. Directed by John M. Stahl, not known for his sense of humor, though Charles Butterworth manages a funny scene or two. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6.)
The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema 3, and Metro Cinema; through June 30.)

Moonstruck—With Cher, Nicolas Cage, and Olympia Dukakis; directed by Norman Jewison. (1/25/88) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gemini; through June 28.)

The Presidio—This loud, lame thriller is set in San Francisco, in and around the Presidio Army base. An M.P. is killed when she stumbles onto a break-in at the Officers' Club, and the murder investigation turns into a clash of wills between a rigid Lieutenant Colonel (Sean Connery) and an impetuous young homicide cop (Mark Harmon). As if that weren't drama enough—Harmon, we learn, was once an M.P. under Connery's command (they hated each other), and in the course of the movie he falls in love with the Lieutenant Colonel's wild and adorable daughter (Meg Ryan). The screenwriter, Larry Ferguson, and the director, Peter Hyams, obviously think that it's been far too long since we've seen cars bouncing through the streets of San Francisco at high speeds, or a testy relationship between a by-the-book old-timer and a hotheaded younger man resolving itself in grudging admiration. They're wrong. Also with Jack Warden and Mark Blum.—T.R. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 28.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliffhanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (Biograph Cinema; June 30-July 2.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Only about half the play is left, and what's there doesn't build up the rhythm of a poetic drama. Heard in isolated fragments, the lines just seem a funny way of talking that is hard to understand. The movie was sold on its "youth appeal" and on teen-agers playing teen-agers. But you can always make a movie with kids playing kids; the feat would be if the kids could read Shakespeare. Here, the lines are unintelligible because the actors' faces and bodies aren't in tune with the words. In Shakespeare's version, Romeo and Juliet played together at poetry and at love; they made love through poetry, matching each other's conceits. Here the actors seem dear little children playing at Franco Zeffirelli's notion of teen-age sex hunger. Then, suddenly, the movie is filled with weeping and lamentation and carrying on. All this violence and hysteria appear to come out of nowhere, because these little child lovers, with their baby talk, hardly seem to have the sensuality or the grand passion to go mad this way. With Olivia Hussey, Leonard Whiting, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea. (Biograph Cinema; July 5-6.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan (1982)—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) encounters his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban). Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt, smiling grimly as he does the dirty; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, Bones McCoy,

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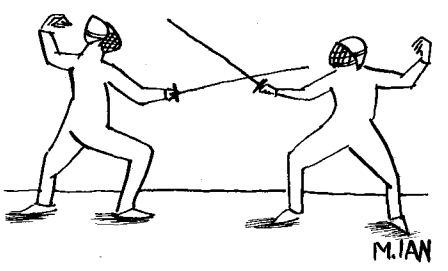
Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan—Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. (Biograph Cinema; June 30-July 2.)

Tampopo (1986)—With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki, directed by Juzo Itami. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A Taxing Woman—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a hand ful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot about the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo." In Japanese.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs —that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (68th St. Playhouse, and Bleecker St. Cinema.)

White Mischief—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes.—T.R. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through June 30. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through July 5.)



Willow—The evil sorceress Queen Bavmorda (Jean Marsh) is killing all the newborn babies in the Daikini domain, because of a prophecy that an infant born with a special mark will bring about her downfall. Placed on a raft of rushes, the savior baby girl drifts downriver into the land of a peaceful, elflike people, the Nelwyns. A young Nelwyn farmer, Willow (Warwick Davis), tries to protect her, and eventually, with the help of an outlaw Daikini swordsman (Val Kilmer) and a rebel Daikini (Gavan O'Herlihy), Willow storms the evil queen's black castle. This tale involves trolls, vicious black boars, nine-inch-tall men called Brownies, platinum-wigged Tinker Bells, a two-headed dragon, and some four hundred special-effects shots. Before it's over, you feel as if you'd fallen into a pile of mixed metaphors. Produced by George Lucas, who also wrote the story, the movie seems to be one stale idea after another. The director, Ron Howard, shows his gentle talent only in his handling of the three-foot-four-inch Willow, whose sweet-faced humility could make parts of the movie appealing to kids. With Billy Barty—triumphant as usual—as the High Aldwin of the Nelwyns. (5/30/88) (Loews Tower East, Guild, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through June 28.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child," stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Cinema Studio.)

A World Apart—Set in 1963, it's about a thirteen-year-old girl (Jodhi May) who lives a well-ordered, ruling-class life in a fine home in suburban Johannesburg until her father (Jeroen Krabbé), who's a Communist, flees the country in the middle of the night to escape arrest, and her mother (Barbara Hershey), the editor of a small anti-apartheid newspaper, is "detained" for ninety days, and then another ninety days. Based on a semi-autobiographical script by Shawn Slovo, the daughter of the journalist Ruth First and Joe Slovo, the leader of the banned South African Communist Party, the movie deals with the girl's feeling confused and resentful—the fight against apartheid is also her competitor. In prison or out, her mother is not all there for her. The theme of the movie is the conflict between fighting injustice and what we owe to our families—or, more poignantly, a young girl's pain at the loss of her mother and father, though she knows the reason for it. Shot in Zimbabwe, this remarkable first feature directed by the noted cinematographer Chris Menges has a visual snap to it. It's luminous yet very informal. And though, toward the end, it falls into chanting slogans, it has a radiant intelligence. The cast includes Linda Mvusi, who shared the best-actress award at Cannes with May and Hershey, and Tim Roth, Yvonne Bryceland, Albee Lesotho, David Suchet, and Nadine Chalmers. (6/13/88) (Cinema I.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

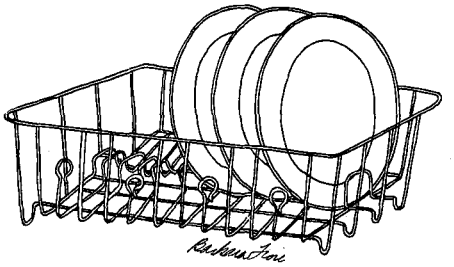
Notes and Comment

THIRD WORLD debt is not a subject that most Americans have given much thought to. Indeed, it has intruded upon our collective consciousness in recent years only at moments of crisis. Not until 1982, when major debtors like Brazil and Mexico threatened to default on their obligations—thus raising the spectre of instability within the world financial order, not to mention enormous losses for American-based multinational banks—did news about Third World debt come to be featured on the front, rather than the financial, pages of our newspapers. Today, such large-scale defaults are widely regarded as unlikely—at least, for the time being. The biggest borrowers are no closer to being able to repay their debts than they were six years ago, but enough stopgap measures have been put into effect to give both the Reagan Administration and the banks confidence that the situation is under control. James Baker, the Secretary of the Treasury, recently declared in testimony before the House Banking Committee, "Our strategy is working."

But the view from air-conditioned offices in Washington and New York is not necessarily the same as that from shantytowns outside São Paulo and Manila. Developing nations now owe creditor governments and institutions in the Northern Hemisphere over a trillion dollars. While that's not an enormous sum in today's global economy (our own country's public debt is twice as large), for these nations it is a crushing burden: it not only creates much lower living standards, especially for the poor majority, but also makes the economic growth that is necessary for climbing out of debt even harder to come by. Only the most optimistic analysts expect that the debt will ever be repaid in full. Even the cost of servicing it is tremendous: between 1982 and 1987, poor countries transferred a net total of a hundred and forty billion dollars in interest payments to rich countries—the equivalent of two Marshall Plans.

The austerity measures imposed upon debtor nations to enable them to make these payments have had a frightful human cost. At the behest of the International Monetary Fund, whose stamp of approval was essential if countries were to continue to attract foreign bank loans, spending on social services was slashed in country after country during the early nineteen-eighties. Food subsidies were eliminated, currencies devalued, wages curtailed, and domestic interest rates boosted. The goal was to bring these nations' balance of payments into equilibrium, but a frequent result was a wrenching contraction in economic activity and a corresponding increase in unemployment, hunger, and despair in lands already plagued by appalling poverty.

Along with the suffering have come anger and recriminations. The Brazilian labor leader Luis Ignacio Silva, better known by the nickname Lula, suggested at the Havana Debt Conference in 1985 that debt of these proportions was nothing less than an instrument of war deployed by the United States against the Third World.



"Without being radical or overly bold, I will tell you that the Third World War has already started—a silent war, not for that reason any the less sinister," he said. "This war is tearing down Brazil, Latin America, and practically all the Third World. Instead of soldiers dying, there are children; instead of millions of wounded, there are millions of unemployed; instead of destruction of bridges, there is the tearing down of factories, schools, hospitals, and entire economies."

Susan George, who has written several books on food and development, including the recently published "A Fate Worse Than Debt," maintains that among the traditional goals of war which debt can secure the foremost is "unlimited access on the cheapest possible terms to other people's natural resources and [productive] capacity." Her reasoning is as follows: One of the I.M.F.'s primary requirements of indebted countries has invariably been that they reorient their economies to maximize exports. The ostensible aim of that strategy is to earn the cash needed to pay off outstanding debt. The actual outcome, however, is often quite different. Because so many poor countries find themselves in the same predicament, and because the I.M.F. makes the same demand of all of them, they all end up trying to export at the same time. The consequence has been a glutted world market for most raw materials and, in turn, the lowest commodity prices in some fifty years.

The debt burden also sharply constricts the ability of Third World countries to press for basic changes in the global economic order such as they were demanding during the nineteen-seventies—or, indeed, to challenge United States foreign policy in any fashion. Because the United States ex-

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ercises the predominant influence within the international financial system, it has ample means of disciplining those who resist its wishes. Shortly after Costa Rica's President Oscar Arias announced his Central American peace plan, for example, the Reagan Administration imposed unusually harsh restrictions on Costa Rican exports and hindered Costa Rica's efforts to obtain the loans it needed to service its debt of four and a half billion dollars.

Certainly finance officials in the advanced countries do not conceive of themselves as waging a war against the Third World. In fact, at the Toronto summit last week the United States and its principal economic allies—the so-called Group of Seven—agreed to grant some very poor countries much more time to repay their debts. There was a catch, however. To qualify, a country would have to follow the Group's guidelines for running its economy. Most likely, countries will have to adopt the three principal reforms currently advocated by the World Bank and the United States Treasury Department alike: increased exports, increased privatization, and increased liberalization and deregulation—in other words, even greater subservience to the world market, combined with expanded freedom for private enterprise. As a number of congressmen pointed out to Secretary Baker at the Banking Committee hearings, this approach has thus far yielded mixed results, at best. In recent years, investment—the necessary precondition for economic growth—has actually declined in almost all the seventeen most heavily indebted developing countries, while their total debt has kept growing.

This debt burden punishes the United States economy as well. When developing economies are squeezed dry to pay off foreign bankers, less money is left to import products; according to some experts, the drop in this country's exports to Mexico alone since 1982 has cost at least a quarter of a million Americans their jobs. In a perverse sort of way, this may be hopeful news—if only because it gives the United States fresh incentives to tackle the problem. There is a gathering debate in Washington over whether to initiate a comprehensive program of debt forgiveness for poor countries, and over who would pay for it—the banks or the taxpayers—and what conditions would be required of recipients. Because the Reagan Administration remains adamantly opposed to debt relief ("The banks have already taken a tremendous loss in terms of cash flow," one senior Treasury official explained, disregarding the fact that American banks posted record profits between 1982 and 1985), no change is likely until after the election, and then only if the Democrats gain control of the White House. But even if much of the debt is cancelled, there is scant prospect for genuine improvement unless debt relief is linked to new and creative development strategies that will help the impoverished majority in the Third World help themselves. Only then is real growth likely, and only then will the silent war have truly ended.

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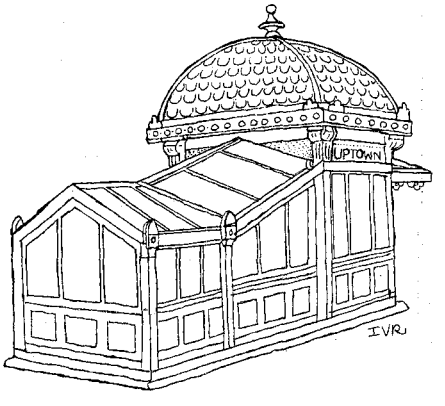
Players

Ron Temple, who runs one of the larger wheat farms near Norcatur, Kansas, was in town last week to talk about his interpretation of the role of Orgon, in Molière's "Tartuffe." He was visiting New York with the Cornerstone Theatre Company—a remarkable theatre troupe composed of eleven young show folk, mostly former Harvard and Radcliffe students who a few years ago, in the midst of a deep Harvard-and-Radcliffe-type discussion about "the American theatre," suddenly realized that they had no idea what they were talking about. They knew almost nothing about America, and not much more about theatre—at least, not about theatre that went beyond aspiring actors' putting on shows for other aspiring actors. So the eleven of them went to live for a summer in Newport News, Virginia, and there, using local people as cast and crew, they staged a production of "Our Town." After Newport News, the company went for the fall to Marmarth, North Dakota, a town of a hundred and ninety-three people, and spent two months helping the local townsfolk put on a production of "Hamlet." (Cornerstone has three full-time actors, who take leading and supporting roles and act as coaches; the eight other members direct, design, and stage-manage.) The Marmarth "Hamlet" had its idiosyncrasies—it featured eight original songs, five dance breaks, and a live horse onstage—but the poetry was nearly all Shakespeare's. Next, Cornerstone went to Marfa, Texas, a town of three thousand, and helped produce an adaptation of Noël Coward's "Hay Fever" (with Spanish ballads and a chorus of "Canasta Tea Gals"), which was called "That Marfa Fever." Then the group packed up and went to Miami Beach, where it put on Auden and Isherwood's "The Dog Beneath the Skin" with AIDS patients and their families and friends among the cast, and to Norcatur, where it adapted "Tartuffe" to a Kansas setting (changing the title to "Tartoof" but keeping the rhyming couplets). This spring, Cornerstone produced Aeschylus' "Oresteia" on the Walker River Paiute Indian Reservation, in Schurz, Nevada, with a cast of thirty Paiutes.



The company was in New York to put on its touring production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, on the Lower East Side. On the Monday night before the "Dream" was to open, Cornerstone held a small benefit there, singing some songs that David Reiffel, the company composer, has interpolated into its shows, and auctioning off some artifacts and souvenirs the company had picked up on the road, including a steer skull from Kansas and a calendar from the Marfa National Bank. Just before the auction was to get under way, we said hello to Ron Temple, a towering, voluble man with silver-gray bangs, and he told us about his first encounter with Cornerstone. "I don't know how they ever got out to Norcatur," he said. "I was out harvesting, and this young fella just comes up to me, right while I'm up on the combine, and asks me if I'm planning to try out for the show in town. Well, I'd had four lines in the eighth-grade Christmas show until the teacher took them away because I couldn't remember them. But this fella is very persistent, and so I thought, Well, I can try

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for the deaf-mute part. I was really beat—we'd been harvesting for fourteen days—but I went in and read a bit, and I ended up with a few lines after all." The part of Orgon is the largest in the play. "Then, of course, I discovered that the whole thing is written in rhymes. It took me forever to learn my part. I think Bill Rauch thought that nobody could be that damn dumb. But Bill and Alison and everybody worked and worked, and we put on nine first-class performances. The poetry was hard, but since the character I was playing is an honest, gullible kind of man, I decided that it would be all right if it was a little singsong—if it had a little rhythm there—because he's a ticktock guy. It was certainly the best production of Molière that there has ever been in Norcatur."

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Bill Rauch and Alison Carey are the co-founders of Cornerstone. Alison is an intense, tiny woman with short reddish hair. Bill is twenty-five and looks like the juvenile lead in an old-fashioned musical. While the auction was going on, he told us that in the last couple of years Cornerstone had got a lot of publicity, most of it emphasizing either funny stuff that had happened in the course of the productions (how Gus Watson, the grocer playing Polonius in the Marmarth "Hamlet," blew up on the line "How does my good Lord Hamlet?" and settled for "Hi") or the love of theatre that the company left behind in the towns it had visited (most of the towns have begun active little-theatre groups of their own). He said he was worried that the pure theatrical ambitions of the company might be overlooked, and that the troupe's theatrical idealism would be taken for rampant do-goodism. "You know, Cornerstone isn't meant to be a stepping stone for us, and it's not meant to be community work," he explained. "It's about making good theatre. It's about us discovering the plays through the honest responses of people who haven't been told in advance what to think about them—it's not about us going out to teach people in the sticks. We're there to learn what makes theatre live, and the social-service part is just a wonderful thing that comes out of that. We usually go into a town with a bunch of preconceptions about what will make the play work, and most of the time we're wrong. When we decided to do 'Tartuffe' in Kansas, for instance, we thought it was going to be about people's attitude toward religion. We thought Tartuffe was going to be a televangelist. But pretty quickly we discovered that what worked was simpler and less topical than that. Ron Temple played Orgon as a farmer, and the play suddenly started to be about the way the family collapses when Tartuffe comes into their lives. That's in the play, of course—you know that Tartuffe is taking over their home—but it seems subsidiary. When the house becomes a *farm*, though, with all the weight of what it means to lose a farm—something that's happening a lot out there—then that part of the play just leaps forward, and the issue of faith and religious hypocrisy turns into a secondary theme. We saw that what keeps Tartuffe cooking in the play is that he doesn't have a family, so he has to destroy somebody else's. Which is maybe what Molière actually wanted."

At the end of the auction, Ron Temple asked if he might say a couple of words to the audience. He got up onstage, cleared his throat, and said, "Two things I've learned from Cornerstone. First, theatre and farming are a lot alike. The main rule in both is you do what works, and when you're up to your ass in alligators you don't worry about draining the swamp. The other thing is that people in theatre—have you ever noticed this?—they're always hugging each other. These are very emotional people. I'm not. But I've decided to hug Alison Carey." He strode across the stage to where Alison was standing (looking slightly wary), and he hugged her so hard he picked her right up off her feet.

Roses

BEING a rosarian, according to Stephen Scanniello, is a lot like being a doctor: people you meet at parties ask you questions that have been nagging at them but not nagging at them enough to make them seek advice they would have to pay for. Mr. Scanniello, who is the curator and head gardener of the Cranford Rose Garden at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, patiently obliges. Just the other day, for instance, he had in his locker two en-

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velopes—one holding diseased leaves that had been sent to him for a diagnosis, and the other holding three dried roses forwarded to him for identification by a back-yard gardener in Washington State.

On a recent visit to the B.B.G., we found the roses in their glory and Mr. Scanniello in their midst. The rose garden is named for Mr. and Mrs. Walter V. Cranford, who in 1927 donated fifteen thousand dollars to establish it. Brick has since replaced gravel for the walks, but everything else is as it was when the garden opened, in 1928, and many of the original bushes are intact. The Cranford Rose Garden is in its sixty-first year; Mr. Scanniello is in his thirty-third. Since taking over the garden, in 1984, he has nearly doubled the number of rosebushes in it—to some fifty-five hundred at last count. His third season, he had seventy-five tons of rotted cow manure hauled in from New Jersey, and after that, he says, "the roses exploded."

The roses in the Cranford collection are now arranged more or less in order of development. A visitor can start in one corner with China roses, which date back to the sixteenth century, and progress counterclockwise along the garden's perimeter through damasks, which are the prime source of attar, and Bourbons, a cross between Chinas and damasks, and gallicas, which are native to France, to moss roses, with their resinous fragrance, and centifolias, rugosas, and albas. In the center of the garden are the modern roses—hybrid teas, grandifloras, and floribundas. Mr. Scanniello is partial to old garden roses—which is to say any rose created before 1867, when the modern rose era began, with the birth of the first hybrid tea—and lately he has been acquiring new varieties of them.

Strolling the brick walks with Mr. Scanniello, we admired The Prioress, a demure pale-pink rose that was created in 1969 in England by David Austin, who named a whole series of roses after characters in "The Canterbury Tales;" Oklahoma, a blowsy, dark-crimson hybrid tea, which is the most popular black rose; Piñata, a yellow blend that darkens as it ages; Picasso, red with a white patch at the center and a velvety exterior, which was created by Sam McGredy IV, a breeder who specializes in so-called "hand-painted" roses; Reichspräsident von Hindenburg, an effusive pink hybrid tea with a bloom as big as a peony; Hi Neighbor, a hearty shrub with deep-pink blossoms; and Sexy Rexy, a thick cluster of small pink blossoms, which, Mr. Scanniello told us, isn't popular in England, because of the name.

We learned, among other things, that roses are so old that some fossil traces of them have been found, that there isn't a single rose native to the Southern Hemisphere, and that by putting a fish head at the bottom of the hole you can give a rosebush a head start in life. As a boy growing up in River Edge, New Jersey, Mr. Scanniello said, he used to tend his aunt's Blaze, trained against a picket fence, and, to prevent borers, he would cover the ends of the canes with waxy dime-store lipstick. But Elmer's glue does the job just as well, he added.

"These roses are in a holding pattern," Mr. Scanniello said, indicating an area filled with lone survivors. "We have five of each modern rose, but each of these is the only one left of its kind. If I can get them propagated, I'll put them back in the collection." In time, we came to a bed that held ten bushes, not very tall and not yet blooming; there was a "KEEP OFF" sign and no identifying label. This, he explained, was a new rose that had just been named for the Brooklyn Botanic Garden's director, Elizabeth Scholtz, who retired recently but has stayed on as a working director emeritus. The blooms, he said, will be a swirl of pink and yellow.

We asked him how a rose gets its name, and he told us that whoever creates a rose has the right to name it, but that one breeder on the East Coast is in the business of creating new roses and selling the rights to name them (for a sizable price). To Mr. Scanniello's mind, the best names are those which describe the rose's characteristics, like Red Masterpiece or Fragrant Cloud. Some roses have been named for newspapers, such as International Herald Tribune and Times, and some, like Chrysler Imperial, for cars. But most breeders choose names in honor of people they admire. There are roses named Helen Traubel, Simón Bolívar, President Herbert Hoover, Arlene Francis, Babe Ruth, Dolly Parton, Cary Grant, and Bing Crosby.

Mr. Scanniello confessed that there are roses he grows for purely sentimental reasons, because he is fond of their names. The Cranford collection now contains four roses—Oriana, Laura, Carla, and Donatella—that bear the names of his three nieces and a sister-in-law. We commiserated with him over the poor health of Patsy Cline, a runty-looking hybrid tea with few prospects for blooms. Mr. Scanniello

"No, no, Senator, no thanks are necessary at this time."

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sighed. "It's only here because I like her music," he said.

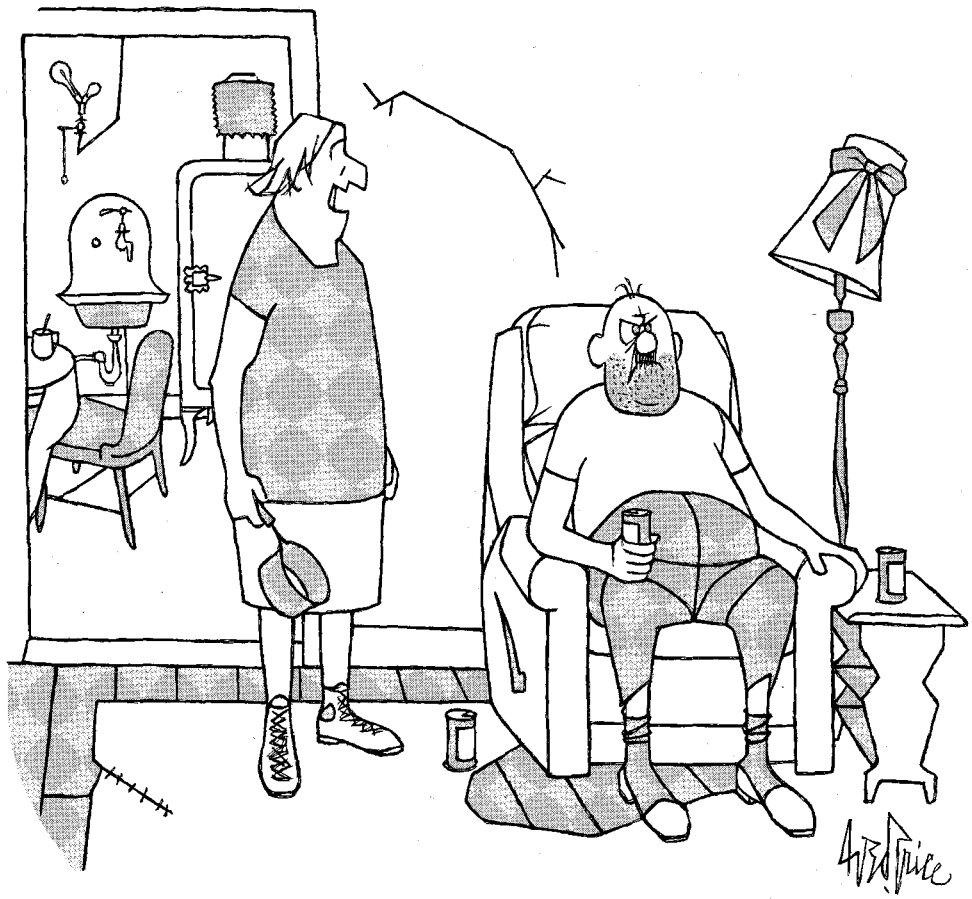
Kosher

REAL: The French puff pastry created by Bernan Foods, Inc., the enterprise that makes Barney's Hors d'Oeuvres and Bernie's East Bagel Dogs, and that during the recent third International Kosher Foods & Jewish Life Expo, at the Javits Convention Center, was ably represented by Louis Moloff, its regional sales manager in charge of new business development, who said, "We're the only hors-d'oeuvre people who make a real French puff-pastry dough. Women who have eaten a few of our hors d'oeuvres at a fancy affair find that when they go home at night they have a few pastry crumbs in their navels. How's that happen? I don't know."

AT LEAST ONE STEP REMOVED FROM REALITY PLUS A FEW MORE STEPS: The attractive dark-haired woman who appeared on a looped videotape that could be seen endlessly at the Mendel's Haymish Brand booth and who firmly enunciated the idea that Mendel's Haymish Brand products were decidedly other than what they appeared to be, saying, "It's not *shrimp*. It's *kosher fish*. It's not *crab*. It's *kosher fish*. It's not *lobster*. It's *kosher fish*. . . ."

REAL, WITH A HITCH: The elaborately carved apples, grapefruits, radishes, carrots, and other fruits and vegetables on display at the International Culinary Consultants booth (contact person: Harvey Rosen, author of "How to Garnish," "Apple Garnishing," and "Melon Garnishing"), some of which, having been sprayed by the talented and prolific Harvey Rosen with fruit-fly repellent, had acquired, in the words of one passerby, "a taste you shouldn't want to know from."

SOME THINGS ARE (A) REAL, OTHERS ARE (B) SOMETHING ELSE: (a) The basis for the claim by Jacob Hill, executive vice-president of the Real Kosher Sausage Company, Inc., that his firm operates the last remaining kosher-salami factory in Manhattan (on Rivington Street, between Chrystie and Bowery), and (b) the basis for Jacob Hill's further claim that, never mind how it's done, the Real Kosher Sausage Company's specialty items like kosher prosciutto, kosher brown-and-serve Italian sweet sausage, kosher bacon, and kosher kielbasa have a taste that can defeat the skepticism of even the most educated pan-cultural palate.



"Why don't you slip into your shooting jacket with the bellows pockets and the double shoulder patches and nip down to the corner for a quart of milk?"

• •

NOT REAL BUT WHO'S COMPLAINING: The "cream" in the cream filling in Rich's Chocolate Éclairs.

ONLY CRUMBS LEFT, THUS RENDERING REALITY IMPOSSIBLE TO EVALUATE: Contents of a plate at the Natural & Kosher Brand Foods booth, which, according to Anne Beychok, the wife of the Natural & Kosher Brand Foods founder and driving force Menachem Beychok, previously contained "barbecue spareribs" (made of wheat gluten, onion, spices, and perhaps it's better not to ask what else).

DEFINITELY KOSHER, DEFINITELY REAL, SO GO FIGURE: Meadowlands Food Products, Inc.,'s line of Mariachi fresh tortillas, which its contact person, Murray Runin, gladly explains are very popular among customers with last names like García and Rodriguez and Mendoza—people, in other words, who tend not to be sticklers about Jewish dietary laws—because Murray Runin's products are equipped with "the only resealable bag in the tortilla business."

PARTICULARLY PERSUASIVE IF YOUR BEDROOM HAPPENS TO BE REALLY MESSY: The explanation by Deborah Romano, of the California Closet Company (it's called that even though Deborah Romano happens to operate out of Woodside, Queens),that the California Closet Company fits in with the other venders at the International Kosher Foods & Jewish Life Expo "because Jewish people have clothes, and they have to hang them up."

UNMISTAKABLY REAL: The sincerity of the gray-haired woman with the cordially disdainful smile at the Mrs. Weinberg's Food Products booth who is going to give you a twenty-five-cents-off coupon no matter what, but, when you ask whether Mrs. Weinberg's Chopped Liver tastes as good as the stuff your mother used to make at home, says, "I really don't care."

ALL TOO REAL: Free blood-pressure readings at the Daughters of Jacob Nursing Home booth.

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RERUN

IRA parked on the asphalt next to Fenway Memorial Church, a grayish-white frame cube with a stubby little steeple like a witch's hat. There were no other cars in the lot; they'd arrived in Deer Lick thirty minutes early. Still, Maggie had expected to find some sign of the other mourners.

"Maybe it's the wrong day," she said.

"It couldn't be. 'Tomorrow,' Serena told you. No way you could mix *that* up."

"You think we should go on in?"

"Sure, if it's not locked."

When they got out of the car, Maggie's dress stuck to the back of her legs. She felt shellacked. Her hair was knotted from the wind, and the waistband of her panty hose had folded over on itself so it was cutting into her stomach.

They climbed a set of wooden steps and tried the door. It swung open with a grudging sound. Immediately inside lay a long, dim room, uncarpeted, the raftered ceiling towering above dark pews. Massive floral arrangements stood on either side of the pulpit, which Maggie found reassuring. Only weddings and funerals called for such artificial-looking bouquets.

"Hello?" Ira tried.

His voice rang back.

They tiptoed up the aisle, creaking the floorboards. "Do you suppose there's a . . . side or something?" Maggie whispered.

"Side?"

"I mean, a groom's side and a bride's side? Or, rather—" Her mistake sent her into a little fit of giggles. To tell the truth, she hadn't had much experience with funerals. No one really close to her had died yet, knock on wood. "I mean," she said, "does it make any difference where we sit?"

"Just not in the front row," Ira told her.

"Well, of course not, Ira. I'm not a total fool."

She dropped into a right-hand pew midway up the aisle and slid over to make room for him. "You'd think at least some kind of music would be playing," she said.

Ira checked his watch.

Maggie said, "Maybe next time you should follow Serena's directions."

"What, and wander some cowpath half the morning?"

"It's better than being the first people here."

"I don't mind being first," Ira said.

He reached into the left pocket of his suit coat. He brought out a deck of cards secured with a rubber band.

"Ira Moran! You're not playing cards in a house of worship!"

He reached into his right pocket and brought out another deck.

"What if someone comes?" Maggie asked.

"Don't worry; I have lightning reflexes," he told her.

He removed the rubber bands and shuffled the two decks together. They rattled like machine-gun fire.

"Well," Maggie said, "I'm just going to pretend that I don't know you." She gathered the straps of her purse and slid out the other end of the pew.

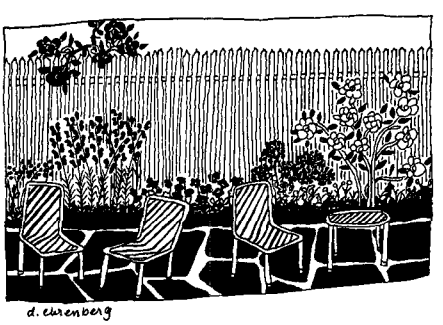
Ira laid down cards where she'd been sitting.

She walked over to a stained-glass window. "IN MEMORY OF VIVIAN DEWEY, BELOVED HUSBAND AND FATHER," a plaque beneath it read. A husband named Vivian! She stifled a laugh. She was reminded of a thought she'd often had back in the sixties, when the young men wore their hair so long: Wouldn't it feel creepy to run your fingers through your lover's soft, trailing tresses?

Churches always put the most unseemly notions in her head.

She continued toward the front, her heels clicking sharply, as if she knew where she was going. She stood on tiptoe beside the pulpit to smell a waxy white flower she couldn't identify. It didn't have any scent at all and it gave off a definite chill. In fact, she was feeling a little chilly herself. She turned and walked back down the center aisle toward Ira.

Ira had his cards spread across half the length of the pew. He was shifting them around and whistling between his teeth. "The Gambler"—that was the name of the song. Disappointingly obvious. "You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em . . ." The form of solitaire he played was so involved it could last for hours, but it started simply and he was rearranging the cards almost without hesitation. "This is the part that's dull," he told Maggie. "I ought to have an amateur work this part, the way the Old Masters had their students fill in the backgrounds of their paintings."



She shot him a glance; she hadn't known they'd done that. It sounded to her like cheating. "Can't you put that five on the six?" she asked.

"Butt out, Maggie."

She wandered on down the aisle again, swinging her purse loosely from her fingers.

What kind of church was this? The sign outside hadn't said. Maggie and Serena had grown up Methodist, but Max was some other denomination, and after they married Serena had switched over. She was married Methodist, though. Maggie had sung at her wedding; she'd sung a duet with Ira. (They were just starting to date then.) The wedding had been one of Serena's wilder inventions, a mishmash of popular songs and Kahlil Gibran in an era when everyone else was still clinging to "Oh Promise Me." Well, Serena had always been ahead of her time. No telling what kind of funeral she would put on.

Maggie pivoted at the door and walked back toward Ira. He had left his pew and was leaning over it from the pew behind so he could study the full array of cards. He must have reached the interesting stage by now. Even his whistling was slower. "You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table . . ." From here he looked like a scarecrow: coat-hanger shoulders, spriggy black cowlick, his arms set at wiry angles.

"Maggie! You came!" Serena called from the doorway.

Maggie turned, but all she saw was a silhouette against a blur of yellow light. She said, "Serena?"

Serena rushed toward her, arms outstretched. She wore a black shawl that completely enveloped her, with long satiny fringes swinging at the hem, and her hair was black, too, untouched

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by gray. When Maggie hugged her she got tangled in the tail of hair that hung down straight between Serena's shoulder blades. She had to shake her fingers loose, laughing slightly, as she stepped back. Serena could have been a Spanish señora, Maggie always thought, with her center part and her full, oval face and vivid coloring.

"And Ira!" Serena was saying. "How are you, Ira?"

Ira straightened up (having somehow spirited his cards out of sight) and she kissed his cheek while he endured it. "Mighty sad to hear about Max," he told her.

"Well, thank you," Serena said. "I'm so grateful to you for making the trip; you have no idea. All Max's relatives are up at the house and I'm feeling outnumbered. Finally I slipped away; told them I had things to see to at the church ahead of time. Did you two eat breakfast?"

"Oh, yes," Maggie said. "But I wouldn't mind finding a bathroom."

"I'll take you. Ira?"

"No, thanks."

"We'll be back in a minute, then," Serena said. She hooked her arm through Maggie's and steered her down the aisle. "Max's cousins came from Virginia," she said, "and his brother George, of course, and George's wife and daughter, and Linda's been here since Thursday with the grandchildren . . ."

HER breath smelled of peaches, or maybe that was her perfume. Her shoes were sandals with leather straps that wound halfway up her bare brown legs, and beneath the shawl her dress (Maggie was not surprised to see) was a vibrant red chiffon with a rhinestone sunburst at the center of the V neckline. "Maybe it's a blessing," she was saying. "All this chaos keeps my mind off things."

"Oh, Serena, has it been just terrible?" Maggie asked.

"Well, yes and no," Serena said. She was leading Maggie through a little side door to the left of the entrance and then down a flight of narrow stairs. "I mean it went on so long, Maggie; in an awful way it was kind of a relief, at first. He'd been sick since February, you know. Only back then we didn't realize. February is such a sick month anyhow: colds and flu and leaky roofs and the furnace breaking down. So we didn't put two and two together at the time. He was feeling off a little, was all he said. Touch of this, touch of that . . . Then he turned yellow. Then his upper lip disappeared. I mean, nothing you can report to a doctor. You can't exactly phone a doctor and say . . . But I looked at him one morning and I thought, 'My Lord, he's so old! His whole face is different.' And by that time it was April, when normal people feel wonderful."

They were crossing an unlit, linoleum-floored basement overhung with pipes and ducts. They picked their way between long metal tables and folding chairs. Maggie felt right at home. How often had she and Serena traded secrets in one or another Sunday-school classroom? She thought she could smell the coated paper that was used for Bible-study leaflets.

"One day I came back from the grocery store," Serena said, "and Max wasn't there. It was a Saturday, and when I'd left he was working in the yard. Well, I didn't think much about it, started putting away the groceries . . ."

She ushered Maggie into a bathroom tiled in white. Her voice took on an echo. "Then all at once I look out the window and there's this totally unknown woman leading him by the hand. She was sort of . . . hovering; you could tell she thought he was handicapped or something. I went running out. She said, 'Oh! Is he yours?' "

Serena leaned back against a sink, arms folded, while Maggie entered a booth. "Was he mine!" Serena said. "Like when a neighbor comes dragging your dog who's dripping garbage from every whisker and she asks, 'Is he yours?' But I said yes. Turns out this woman found him wandering Dunmore Road with a pair of pruning shears, and he didn't seem to know where he was headed. She asked if she could help, and all he said was 'I'm not certain. I'm not certain.' But he recognized me when he saw me. His face lit up and he told her, 'There's Serena.' So I took him inside and sat him down. I asked him what had happened, and he said it was the oddest feeling. He said that out of the blue he just seemed to be

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walking on Dunmore Road. Then when the woman turned him back toward where he'd come from he said he saw our house and he knew it was ours, but at the same time it was like it had nothing to do with him. He said it was like he had stepped outside his own life for a minute."

"MARCY+DAVE," read the chalked words above the toilet-paper dispenser. "SUE HARDY WEARS A PADDED BRA." Maggie tried to adjust to this new version of Max—vague and bewildered and buckling at the knees, no doubt, like one of her patients at the home. But what she came up with was the Max she'd always known, a hefty football-player type with a prickle of glinting blond hair and a broad, good-natured, freckled face. She'd seen him only a few times in the past ten years, after all; he was not the world's best at holding down a job and had moved his family often. But he had struck her as the type who stays boyish forever. It was hard to imagine him aging.

She flushed the toilet and emerged to find Serena considering one of her sandals, twisting her foot this way and that. "Have you ever done such a thing?" Serena asked her. "Stepped outside your own life?"

Maggie said, "Well, not that I can recall," and turned on the hot water.

"What would it be like, I wonder," Serena said. "Just to look around you one day and have it all amaze you—where you'd arrived at, who you'd married, what kind of person you'd grown into. Say you suddenly came to while you were, oh, say, out shopping with your daughter, but it was your seven- or eight-year-old self observing all you did. 'Why!' you'd say. 'Can this be me? Driving a car? Taking charge? Nagging some young woman like I knew what I was doing?' You'd walk into your house and say, 'Well, I don't think all that much of my taste.' You'd go to a mirror and say, 'Goodness, my chin is starting to slope just the way my mother's did.' I mean you'd be looking at things without their curtains. You'd say, 'My husband isn't any Einstein, is he?' You'd say, 'My daughter certainly could stand to lose some weight.' "

Maggie cleared her throat. (All those observations were disconcertingly true. Serena's daughter, for instance, could stand to lose a *lot* of weight.) She reached for a paper towel and said, "I thought on the phone you said he died of cancer."

"He did," Serena said. "But it was everywhere before we knew about it. Every part of him, even his brain."

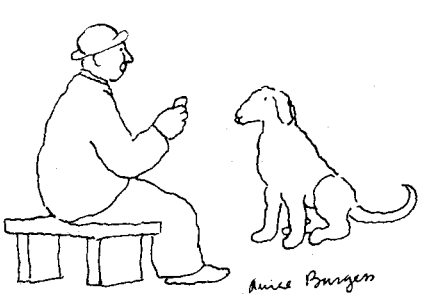
"Oh, Serena."

"Never gave the least bit of warning. One day he was out selling radio ads the same as always and next day he was flat on his back. Couldn't walk right, couldn't see right; everything he did was one-sided. He kept saying he smelled cookies. He'd say, 'Serena, when will those cookies be done?' I haven't baked cookies in years! He'd say, 'Bring me one, Serena, as soon as they're out of the oven.' So I would make a batch, and then he'd look surprised and tell me he wasn't hungry."

"I wish you'd called me," Maggie said.

"What could you have done?"

Well, nothing, really, Maggie thought. She couldn't even say for certain that she knew what Serena was going through. Every stage of their lives, it seemed, Serena had experienced slightly ahead of Maggie; and every stage she'd reported on in her truthful, startling, bald-faced way like some foreigner who didn't know the etiquette. Talk about stripping the curtains off! It was Serena who'd told Maggie that marriage was not a Rock Hudson–Doris Day movie. It was Serena who'd said that motherhood was much too hard and, when you got right down to it, perhaps not worth the effort. Now this: to have your husband die. It made Maggie nervous, although she knew it wasn't catching.



She frowned into the mirror and caught sight of a squinched blue chicory flower from her hat lolling above one ear. She plucked it off and dropped it in the wastebasket. Serena hadn't mentioned it—sure proof of her distracted state of mind.

"At first I wondered, 'How are we going to do this?' " Serena said. " 'How will the two of us manage?' Then I saw that it was only me who would manage. Max was just assuming that I would see him through it. Did the tax people threaten to audit us, did the car need a new transmission? That was *my* affair; Max had left it all behind him. He'd be dead by the time the audit rolled around and he didn't have any further use for a car. Really, it's laughable, when you stop to think. Isn't there some warning about your wishes coming true? 'Be careful what you set your heart on'—isn't there some such warning? Here I'd vowed since I was a child that I wouldn't be dependent on a man. You'd never find *me* waiting around for some man to

THE KING

You take the card of your self out
at the green crossroads, you
pull your name close around you.
But whose words are you speaking? Whose
money is this? Your warm
mouth on my mouth stuns me, your hand
on my breast is so bright I
have to shut my eyes . . .

Still, I won't take the card you offer,
though its coin is highly prized,
and its coin is wild
—its coin is "Mine be mine,"
its coin is "And I will love you then,"
its coin was death
to the thirsty child
not heard but drowned in the deep sea . . .

—JEAN VALENTINE

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give me the time of day! I wanted a husband who'd dote on me and stick to me like glue, and that's exactly what I got. Exactly. Max hanging on to the sight of me and following me with his eyes around the room. When he had to go to the hospital finally, he begged me not to leave him and so I stayed there day and night. But I started feeling mad at him. I remembered how I'd always been after him to exercise and take better care of his health and he'd said exercise was nothing but a fad. Claimed jogging gave people coronaries. To hear him talk, the sidewalks were just littered with the piled-up corpses of joggers. I'd look at him in his bed and I'd say, 'Well, which do you prefer, Max: sudden death in a snazzy red warmup suit or lying here stuck full of needles and tubes?' I said that, right out loud! I acted horrible to him."

"Oh, well," Maggie said unhappily, "I'm sure you didn't intend—"

"I intended every word," Serena said. "Why do you always have to gloss things over, Maggie? I acted horrible. Then he died."

"Oh dear," Maggie said.

"It was nighttime, Wednesday night. I felt someone had lifted a weight off my chest, and I went home and slept twelve hours straight. Then Thursday Linda came down from New Jersey, and that was nice; her and our son-in-law and the kids. But I kept feeling I ought to be doing something. There was something I was forgetting. I ought to be over at the hospital, that was it. I felt so restless. It was like that trick we used to try as children, remember? Where we'd stand in a doorway and press the backs of both hands against the frame and then when we stepped forward our arms floated up on their own, as if all that pressure had been, oh, stored for future use—operating retroactively. And then Linda's kids started teasing the cat. They dressed the cat in their Teddy bear's pajamas, and Linda didn't even notice. She's never kept them properly in line. Max and I used to bite our tongues not to point that out. Any time they'd come we wouldn't say a word but we'd give each other this look across the room; just trade a look, you know how you do? And all at once I had no one to trade looks with. It was the first I'd understood that I'd truly lost him."

She drew her tail of hair over one shoulder and examined it. The skin beneath her eyes was shiny. In fact, she was crying, but she didn't seem to realize that. "So I drank a whole bottle of wine," she said, "and then I phoned everyone I ever used to know, all the friends we had when Max and I were courting. You, and Sissy Parton, and the Barley twins—"

"The Barley twins! Are they coming?"

"Sure, and Jo Ann Dermott and Nat Abrams, whom she finally did end up marrying, you'll be interested to hear—"

"I haven't thought of Jo Ann in years!"

"She's going to read from 'The

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Prophet.' You and Ira are singing."

"We're what?"

"You're singing 'Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing.' "

"Oh, have mercy, Serena! Not 'Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing.' "

"You sang it at our wedding, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"That was what they were playing when Max first told me how he felt about me," Serena said. She lifted a corner of her shawl and delicately blotted the shiny places beneath her eyes. "October 22, 1955. Remember? The Harvest Home Ball. I came with Terry Simpson, but Max cut in."

"But this is a funeral!" Maggie said.

"So?"

"It's not a . . . request program," Maggie said.

Over their heads, a piano began thrumming the floorboards. Chord, chord, chord was plunked forth like so many place settings. Serena flung her shawl across her bosom and said, "We'd better get back up there."

"Serena," Maggie said, following her out of the bathroom, "Ira and I haven't sung in public since your wedding!"

"That's all right. I don't expect anything professional," Serena said. "All I want is a kind of rerun, like people sometimes have on their golden anniversaries. I thought it would make a nice touch."

"Nice touch! But you know how songs, well, age," Maggie said, winding after her among the tables. "Why not just some consoling hymns? Doesn't your church have a choir?"

At the foot of the stairs, Serena turned. "Look," she said. "All I'm asking is the smallest, simplest favor, from the closest friend I've had in this world. Why, you and I have been through everything together! Miss Kimmel's first grade! Miss van Deeter! Long division! Our weddings and our babies! You helped me put my mother in the nursing home. I sat up with you that time that Jesse got arrested."

"Yes, but—"

"Last night I started thinking and I said to myself, 'What am I holding this funeral for? Hardly anyone will come; we haven't lived here long enough. Why, we're not even burying him; I'm flinging his ashes on the Chesapeake next summer. We're not even going to have his casket at the service. What's the point of sitting in that church,' I said, 'listening to Mrs. Filbert tinkle out gospel hymns on the piano? "Stumbling up the Path of Righteousness" and "Death Is Like a Good Night's Sleep"? I don't even know Mrs. Filbert! I'd rather have Sissy Parton. I'd rather have "My Prayer" as played by Sissy Parton at our wedding.' So then I thought, 'Why not all of it? Kahlil Gibran? "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing"?' "

"Not everyone would understand, though," Maggie said. "People who weren't at the wedding, for instance."

Or even people who *were* at the wedding, she thought privately. Some of those guests had worn fairly puzzled expressions.

"Let them wonder, then," Serena said. "It's not for them I'm doing it." And she spun away and started up the stairs.

"Also, there's Ira," Maggie called, following her. The fringe of Serena's shawl swatted her in the face. "Of course, I'd move the earth for you, Serena, but I don't think Ira would feel comfortable singing that song."

"Ira has a nice tenor voice," Serena said. She turned at the top of the stairs. "And yours is like a silver bell; remember how people always told you that? High time you stopped keeping it a secret."

Maggie sighed and followed her up the aisle. No use pointing out, she supposed, that that bell was nearly half a century old by now.

SEVERAL other guests had arrived in Maggie's absence. They dotted the pews here and there. Serena bent to speak to a hatted woman in a slim black suit. "Sugar?" she said.

Maggie stopped short behind her and said, "Sugar Tilghman?"

Sugar turned. She had been the class beauty and was beautiful still, Maggie supposed, although it was hard to tell through the heavy black veil descending from her hat. She looked more like a widow than the widow herself. Well, she always had viewed clothes as costumes. "There you are!" she said. She rose to press her cheek against Serena's. "I am so, so sorry for your loss," she said. "Except they call me Elizabeth now."

"Sugar, you remember Maggie," Serena said.

"Maggie Daley! What a surprise."

Sugar's cheek was

"Great meeting, R.M.—and, hey, thanks for the incandescence."

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smooth and taut beneath the veil. It felt like one of those netted onions in a grocery store.

"If this is not the saddest thing," she said. "Robert would have come with me but he had a meeting in Houston. He said to send you his condolences, though. He said, 'Seems like only yesterday we were trying to find our way to their wedding reception.' "

"Yes, well, that's what I want to discuss with you," Serena said. "Remember at our wedding? Where you sang a solo after the vows?"

" 'Born to Be with You,' " Sugar said. She laughed. "You two marched out to it; I can see you still. The march took longer than the song and at the finish all we heard was your high heels."

"Well," Serena said, "I'd like you to sing it again today."

Shock made Sugar's face appear to emerge from the netting. She was older-looking than Maggie had first realized. "Do what?" she said.

"Sing."

Sugar raised her eyebrows at Maggie. Maggie looked away, refusing to conspire. It was true the pianist was playing "My Prayer." But that couldn't be Sissy Parton, could it? That plump-backed woman with dimpled elbows like upside-down valentines? Why, she resembled any ordinary church lady.

"I haven't sung for twenty years or more," Sugar said. "I couldn't sing even then! All I was doing was showing off."

"Sugar, it's the last favor I'll ever ask of you," Serena said.

"Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth, one song! Among friends! Maggie and Ira are singing."

"No, wait—" Maggie said.

Sugar said, "And besides—'Born to Be with You.' "

"What's wrong with it, I'd like to know?" Serena said.

"Have you thought about the lyrics? 'By your side, satisfied'? You want to hear that at a funeral?"

"Memorial service," Serena said, though she'd been calling it a funeral herself, up till now.

"What's the difference?" Sugar asked.

"Well, it's not like there was a coffin present."

"What's the *difference*, Serena?"

"It's not like I'm by his side in the coffin or anything! It's not like I'm being ghoulish or anything! I'm by his side in a spiritual sense, is all I'm saying."

Sugar looked at Maggie. Maggie was trying to remember the words to "My Prayer." In a funeral context, she thought (or in a memorial-service context), even the blandest lines could take on a different aspect.

"You'd be the laughingstock of this congregation," Sugar said flatly.

"What do I care about that?"

Maggie left them and walked on up the aisle. She was alert to the people she passed now; they could be old-time friends. But no one looked familiar. She stopped at Ira's pew and gave him a nudge. "I'm back," she told him. He moved over. He was reading his pocket calendar—the part that listed birthstones and signs of the zodiac.

"Am I imagining things," he asked when she'd settled next to him, "or is that 'My Prayer' I'm hearing?"

"It's 'My Prayer,' all right," Maggie said. "And it's not just any old pianist, either. It's Sissy Parton."

"Who's Sissy Parton?"

"Honestly, Ira! You remember Sissy. She played at Serena's wedding."

"Oh, yes."

"Where you and I sang 'Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing,' " Maggie said.

"How could I forget *that*," he said.

"Which Serena wants us to sing again today."

Ira didn't even change expression. He said, "Too bad we can't oblige her."

"Sugar Tilghman won't sing, either, and Serena's giving her fits. I don't think she'll let us out of this, Ira."

"Sugar Tilghman's here?" Ira said. He turned and looked over his shoulder.

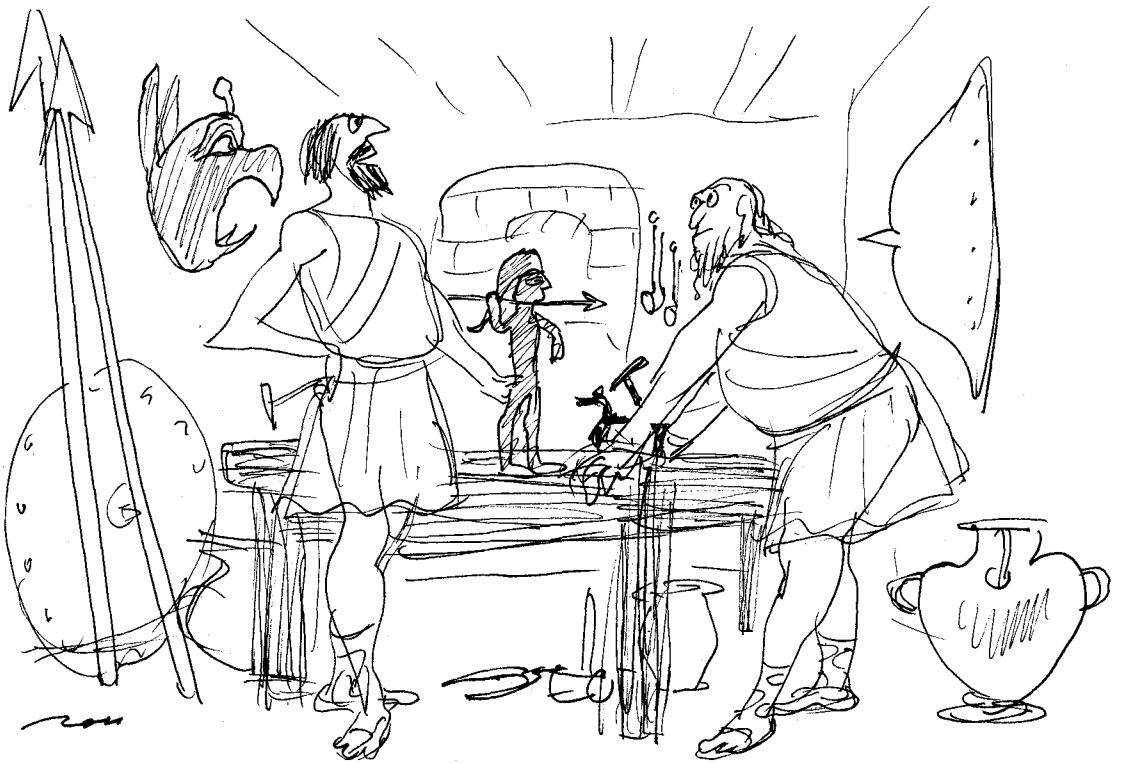
Boys had always been fascinated by Sugar.

"She's sitting back there in the hat," Maggie told him.

"Did Sugar sing at their wedding?"

"She sang 'Born to Be with You.' "

Ira faced forward again and thought



"I'm fully committed to bronze, but I must say I have a certain nostalgia for working in stone."

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a moment. He must have been reviewing the lyrics. Eventually, he gave a little snort.

Maggie said, "Do you recall the words to 'Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing'?"

"No, and I don't intend to," Ira said.

A man paused in the aisle next to Maggie. He said, "How you doing, Morans?"

"Oh, Durwood," Maggie said. She told Ira, "Move over and let Durwood have a seat."

"Durwood. Hi, there," Ira said. He slid down a foot.

"If I'd known you were coming, too, I'd have hitched a ride," Durwood said, settling next to Maggie. "Peg had to take the bus to work."

"Oh, I'm sorry; we should have thought," Maggie said. "Serena must have phoned everyone in Baltimore."

"Yes, I noticed old Sugar back there," Durwood said. He slipped a ballpoint pen from his breast pocket. He was a rumpled, quiet man, with wavy gray hair that he wore just a little too long. In high school Maggie hadn't much liked him, but over the years he'd stayed on in the neighborhood and married a Glen Burnie girl and raised a family, and now she saw more of him than anyone else she'd grown up with. Wasn't it funny how that happened, she thought. She couldn't remember now why they hadn't been close to begin with.

Durwood was patting all his pockets, hunting something. "You wouldn't have a piece of paper, would you?" he said.

All she could find was a shampoo coupon. She gave him that, and he laid it on a hymnbook. Clicking his pen point, he frowned into space. "What are you writing?" Maggie asked.

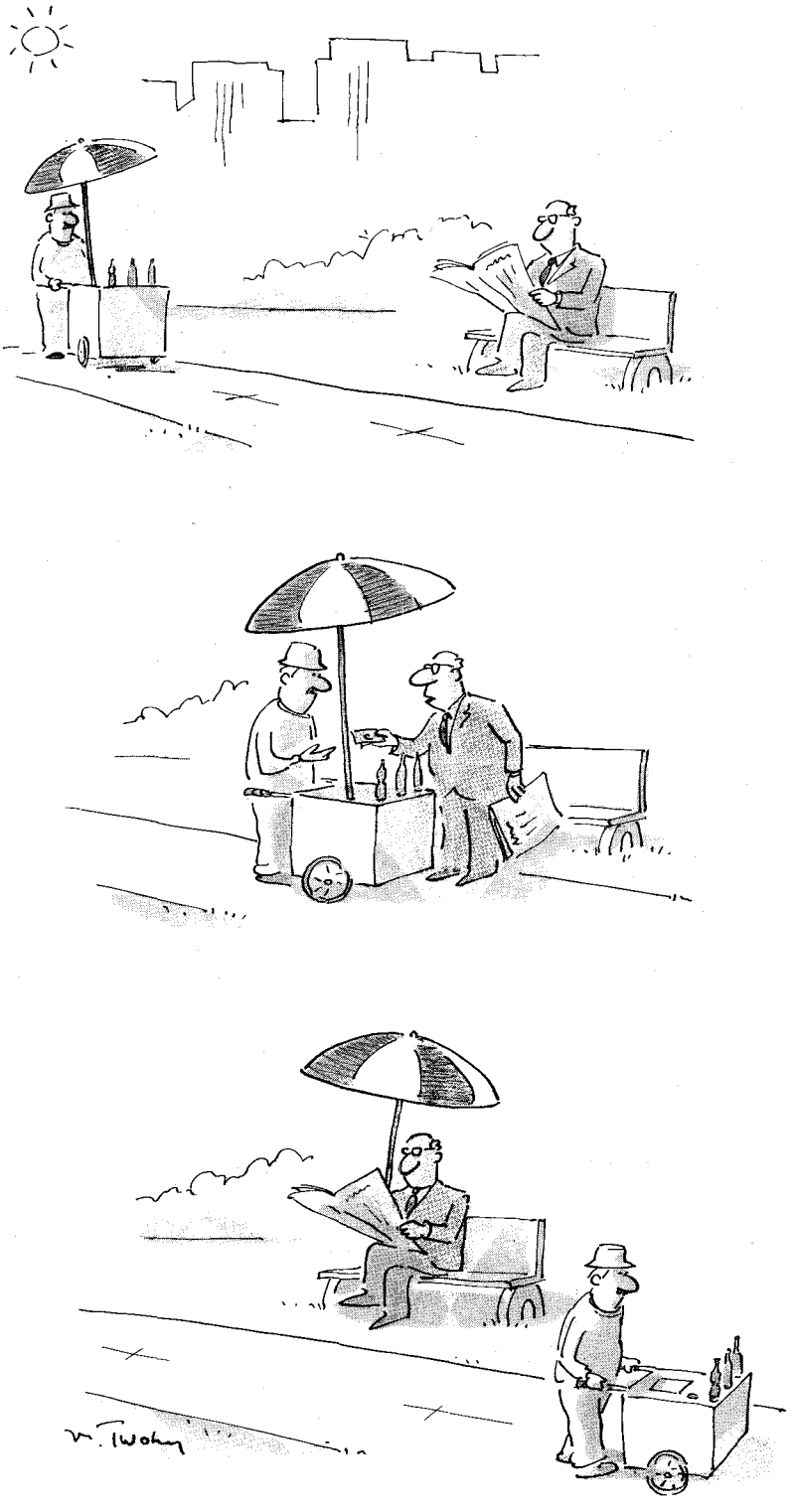
"I'm trying to think of the words to 'I Want You, I Need You, I Love You.'"

Ira groaned.

THE church was filling now. A family settled in the pew just in front of theirs, the children arranged by height so that the line of round blond heads slanted upward like a question. Serena flitted from guest to guest, no doubt pleading and cajoling. The fringes of her shawl had gathered a row of dust mice from somewhere. "My Prayer" played over and over, turning dogged.

Now that she knew how many people from her past were sitting here, Maggie wished she'd given more thought to her appearance. She could have worn powder, for instance, or foundation of some kind—something to make her face less rosy. Maybe she'd have tried painting brown hollows on her cheeks, the way the magazines were always recommending. Also, she'd have chosen a younger dress, an eye-catching dress like Serena's. Except that she didn't own such a dress. Serena had always been more flamboyant—the only girl in their school with pierced ears. She had teetered on the edge of downright gaudy but had somehow brought it off. In high school, she had evolved her own personal fashion statement—rayon and machine embroidery and slinky blouses from the Philippines, when the other girls were wearing crinolines. You'd see the other girls wafting through the corridors, their skirts standing out like frilled lampshades; and then in their midst Serena's sultry, come-hither, plum-colored sheath handed down from her scandalous mother, Anita, who wore bright-red, skintight toreador pants and worked in a bar.

But wasn't it odd that the boys she went out with were never



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the sultry type themselves? They were not the dark Lotharios you would expect but the sunny innocents like Max. The plaid-shirt boys, the gym-sneaker boys: those were the ones she'd gravitated toward. Maybe she'd coveted everydayness, more than she ever let on. Was that possible? Well, of course it was, but Maggie hadn't guessed it at the time. Serena had made such a point of being different. She was so thorny and spiky, so quick to get her hackles up and order you out of her sight forever. (How many times had she and Maggie stopped speaking—Serena swishing past as grandly as a duchess?) Even now, enfolding a funeral guest in her dramatic shawl, she gave off a rich glow that made the people around her seem faded.

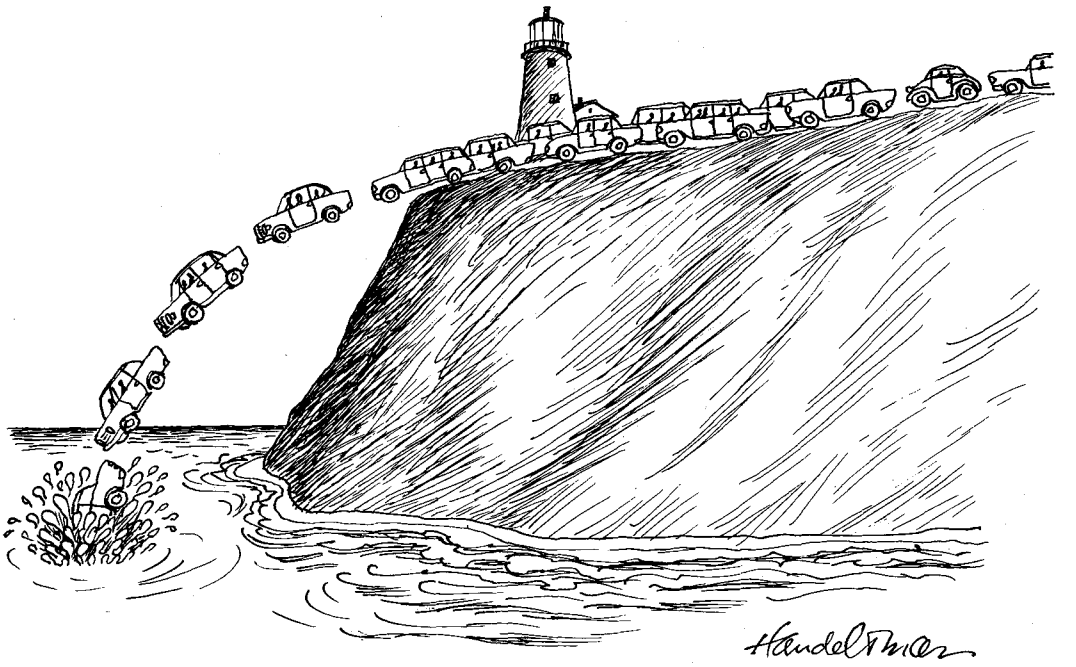
Maggie looked down at her hands. Lately, when she took a pinch of skin from the back of a hand and released it she noticed the skin would stay pleated for moments afterward.

Durwood muttered to himself and scribbled phrases on her coupon. Then he muttered something else, staring at the hymnal rack in front of him. Maggie felt a clutch of anxiety. She placed her fingertips together and whispered, " 'Love is a many-splendored thing, it's the April rose that only grows in the—' "

"I am not going to sing that song, I tell you," Ira said.

Maggie wasn't, either, but she had a sense of being borne along by something. All through this church, she imagined, middle-aged people were mumbling sentimental phrases from the fifties. "Wondrously, love can see . . ." and "More than the buds on the may-apple tree . . ."

Why did popular songs always focus on romantic love? Why this preoccupation with first meetings, sad partings, honeyed kisses, heartbreak, when life was also full of children's births and trips to the shore and long-time jokes with friends? It struck Maggie as disproportionate. Misleading, in fact.



The Lemmings of Montauk

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A slim blade of black knelt at Durwood's elbow. It was Sugar Tilghman, blowing at a swatch of net to free it from her lipstick. "If I'd known I was expected to provide the entertainment I never would have come," she said. "Oh, Ira. I didn't see you there."

"How you doing, Sugar," Ira said.

"Elizabeth."

"Pardon?"

"The Barley twins have the right idea," Sugar said. "They flat out refuse to go along with this."

"Isn't that just like them," Maggie said. The Barley twins had always acted so snobbish, preferring each other to anybody else.

"And as for 'Born to Be with You'!" Sugar said. "Wasn't it always funny about Serena? How she kind of overdid? She'd take some run-of-the-mill pop song like 'Born to Be with You' that all the rest of us liked O.K., and she would make so much of it, it would start to look weird. It would start to look bizarre. Things always got so exaggerated, with Serena."

"Like her wedding reception," Durwood said.

"Oh, her wedding reception! Her receiving line with just that mother of hers and one fat twelve-year-old girl cousin and Max's parents."

"Max's parents looked miserable."

"They never did approve of her."

"They thought she was sort of cheap."

"They kept asking who her people were."

"Better not to have a receiving line at all," Durwood said. "Shoot, better just to elope. I don't know why she went to so much trouble."

"Well, anyhow," Sugar said, "I told Serena I'd sing today if she insisted but she'd have to make it some other piece. Something more appropriate. I mean, I know we're supposed to be humoring the bereaved, but there are limits. And Serena said well, all right, so long as it came from the time when they were first dating. 1955, '56, she said; nothing later."

" 'The Great Pretender,' " Durwood said suddenly. "Now, there was a song. Remember, Ira? Remember 'The Great Pretender'?"

Ira put on a soulful look and crooned, "O-o-o-o-o-o-oh, yes . . ."

"Why not sing that?" Durwood asked Sugar.

"Oh, be serious," Sugar said.

"Sing 'Davy Crockett,' " Ira suggested.

He and Durwood started competing: "Sing 'Yellow Rose of Texas.' "

"Sing 'Hound Dog.' "

"Sing 'Papa Loves Mambo.' "

"Will you be serious for a minute?" Sugar said. "I'm going to get up there

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What lasts is what you start with.
What hast thou, O my soul, with Paradise, for instance,
Is where I began, in March, 1959—
my question has never changed,
Always the black angel asleep on my lips,
always
The dove's moan in the mimosa tree,
The blue faces of the twice-transfigured
closing their stone eyes.

Love for the physical world,
a liquid glory,
Instead of a struck eternity
Painted and paralyzed
at this end and the other,
Always the black angel asleep on my lips,
always
The dove's moan in the mimosa tree,
The blue faces of the twice-transfigured
closing their stone eyes.

We walk with one foot in each world,
the isness of everything
Like a rock in each shoe, the way, and along-the-way.

Overcast, south wind,
Montana early July,
fire in the barrel stove,
Bull thistle, yarrow, and red clover
Adamant on the old trail.
Two jacksnipe scurry in single file across the yard.
One calls from the marsh.

Cold, rainy Thursday,
If being is Being, as Martin Heidegger says,
There is no other question,
nothing to answer to,
That's worth the trouble.
In awe and astonishment we regain ourselves in this world.
There is no other.

The whole moon and the whole sky are reflected
in a dew drop in the grass. . . .
The depth of the drop is the height of the moon.

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and open my mouth and nothing's going to come out."

"Or how about 'Heartbreak Hotel'?" Ira asked.

"Sh-h-h, everybody, they're starting," Maggie said. She had glimpsed the family approaching from the rear. Sugar rose hastily and returned to her seat, while Serena, who was bending over two women who could only be the Barley twins, settled next to them in a pew that was nowhere near the front and went on whispering. No doubt she still hoped to talk them into singing. Both twins wore their yellow hair in the short, curly, caplike style they'd favored in high school, Maggie saw, but the backs of their necks were scrawny as chicken necks and their fussy pink ruffles gave them a Minnie Pearl look.

An usher led the family up the aisle: Serena's daughter, Linda, fat and freckled, and Linda's bearded husband, and two little boys in grownup suits, their expressions self-consciously solemn. Behind them came a fair-haired man, most likely the brother, and various other people severely, sombrely dressed. Several had Max's wide face, which gave Maggie a start. She seemed to have drifted away from the reason for this ceremony, and now all at once she remembered: Max Gill had actually gone and died. The striking thing about death, she thought, was its eventfulness. It made you see you were leading a real life. "Real life at last!" you could say. Was that why she read the obituaries each morning, hunting familiar names?

The family settled in the front-most pew. Linda glanced back at Serena, but Serena was too busy arguing with the Barley twins to notice. Then the piano fell silent, and a door near the altar opened and a lean, bald-headed minister appeared in a long black robe. He crossed behind the pulpit. He seated himself in a dark wooden armchair and arranged the skirt of his robe fastidiously over his trousers.

"That's not Reverend Connors, is it?" Ira whispered.

"Reverend Connors is *dead*," Maggie told him.

She was louder than she'd meant to be. The row of blond heads in front of her swivelled.

Now the piano trudged off on "True Love." Serena was giving the Barley twins a pointed, accusing glare, but they faced stubbornly forward and pretended not to notice.

Maggie remembered Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby singing "True Love" in a movie. They'd been perched on a yacht or a sailboat or something. Both of them were dead, too, come to think of it.

If the minister found the music surprising, he gave no sign. He waited till the last note had faded and then he stood and said, "Turning now to the Holy Word . . ." His voice was high-pitched and stringy. Maggie wished he were Reverend Connors. Reverend Connors had shaken the rafters. And she didn't think he'd read any Holy

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Everything fades away beyond the self,
warped or plumb.
The dry, summer grass is frail as hair.
How admirable are the insects that understand the ways of heaven,
The *selva illuminata*
that jacklights us now and then,
The nearness of nothingness,
The single spirit that lies at the root of all things.

One August starts to resemble another,
so many years laid bare
Under a sky like water.
The sounds of summer are everywhere:
At fifty-two, how hard it still is
to face all and not shirk.
How many lives must one have,
How many chances, before the right one is played out?

How can we trust the sure, true words
written in blue ink?
Does the amber remember the pine?

September thunder lays down
its pre-attack barrage
From the other side of the Blue Ridge.
The clouds darken, layer by layer,
Muzzle-flash of the lightning
singeing their undersides.
The landscape opens itself
Inch by inch to the sparks
and soothing rounds of the rain.

How easily one thing comes and another passes away.
How soon we become the acolytes
Of nothing, and nothing's altar
redeems us and makes us whole
Now for the first time,
And what we are is what we are not,
ecstatic and unknown.
What lasts is what you start with.

Whose shadows are dancing upside down in the southern rivers?
Fifty-two years have passed
like the turning of a palm . . .

—Charles Wright

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Word at Serena's wedding, at least not that she could recollect.

This man read a psalm, something about a lovely dwelling place, which came as a relief to Maggie because in her experience most of the Book of Psalms tended to go on in a sort of paranoid way about enemies and evil plots. She pictured Max reclining in a lovely dwelling place with Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby, his crewcut glinting against the sunlit sails. He would be telling them one of his jokes. He could tell jokes for hours, one after the other. Serena used to say, "All right already, Gill, enough." They'd often called each other by their last names—Max using Serena's maiden name even after they were married. "Watch it there, Palermo." Maggie could hear him now. It had made the two of them look more amiable than other married couples. They'd seemed like easygoing buddies, unaware of that dark, helpless, angry, confined feeling that Maggie's own marriage descended to from time to time.

In fact, if Serena believed that marriage was not a Doris Day movie she had certainly never proved it in public, for her grownup life had looked from outside like the cheeriest of domestic comedies: Serena ironic and indulgent and Max the merry good-time guy. They had appeared to remain focussed exclusively upon each other even after becoming parents; Linda had seemed more or less extraneous. Maggie envied that. So what if Max was a bit of a failure in the outside world? "If I just didn't feel I had to *carry* him, always be the one to carry the household," Serena had confided once. But then she'd turned breezy and waved a hand, clanging her bangle bracelets. "Oh, well! But he's my sweetie, right?" she'd said, and Maggie had agreed. He was as sweet as they came.

THE minister seated himself, orchestrating his robe. Sissy Parton weighed in with a few ominous notes. She looked toward the congregation, and Durwood said, "Me?" right out loud. The blond heads swivelled again. Durwood rose and headed up the aisle. Apparently you were expected to remember on your own when your song was due. Never mind that you had to cast your thoughts back twenty-nine years.

Durwood struck a pose beside the piano, resting one arm on the lid. He nodded at Sissy. Then he started off in a throbbing bass: "Hold me close, hold me tight . . ."

A lot of parents had forbidden that song in their houses. All this wanting and needing really didn't sound very nice, they had said. So Maggie and her classmates had had to go to Serena's, or to Oriole Hi Fidelity, where you could still, in those days, pile into a listening booth and play records all afternoon without making a purchase.

And now she recalled why she hadn't liked Durwood; his operatic tremolo brought it all back. Once upon a time he'd been considered quite a

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catch, with his wavy dark hair and his deep brown eyes and that habit he had of beseechingly crinkling his brow. He'd sung "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms" in the high-school auditorium on every conceivable occasion, always the same song, the same theatrical gestures, the same fifties crooner style where the voice breaks with feeling. Sometimes Durwood's voice broke so extremely that the first syllable of a line was silent, and even on the second syllable he kicked in a touch late, while the plump, bespectacled music teacher gazed up at him mistily from her piano. "Dreamboat," his entry in the yearbook had read. "Man I'd Most Like to Be Shipwrecked With," he'd been voted in the school paper. He'd asked Maggie for a date and Maggie had said no and her girlfriends had told her she was crazy. "You turned down Durwood? Durwood Clegg?"

"He's too soft," she'd said, and they had repeated the word and passed it among themselves for consideration. "Soft," they'd murmured tentatively.

He was too pliant, she meant; too supplicating. She failed to see the appeal. For Maggie had made certain resolutions about herself, and in order not to turn out like her mother she planned to avoid any man remotely like her father—the person she loved best in the world. No one mild and clumsy for Maggie, thank you; no one bumbling and well-meaning and sentimental who would force her to play the heavy. You'd never find *her* sitting icily erect while her husband, flushed with merriment, sang nonsense songs at the dinner table.

So she had refused Durwood Clegg and had watched with no regrets as he went on to date Lu Beth Parsons instead. She could see Lu Beth as clear as day this very minute, clearer than Peg, whom he'd ended up marrying. She could see Durwood's khaki trousers with the Ivy League buckle in back buckled up ("Attached," that signified; "going steady") and his button-down shirt and natty brown loafers decorated with bobbing leather acorns. But of course this morning he was wearing a suit—baggy and unfashionable, inexpensive, husbandly. For a moment he shifted back and forth like those trick portraits that change expression according to where you're standing: the old lady-killer Durwood meaningfully lingering on "darling, you're all that I'm living for," with his eyebrows quirked, but the present-day, shabby Durwood searching for the next stanza on Maggie's shampoo coupon, which he held at arm's length with his forehead wrinkled as he tried to make out the words.

The blond children in front were tittering. They probably found this whole event hilarious. Maggie had an urge to slam the nearest one flat over the head with a hymnbook.

When Durwood finished singing, someone mistakenly clapped—just two sharp explosions—and Durwood nodded in a grimly relieved way and returned to his seat. He settled next to Maggie with a sigh. His face was filmed with sweat and he fanned himself with the coupon. Would it seem mercenary if she asked for it back? Twenty-five cents off, at double-coupon rates . . .

Jo Ann Dermott stepped up to the pulpit with a small book covered in tooled leather. She had been a gawky girl, but middle age had filled out her corners or something. Now she was willowy and attractive in a fluid pastel dress and subtle makeup. "At Max and Serena's

"Not your typical burrowing rodents, that's for sure."

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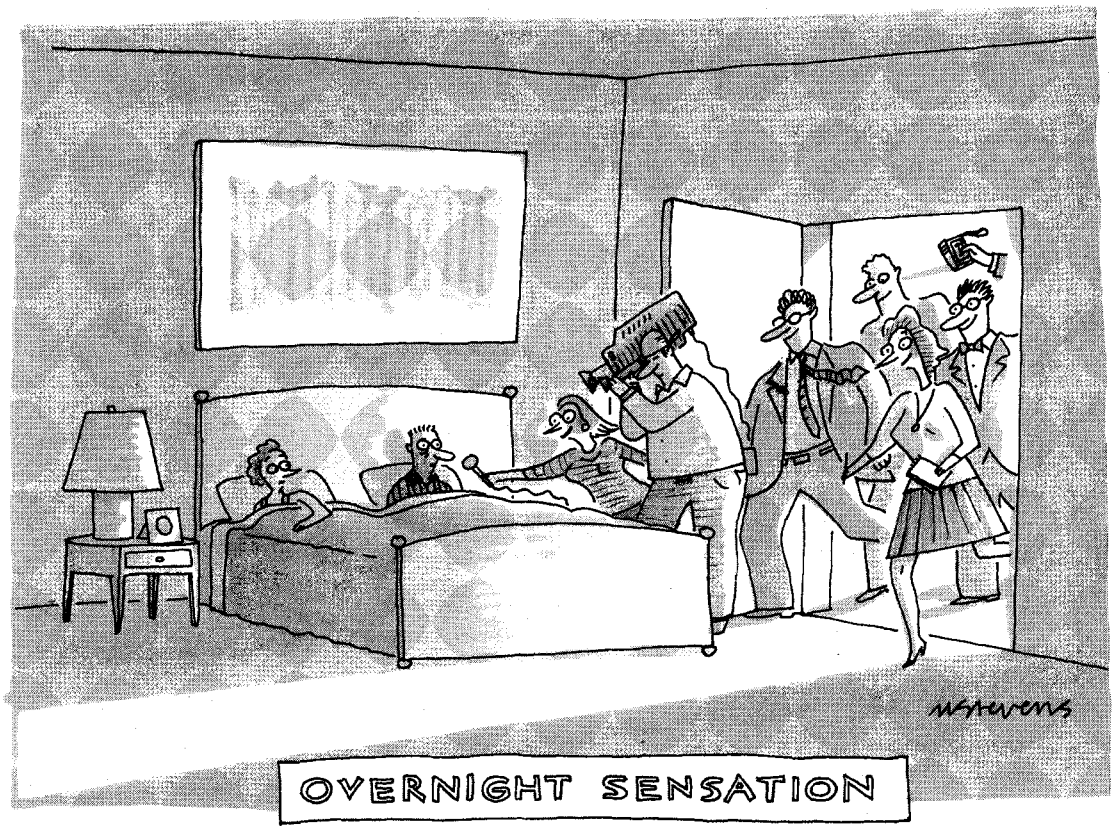

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wedding," she announced, "I read Kahlil Gibran on marriage. Today, on this sadder occasion, I'll read what he says about death."

At the wedding, she had pronounced Gibran with a hard "G." Today the "G" was soft. Maggie had no idea which was correct.

Jo Ann started reading in a level, teacher-like voice, and immediately Maggie was overcome by nervousness. It took her a moment to realize why: she and Ira were next on the program. Just the cadence of "The Prophet" had reminded her.

At the wedding, they'd sat on folding chairs behind the altar, and Jo Ann had sat in front of the altar with Reverend Connors. When Jo Ann began reading, Maggie had felt that breathless flutter high in her chest that foretold stage-fright. She had taken a deep, trembly breath, and then Ira had unobtrusively set a hand at the small of her back. That had steadied her. When it was time for them to sing they had begun at the same split second, on exactly the same note, as if they were meant for each other. Or so Maggie had viewed it at the time.

Jo Ann closed her book and returned to her pew. Sissy flipped pages of sheet music, the puffed flesh swinging from her valentine elbows. She flounced a bit on the bench, and then she played the opening bars of "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing."

Maybe if Maggie and Ira stayed seated, Sissy would just go on playing. She would cover for them as she had covered for the chorus.

But the piano notes died away and Sissy glanced back toward the congregation. Her hands remained on the keys. Serena turned, too, and, knowing exactly where to find Maggie, gave her a fond, expectant look in which there was not the slightest suspicion that Maggie would let her down.

Maggie stood up. Ira just sat there. He might be anyone—a total stranger, someone who merely happened to have chosen the same pew.

So Maggie, who had never sung a solo in her life, clutched the seat ahead of her and called out, "Love!"

A bit squeakily.

The piano sailed into it. The blond children pivoted and stared up into her face.

". . . is a many-splendored thing," she quavered.

She felt like an orphaned, abandoned child, with her back held very straight and her round-toed pumps set resolutely together.

Then there was a stirring at her side—not her right side, where Ira sat, but her left, where Durwood sat. Durwood hastily unfolded himself as if all at once reminded of something. "It's the April rose," he sang, "that only grows . . ." This near, his voice had a resonant sound. She thought of sheets of vibrating metal.

"Love is nature's way of giving . . ." they sang together.

They knew all the words straight through, which Maggie found surprising, because earlier she had forgotten what it was that makes a man a king. "It's the golden crown," she sang confidently. You had to sort of *step forth*, she decided, and trust that the words would follow. Durwood carried the melody and Maggie went along with it, less quavery now, although she could have used a little more volume. It was true that her voice had once been compared to a bell. She had sung in the choir for years, at least till the children came along and things got complicated; and she had taken real joy in rounding out a note just right, like a pearl or a piece of fruit that hung in the air a moment before it fell away. But age had certainly not helped. Did anyone else hear the thread of a crack running through her high notes? Hard to tell; the congregation faced decorously forward, except for those confounded little blonds.

She thought time had gone into one of its long, slow, taffylike stretches. She was acutely conscious of each detail of her surroundings. She felt the fabric of Durwood's sleeve just brushing her arm, and she heard Ira absentmindedly twanging a rubber band. She saw how accepting and uninterested her audience was, taking it for granted

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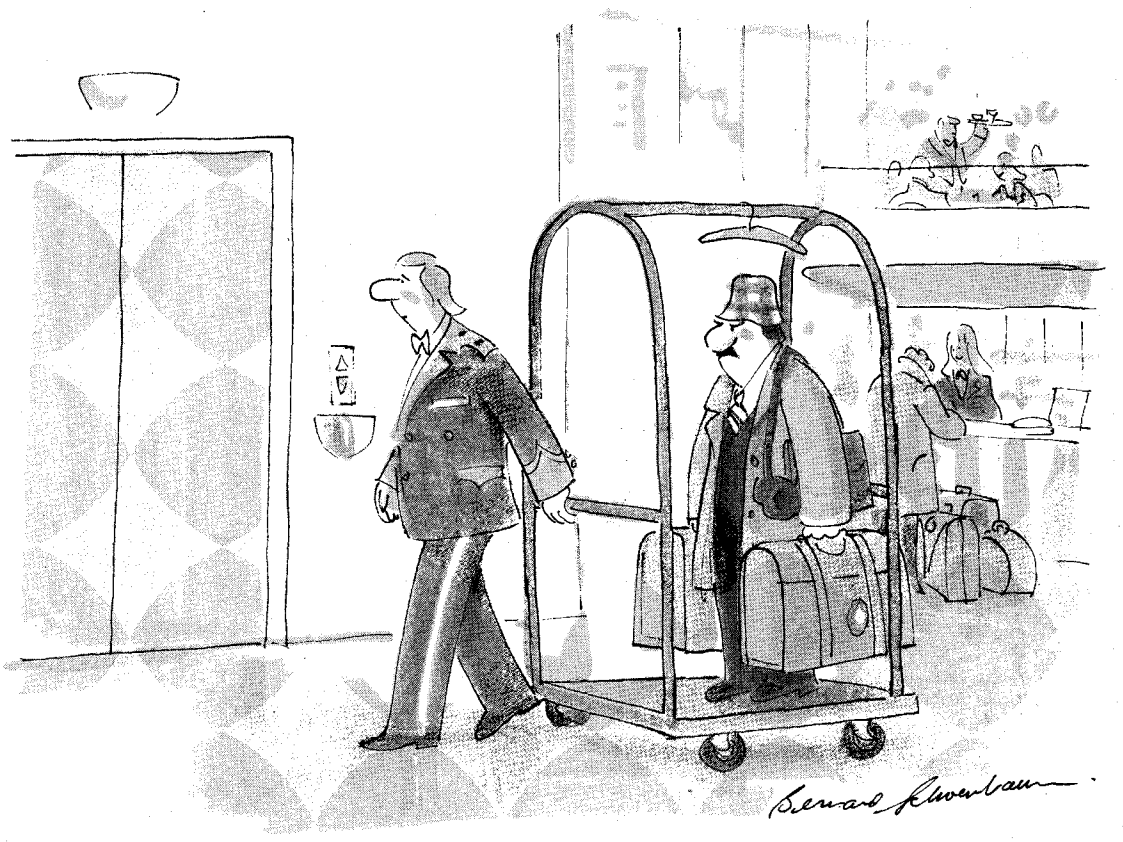

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that this song would of course be sung and then some other song after that. "Then your fingers touched my silent heart," she sang, and she remembered how she and Serena had giggled over that line when they sang it themselves —oh, long before that fateful Harvest Home Ball—because where else was your heart but in your chest? Weren't they saying the lover had touched their *chests*? Serena was facing the pulpit, but her head had a listening stillness to it. Her tail of hair was gathered into one of those elastic arrangements secured by two red plastic marbles, the kind of thing very young girls wore. Like a very young girl, she had summoned all her high-school friends around her—no one from a later time, no one from the dozen small towns Max had lugged her to during their marriage, for they hadn't stayed in any of those places long enough. Maggie decided that that was the saddest thing about this whole event.

The song came to an end. Maggie and Durwood sat down.

Sissy Parton moved directly into "Friendly Persuasion," but the Barley twins, who used to harmonize as closely as the Lennon Sisters, stayed seated. Serena seemed resigned by now; she didn't even give them a look. Sissy played just one stanza, and then the minister rose and said, "We are gathered here today to mourn a grievous loss."

Maggie felt she had turned to liquid. She was so exhausted that her knees were shaking.

The minister had a lot to say about Max's work for the Furnace Fund. He didn't seem to know him personally, however. Or maybe that was all Max had amounted to, in the end: a walking business suit, a firm handshake. Maggie switched her attention to Ira. She wondered how he could sit there so impervious. He'd have let her slog through that entire song alone; she knew that. She could have stumbled and stuttered and broken down; he would have watched as coolly as if she had nothing to do with him. Why not, he would say. What obligated him to sing some corny fifties song at a semi-stranger's funeral? As usual, he'd be right. As usual, he'd be forcing Maggie to do the giving in.

She made up her mind that when the funeral was over she would stride off in her own direction. She would certainly not drive back with him to Baltimore. Maybe she'd hitch a ride with Durwood. Gratitude rushed over her at the thought of Durwood's kindness. Not many people would have done what he had done. He was a gentle, sympathetic, softhearted man, as she should have realized from the start.

Why, if she had accepted that date with Durwood she'd be a whole different person now. It was all a matter of comparison. Compared to Ira she looked silly and emotional; anybody would have. Compared to Ira she talked too much and laughed too much and cried too much. Even ate too much! Drank too much! Behaved so sloppily and mawkishly!

She'd been so intent on not turning into her mother she had gone and turned into her father.

The minister sat down with an audible groan. There was a rustle of linen a few pews back and then here came Sugar Tilghman, bearing her black straw hat as smoothly as a loaded tray. She tip-tapped up front to Sissy and bent over her, conferring. They murmured together. Then Sugar straightened and took a stance beside the piano with her hands held just the way their choir leader used to insist—loosely clasped at waist level, no higher—and Sissy played a bar of music that Maggie couldn't immediately name. An usher approached Serena and she rose and accepted his arm and let him escort her down the aisle, eyes lowered.

Sugar sang, "When I was just a little girl . . ."

Another usher crooked his arm toward Serena's daughter, and one by one the family members filed out. Up front, Sugar gathered heart and swung gustily into the chorus:

Que será, será,
Whatever will be, will be;
The future's not ours to see.
Que será, será.

—Anne Tyler

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ANNALS OF WAR

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN VIETNAM

III—AN ALL-ROUND MAN

JOHN PAUL VANN was illegitimate. His father's name was not Vann; it was Spry—Johnny Spry—and the child was named John Paul after him. His mother's name was Myrtle Lee Tripp. She was just short of nineteen years old when she gave birth to him, on July 2, 1924, in a run-down brick mansion that had been cut up into apartments, in an old section of the port of Norfolk, Virginia. He was the offspring of one of the few genuine attachments his mother was to have in a lifetime of shoddy liaisons, which continued until the effects of alcoholism and a beating when she was drunk one night on the Norfolk beachfront carried her off at the age of sixty-one. In 1924, Johnny Spry was in his mid-twenties, and drove a trolley car. His formal name was John Paul, but everyone who knew him called him Johnny. Even if he had wanted to marry Myrtle Tripp someday, it would have been inconvenient. Johnny Spry already had a wife; a three-year-old son by that wife who was also named John Paul, Jr.; and another son, of nine months.

Myrtle was a dreamer. She never thought about tomorrow. She liked to dance, to laugh, to drink, and to make love, and she did not worry about the consequences for herself or for others. When she found a job, she did not keep it long. When she made some money, she spent it right away on clothes and makeup. In the spring of 1923, three months before turning eighteen, she had struck up a romance with a French merchant sailor named Victor LeGay, taken a train to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, just below the Virginia border, and married him there in a hasty ceremony. They had shared the Norfolk apartment for six months, and then LeGay had left. He had been gone about a month when Myrtle got pregnant by Spry. The indications are that she had started seeing him before LeGay's departure.

Johnny Spry's pleasures were gambling and chasing women. He had known Myrtle when she was a girl, having grown up in the same neighborhood in old Norfolk. One of the benefits of his job as a city trolley driver was the opportunity to meet women. He and Myrtle may have renewed their acquaintance that way. She seems to have loved him as much as she could love any man. She staked out her claim by riding on the seat behind him when he drove his trolley. Spry's wife, who was aware of his habits, quickly spotted the affair. She leaped onto the trolley one day and lit into Myrtle to try to scare her off, the two women screeching, slapping, and pulling hair in an old-fashioned catfight. Spry was amused at being fought over, and recounted the scene to one of his sons many years later. Myrtle was not deterred. She intended to divorce LeGay as soon as she could (in 1926, she did obtain a divorce in the Circuit Court in Norfolk, charging LeGay with adultery) and seems to have let herself get pregnant in the hope that a child would persuade Spry to divorce his wife and marry her. Johnny Spry did not believe that smart men married women like Myrtle. He ended the affair before the child was born.

Myrtle's son need not have been illegitimate. She was still legally married. To avoid embarrassing herself, she lied and told the doctor who delivered the baby that LeGay was the father. The lie gave the boy a pro-forma last name on his birth certificate. Although her family knew about the affair and also knew that LeGay had been gone too long to be the father (Myrtle's sister Lillian was renting the apartment next to hers), they would have kept the secret, if only for the child's sake. The boy could have grown up ignorant of his true parentage. Myrtle made her son illegitimate. She told everyone she encountered who his real father was. She also told her son as soon as he was old enough to ask about a daddy. Spry always said that she named the boy John Paul after him "out of spite."

With the purpose of the baby's conception gone before he was born, Myrtle did not want him. She left him in her sister Lillian's care while she went off in search of amusement and another man. Lillian put him in a crib with the first son of her second marriage, Vann's cousin George Dillard, who was born two weeks earlier, delivered by the same doctor. Myrtle's baby and his cousin also drank their milk from the same bottle, and Lillian gave him the same care and affection she gave her George. Myrtle took him back several months later, when she found a man to pay the rent on another apartment for a while. This was the first time the child experienced the neglect and rejection that his mother's egocentricity and instability would inflict on him. Another sister, Mollie, decided to check up on the baby one day. "I know my sister—she's not takin' care of him right," she recalled thinking. She found him deserted. He was lying in a crib in his own filth, crying with hunger. She took him home, cleaned him up, and began raising him with two infant sons of her own. Periodically, Myrtle would come back and claim him; her ego made her want to pretend to be a mother. The boy's aunts would watch her, and retrieve him as soon as she wandered off again. His aunts bought him new clothes or saw that he got decent hand-me-downs from his cousins, and he never wanted for food. He spent most of his first four and a half years with Lillian or Mollie—until Myrtle became pregnant with his half sister, Dorothy Lee, and married Aaron Frank Vann, in January, 1929.

Frank Vann appeared to be a responsible man. He was thirty, seven years

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"The way you use pepper scares me."

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older than Myrtle, and drove a city bus. A farmer's son, he had completed high school and clerked in a country store in North Carolina before moving to Norfolk. He was well-meaning—kind and gentle in his dealings with others. But his weakness and passivity hurt those who depended on him.

The first four years of the marriage were probably the least troubled, though Frank Vann was frequently unemployed. He was laid off by the bus company, found a job on the assembly line at the Ford plant in Norfolk, and then lost that as the Depression worsened. He and Myrtle had two more children following the birth of Dorothy Lee. Aaron Frank, Jr.—or Frank, Jr., as he was called—was born at the end of 1931. Eugene Wallace came in the spring of 1933.

In the Norfolk of the Depression, Johnny, as Myrtle's first child was called, and his sister and brothers were subjected to a level of deprivation that is difficult to imagine in the America of the nineteen-eighties. Most of the time, Frank Vann was out of a job. There was no unemployment compensation in those years, and there were no welfare payments worth mentioning. The family moved constantly, because of failure to pay the rent, and yet they moved nowhere. They simply shifted from one dark and grimy house to another within the dingy world of two white working-class sections of Norfolk—the Lamberts Point neighborhood, behind the coal-shipping piers at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, and a former cotton- and lumber-mill district nearby called Atlantic City.

The house that the Vanns occupied in Lamberts Point in 1936, when Johnny was twelve, was typical. Of a design common to the poor districts of Southern cities before the Second World War, it was two stories high under a peaked roof. The siding was clapboard. The porch railing had fallen away for want of repair, and no one bothered to build a new one. The floors were bare of carpets or linoleum, and had dips worn into them from use and grit. They stayed dirty, because Frank Vann, who did what cleaning was done, wasn't fussy about them. The first room off to the left of the entrance hall was the living room, and in it an empty Prince Albert pipe-tobacco can sat on the floor beside a rocker. Frank Vann used it as a spittoon. A potbellied stove in the living room was the principal heating system for the house in winter, sending warm air through vents in the ceiling—whenever Frank Vann could find scrap wood or coal to burn in the stove. The kitchen was at the end of the hall. The wood-fired black-iron cooking stove there made the kitchen and the bedroom above it the last rooms in the house to go cold. A single light bulb hung from a wire in the ceiling over a table and six chairs in the center of the kitchen. The sink had one brass spigot, which gave cold water. Hot water had to be heated on the stove. If anyone wanted a bath, the hot water had to be carried in pails to the bathroom upstairs and poured into the old-fashioned tub that stood on legs.

Frank Vann did the cooking, too, because Myrtle refused to do it. He was an early riser and would get up at five o'clock to wash and make breakfast for himself and the children, whistling and singing hymns as he heated water with which to shave. (He was not religious. He and Myrtle sometimes sent the children to Baptist Sunday school but never went to church themselves.) The children's basic diet was biscuits for breakfast, fried potatoes and biscuits for lunch (it was called dinner, in country fashion), and more fried potatoes and biscuits for supper. They drank coffee with their meals—a Southern custom—although milk would have been nourishing. Frank Vann seemed to find money for coffee no matter how hard the times were. Potatoes were the cheapest vegetable he could buy. He carried them home on his shoulder in fifty-pound burlap sacks. Because of the poor diet, John's brother Gene developed a severe case of rickets, which bowed his legs grotesquely. The surgeons at a charity hospital straightened them by breaking the bones and resetting them. Gene had to spend eight months in a body cast afterward.

Shame accompanied the hunger and pain and raggedy clothes. The Vann children knew that the neighbors knew that Myrtle sold herself and had plenty of money. She was clever about it. She did not walk the streets. The police would have arrested her right away if she had. Prostitution was regulated in Norfolk—a port town—until the nine-

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teen-fifties by an unofficial arrangement that profited politicians, police, and organized criminals and kept moral ugliness from the eyes of children. There was a red-light district in old Norfolk with bordellos in a spectrum of amenities and prices. One was a tourist attraction: a visitor could bed down with a whore in the room in which Lafayette was supposed to have slept when he visited Norfolk in 1824. Myrtle discovered an unoccupied niche: she specialized in middle-class men who would have been embarrassed to be seen going to a brothel. As a professed amateur, Myrtle was less intimidating, and she soon had a string of regulars. She had her clients come to the house or met them at some other spot where they could feel secure. One of her customers was the Sunday-school superintendent of a Norfolk church. Dorothy Lee remembered another of her mother's clients because he met Myrtle every week outside the same hot-dog stand downtown to arrange the time of their rendezvous, and Myrtle always took Dorothy Lee along. He was a well-dressed man in late middle age. He would smile and hand Dorothy Lee some coins. "Go into the hot-dog stand," Myrtle would say then, and Dorothy Lee would buy herself a hot dog while her mother and the gentleman talked. When he subsequently appeared at the house—normally on a Wednesday afternoon—Myrtle would order Dorothy Lee to play outside. She seems to have taken Dorothy Lee to the meetings as protection; a woman who had her daughter with her was unlikely to be arrested for soliciting. (Myrtle was apparently known to the police, but there is no record of her having been prosecuted, probably because the police did not want to expose her clients.)

Myrtle spent the money on herself—for stylish clothes, for jewelry and makeup, and for whiskey. A wardrobe in the bedroom she shared with Frank Vann was full of pretty dresses and suits, and she had hats and shoes and handbags to match. One of her suits was of black velvet and had a fox-fur collar. At a time when rent for the family's house was six dollars a month, it would have paid the rent for several months. She also had an evening gown, and enough jewelry to have kept the family in rent and groceries for many months. Eventually, she completed her outfit with a coat and hat of gray squirrel. More money went to the hairdresser to keep her hair in a permanent wave; she did not want to be bothered setting it herself. She painted her fingernails and toenails while sitting in the rocker on the porch. She would also move the rocker into the front yard to sunbathe. The porch and front-yard had another purpose, too: she was attracting more clients.

The weight of shame was double for Johnny, because of his illegitimacy. As Myrtle did not hide the circumstances of his conception, he assumed that most of the people he was acquainted with knew about it. The working class of Norfolk had carried the values of rural Southern culture with them to the city. To be illegitimate was to have no family, to be nothing. He wanted to have a real name and be a member of a real family and have a daddy. Any family and any daddy were better than none. He wanted to be called John Paul Vann.

His mother would not let him escape the disgrace of his birth. She refused to allow Frank Vann to adopt him. Had she not prevented it, Frank Vann would probably have adopted the boy at the outset of the marriage, when Johnny was four and a half. He treated Myrtle's boy with the same gentleness he showed toward his own children. He referred to Johnny as his son, never as his stepson, and saw to it that Dorothy Lee and Frank, Jr., and Gene called him their brother. Spry's rejection of Myrtle seems to have evoked in her a need to stop any other man from claiming her "love child" with his name, because the boy was all that she had retained of the affair. She would repeatedly warn Frank Vann that he was not to try to control or discipline her Johnny. "He doesn't belong to you," she would say. "He's my son. He's not your son." When she came to realize how sensitive her son was about his birth, she used it as an additional weapon with which to wound him. He gave her lots of opportunities, because

"This whole forest is getting unbearably gentrified."

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he would not let the argument rest; he was constantly begging her to let Frank Vann adopt him. "He's the only daddy I've ever had, and Vann's the only name I've ever wanted," he would say. Myrtle would point a finger at her husband and sneer. "He's not your daddy," she would say. "Your name ain't Vann. You don't have a daddy."

Myrtle was right. He didn't have a daddy. He liked Frank Vann, despite his weakness, because Frank Vann was never mean to him, but Frank Vann couldn't ever be a real daddy. If Frank Vann had been capable of being a real daddy, he would have somehow found them food and clothes and paid the rent and tamed Myrtle or thrown her out of the house. The boy's ambivalence toward Frank Vann was reflected in the way he spoke of him. Within the family the boy addressed him as "Daddy." To cousins and other outsiders he referred to him as "Vann." There was no one to whom he could turn for the kind of help that a father is supposed to give.

Something in the son did not let his mother destroy him. He told his grammar-school teachers so often and so insistently that his name was John Vann, not John LeGay, that they came up with a compromise: he was registered at school as John LeGay Vann. He was capable of high spirits, as he showed by enthusiastically taking part in basketball and track and tumbling. The last was a talent he may have inherited from Spry, who was so strong and limber he could chin himself with one arm and could walk on his hands. Johnny would amuse his sister and brothers by turning cartwheels along dirt paths in the neighborhood and also by walking on his hands up and down the stairs. He would amaze visiting cousins by tossing himself off the porch roof in a backflip.

He responded to anyone who offered a temporary escape from the prison of his family life, including the Boy Scouts. The first troop he joined met at his grammar school in the Lamberts Point neighborhood where the family was living when he was twelve. Within four months, he had climbed to assistant patrol leader, and the Scoutmaster got him a secondhand uniform. He posed for Myrtle's scrapbook in front of a furniture-repair shop next to the house, pushing the pancake-brim campaign hat the Scouts wore back over the clipped hair above his forehead for a jaunty look. His happy eyes and smile indicate that he was too proud of the uniform to think that there was anything inappropriate about the khaki shirt and flared riding breeches that enveloped his slip of a body—seventy-one pounds and four feet seven inches tall, according to his Scout identification card, which was issued in the name of John Paul Vann.

The family moved again in the fall of 1937, this time to the Atlantic City district. There John often played a game that frightened his new best friend, Gene Crutchfield. He would run halfway across the street and jump to a stop right in front of an oncoming vehicle, bluffing the driver into slamming on the brakes to avoid hitting him. Before the startled driver could shout a curse, he would have dashed the rest of the way across. "Stop it, John, you're going to get killed!" Crutchfield yelled at him the first time he saw the game. John laughed. "It's lots of fun!" he called from the other side of the street. He leaped in front of a bus on the way back across. He liked trucks and buses best and would pick a big bus out of the traffic.

One evening in the fall of 1938, when they had been friends about a year, Crutchfield came by to pick up John and found him waiting on the porch. Crutchfield could hear Myrtle inside the house screaming obscenities at Frank Vann. "Let's get out of here," John said. "She's raising hell." He told Crutchfield that he was in despair. He couldn't stand living at home any longer. He didn't know what to do. He was thinking of running away. It seemed to be the only alternative. Crutchfield had seen enough to be convinced that he would run away, and if he did there was no knowing what would happen to him. Even if he did not run away, Crutchfield thought, the anger that Myrtle kept building within him would sooner or later burst out in self-destructive acts that would get him into trouble with the law. A young minister had taken over the Methodist church to which the Crutchfield family belonged. He was stirring the whole congregation with his energy and ideas. Crutchfield took John to see him.

Garland Evans Hopkins was a man of charisma and contradictions, and he became the closest figure to a father that John Vann ever knew. Hopkins was a scion of a Virginia family that was rich in pedigree and poor in coin. He saw himself as an aristocratic champion of the downtrodden. The Methodist Church sent him to Palestine in 1947 to assess the conflict between the Palestinian Arabs and the Zionist Jews who were creating the state of Israel. Hopkins came away from the experience convinced that the victims of Hitler's Holocaust were in turn victimizing the Palestinian Arabs.

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He became the principal American advocate of Palestinian rights in a period when it was fashionable to sympathize only with Israel, and he built the first major organization to lobby for the Arab cause and to promote relations with the Arab states—the American Friends of the Middle East. The Central Intelligence Agency clandestinely provided most of the funding for the organization, but Hopkins ran it.

When Gene Crutchfield took John to see Hopkins in 1938, Hopkins was the twenty-four-year-old minister of LeKies Memorial, the Methodist church in the boys' Atlantic City neighborhood. He had taken over the parish the year before, and wore a mustache to try to make himself look older. It complemented a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and added a bit of distinction to an otherwise unimpressive medium height and build. Hopkins' father and grandfather had been Methodist ministers, but tradition was not the reason he had entered the ministry, dropping out of law school to do so. He had been attracted by ideas then being promoted within the Methodist Church in Virginia. They were ideas of the kind now taken for granted in American life: nutrition and welfare support for dependent children; free medical care for the impoverished and the aged; the right of workers to organize a union, to receive a minimum wage, and to strike; interracial coöperation. In the Virginia of Hopkins' youth, all these ideas were new and "liberal," and where labor and race were concerned they were radical. His first assignment in the ministry had been as social-work director at a church in a Richmond slum which was being used as a center to experiment with relief and welfare programs. He had then been sent to LeKies to put his experience to work in Atlantic City.

Hopkins' dynamism suffused every aspect of church life, from worship to social work, and he led in whatever he did. The choir improved because Hopkins was an accomplished pianist and taught its members to sing better. The church did not have a Boy Scout troop and so he started one, made himself the Scoutmaster, took the boys on camping trips, and joined them in earning merit badges for lifesaving and other skills. He told terrifying ghost stories around the campfire. The boys were as enthusiastic about him as their parents were.

It is apparent from what Crutchfield saw and from the subsequent relationship between Hopkins and John that the fourteen-year-old boy unburdened himself to the young minister as he had not done to any other man. Crutchfield had been struck by the high intelligence that John displayed in understanding the relationship between Myrtle and Frank Vann and wanting to break free. Another boy caught in his predicament might not have been able to perceive the source of his troubles so clearly. Hopkins saw that this was not only a boy who wanted to be rescued but one whom it would be

"Good evening, and welcome to the Alvarado Theatre. In this evening's performance, the part of Eddie, usually played by Jeff Guthrie, will be played by Wally Zorn. The management requests that you observe the no-smoking regulations and reminds you that the taking of pictures during the performance is strictly prohibited. Beverages are not allowed in the seating areas, and we ask you to place all litter in the proper receptacles. Please take note of the exit nearest you, in the event of an emergency. Keep your feet off the balcony railing. The blowing of bubble gum is forbidden, and ladies are asked to remove their hats."

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particularly sad to lose. In a letter written not long after they met he spoke of what "an exceptionally bright boy" John was. He brought John into his congregation toward the end of 1938 by having him join eleven other people, both young and adult, who stood up at a Sunday service and professed Christian faith. Hopkins also persuaded him to enter the LeKies Boy Scout troop. John's despair had led him to drop out of the troop he joined at his grammar school.

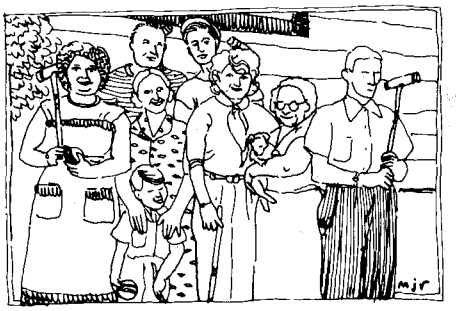
The question of whether he would survive emotionally until Hopkins could separate him from Myrtle hung in the balance for a while. Crutchfield recalled that John, in his roller-coaster emotional state, would appear at a Scout meeting one week and fail to show up for the next, offering some irrational excuse. Hopkins' counselling summoned up more of the strength within him, and Hopkins held out the possibility of his going away to a Methodist boarding school the following fall if he successfully completed ninth grade at the junior high in Norfolk. John's athletic prowess also helped him through his trial. In the spring of 1939, he won first place for his age and weight class in the junior-high sports carnival, a medley of track and tumbling events. He took his gilded cup and ribbons home. Myrtle kept them. She was beginning to take pride in her eldest son. She photographed the cup for her album. Under the picture John proudly lettered the words "My Cup."

That fall, Hopkins turned into John's genie from the magic lamp. He lifted his hand, and a rich Norfolk oyster dealer who shared his wealth with the church because he believed in its good works took the boy down to the Hub, the city's foremost men's clothing store, and outfitted him with a sports coat and slacks, shoes, shirts, ties, and a sweater. Hopkins lifted his hand again, and the businessman wrote a check for a scholarship that sent the boy to Ferrum Training School and Junior College, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in southwestern Virginia. Ferrum was a small Methodist-run coed preparatory school and junior college that had been founded just before the First World War as a "mountain mission," to bring basic education to the children of the isolated Blue Ridge communities. In mid-September of 1939, two weeks after Hitler invaded Poland, John entered the tenth grade of the Training School.

John's four years at Ferrum were the first good years of his life. He had occasional lapses into despondency, and these showed in slumps in his grades. Most of the time, he appeared to be happy. Ferrum was a different world —a world that gave him hope of permanent escape into a life of respectability and accomplishment. He slept in a room that was steam-heated in winter; the sheets on his bed were clean; he had eggs for breakfast and fresh milk to drink, rolls and bread warm from the oven and butter to put on them, and meat and vegetables every day.

Among the students at Ferrum, there were few of the class distinctions that had made him feel inferior at the junior high in Norfolk. Most of the thirty-five other members of his class were there on full or partial scholarship. Norfolk was also the most sophisticated place anyone could call home; the majority of his classmates were from the inland towns and hamlets of Virginia and North Carolina. Each of the students was assigned a job fifteen hours a week, so that the school could keep overhead costs to a minimum: only a few supervisors were needed. The students did the cooking, waited on tables, mopped floors, washed clothes, clerked in the offices, and milked the cows and fed the chickens and shovelled the manure at the school farm, which provided much of the food. John was put to work in the laundry for the first couple of years. Then the school's guidance counsellor discovered that he liked to lead and could teach. Ferrum was still running several elementary schools for the mountain children, and she gave him a job as a teacher's assistant at a school in a nearby hamlet.

His happiness showed in his disposition. The John his teachers and classmates at Ferrum saw was not the John that Crutchfield had known. He was like a bowstring that has been eased. When the dean described him, she wrote that he was "a pleasing personality . . . very likable, and makes friends easily . . . an 'all-round' man." His classmates remembered that he was a lot of fun, and quick to joke. One of the girls recalled that he had a mischievous smile and used to tease her about a boy she dated. He gave no hint of what he had endured. He never discussed his family or his home life, and when he returned from summers in Norfolk and Christmas and spring vacations he did not speak of how he had spent them.



Hopkins tutored John in European history and in English composition and literature during the summer of 1940, so that he could skip the eleventh grade and complete three years of high school in two. He had John do the reading prescribed by the Ferrum curriculum and write the term papers, and he gave him exams at the parsonage, a couple of blocks from LeKies Memorial church. He graded his protégé generously in a letter to the school certifying that John had passed both courses: the grades were a 96 in History and a 94 in English. John graduated from Ferrum Training School in June of 1941, and entered the junior college that fall.

In June, 1942, two weeks before John's eighteenth birthday, Myrtle finally allowed Frank Vann to adopt him legally. John Paul LeGay became John Paul Vann by order of the Circuit Court of Norfolk. He had warned his mother that if she stopped the adoption proceedings he would change his name to Vann himself as soon as he reached his twenty-first birthday. Twenty-eight years later, Myrtle's son had to mention his adoption in the autobiographical section of a government security-clearance form. He put the adoption date down as 1932.

John Paul Vann didn't want to wait to finish junior college after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, on December 7, 1941, but Garland Hopkins apparently persuaded him to do so. Vann wanted to go to war right away. His dream was to become a fighter pilot. When he went home for Christmas vacation in 1942, he was carrying a letter from the president of Ferrum recommending him for the Naval Air Service. He seems to have been disappointed by the response he received at the recruiting office in Norfolk. He returned to Ferrum to finish enough of

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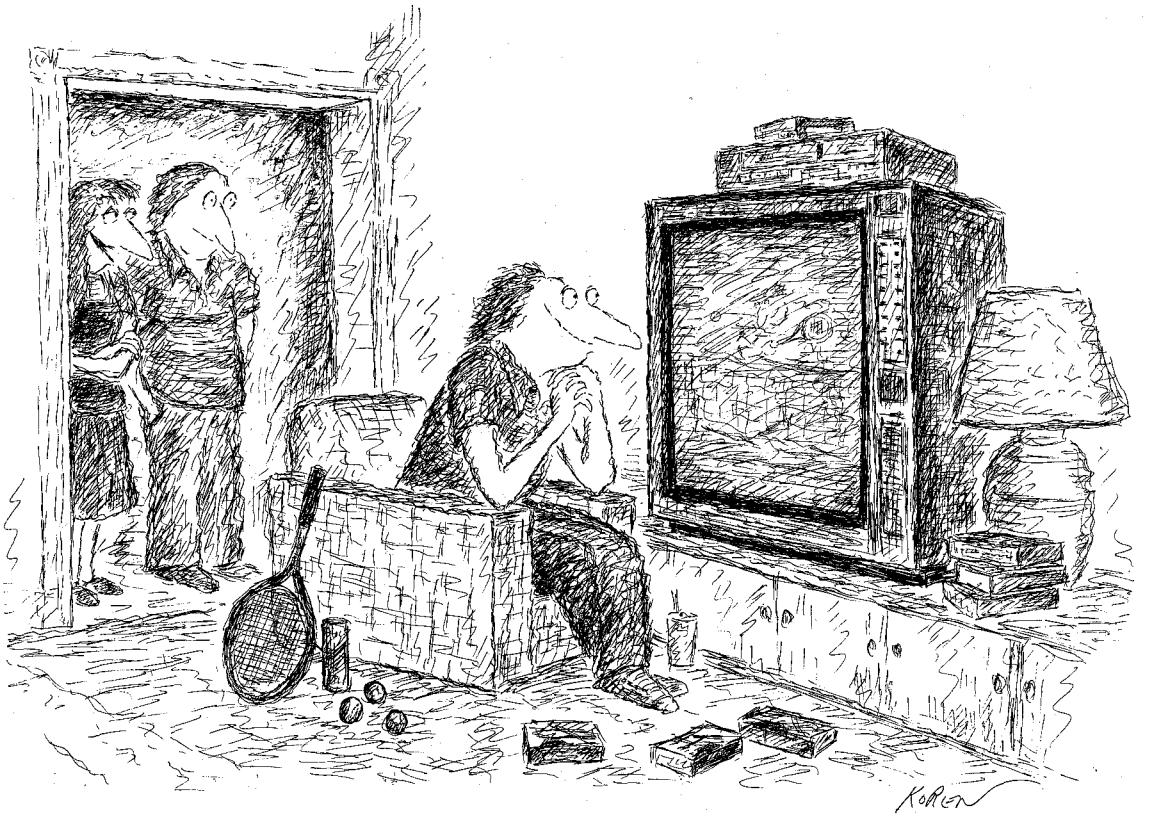
his course work so that the junior college would make the common exception of the wartime emergency and credit him for the full two years even if he left early to put on a uniform. In March, with his eligibility fortified, he took a train to Richmond and tried the Army Air Corps recruiter there. The response was not discouraging. There were too many would-be heroes of the air for the Army to make promises, but he was told he would be an excellent candidate for flight school if he enlisted. Perhaps to have an excuse for Myrtle, who was afraid he would be killed, and was urging him to find a civilian job that would entitle him to a deferment, he allowed himself to be drafted with the proviso that he would enter the Air Corps.



"Nick is in here, pondering his backhand."

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On arrival at Camp Lee, Virginia, in March of 1943, he and his comrades took a series of aptitude tests that would supposedly determine how the Army could best utilize their skills. Vann scored 97 on the aptitude test for flight training. A notation was put on his record that he was "Qualified for Aviation Cadet Appointment," but Vann was a long way from a plane. After more than six months of application and processing, he finally received orders directing him to the 51st College Training Detachment (Air Crew), in Rochester, New York. The Air Corps—the Army Air Corps had been officially renamed the Army Air Forces in 1942 but continued to be referred to, even in official correspondence, as the Air Corps—had taken over part of the Rochester Business Institute and was using it as a preflight center to instruct cadets in elementary knowledge of aviation, in preparation for more detailed schooling and actual air-crew training for those who passed. Vann arrived in Rochester on September 18, 1943, and thrived at his course work. His instructors also quickly recognized his leadership ability and appointed him one of the cadet officers in the detachment. That June, Ferrum had mailed him his junior-college diploma and his copy of the 1943 school yearbook, *The Beacon*. A quotation was printed beside the photograph of each member of the graduating class. The quotation beside the photograph of the smiling boy who had been Johnny Vann at Ferrum read:

> Intelligent, clear-eyed—of such as he,
> Shall Freedom's young apostles be.

Mary Jane Allen always went to Critic's ice-cream parlor with one of her girlfriends after the Sunday-afternoon movie. Being well-bred young Rochester women, they sat in a booth for two. On the Sunday before Christmas, 1943, John Vann was sitting in the larger booth opposite, with five other Air Corps cadets. He told Mary Jane across the aisle that he had noticed her standing on the sidewalk during a parade the previous Saturday afternoon while he was marching at the head of his group of cadets. Although she remembered him right away, because she had noticed him, too, she didn't answer at first. She had never replied to a sally from a strange young man before. She was sixteen years old and in her senior year at West High School. John Vann's Virginia twang, which had strength to it and was not unpleasant to her ear, was not the only thing that made him different from any of the boys she had dated at school. His hair, which was still blondish then, was combed up high on his forehead in a wave that was the fashion of the day. His dark-green cadet uniform was attractive, with its small silver wings at the jacket lapels and the round wing-and-propeller badge of an aspiring aviator sewn on the lower left sleeve. He smiled and leaned forward as he spoke. She got a feeling that he knew a lot more about women than she did about men. He was what she and her girlfriend would call a wolf. Everything she had been told to beware of in a young man she liked about him. So she broke a rule her mother had sworn her to, and answered him by acknowledging that she had been standing on the sidewalk and recognized him now. The rest of the conversation passed from her memory over the years, except that he ended it by asking her for a date. She refused. Her mother, she told him, did not permit her to go out with strangers.

The next afternoon, he appeared in

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the picture-frame section of Sibley's department store, at the corner of Main Street and Clinton, where Mary Jane was working part time as a sales clerk after school, and asked her again for a date. She couldn't accept, she said, but her mother might let her date him if he came to her house and met her parents. Why didn't he come for Christmas Eve dinner and bring another cadet for her girlfriend? She saw that smile she liked so much.

He arrived with a friend and impressed her parents with his politeness and the fact that he answered their questions about his cadet training directly and knowledgeably, not like some nineteen-year-olds they knew. Mary Jane's father, Justus Smith Allen, called Jess by his wife and friends, was the senior court reporter for the city of Rochester. After dinner, the grownups left the two couples to trim the tree, and John flirted with Mary Jane while they talked and laughed. When it was time for John and his friend to leave, he told her mother, Mary Allen, that it was the best Christmas Eve he had ever had.

They did not see each other again for well over a year. His preflight course at Rochester had ended, and he had to spend Christmas Day on a train to an Air Corps classification center in Nashville, Tennessee. He telephoned Mary Jane to say goodbye on Christmas morning; he called her "honey" on the phone and said a number of other affectionate things. In Nashville, he was given a ride in a Piper Cub liaison plane, his first opportunity to fly. He sent Mary Jane a love letter enclosing a snapshot of himself posing as the storied figure he hoped to become. He was standing beside the little plane in a sheepskin flight jacket with a parachute strapped to his back, his gloved right hand resting on a wing strut. His cap was cocked to the side of his head, and his hair rippled over his forehead. He signed the snapshot as he had the letter: "Love, Johnny." She replied encouragingly, and the romance thrived as letters and photographs went back and forth. To her he was the impulsive vitality, the excitement, the adventure she had never known in her stable life. To him she was not only physically attractive; she was the world of middle-class respectability and family love and absence of shame that he had longed for in vain.

At the classification center in Nashville, Vann was lucky enough to be selected for pilot training, despite getting slightly higher scores on the aptitude tests for bombardier and navigator. He passed the winter, spring, and summer of 1944 shifting through the South from one stage of flight training to another. At the Advanced Flying School, at Dorr Field, Florida, his exuberance and his love of freedom in flight which had drawn him to aviation in the first place then denied him his dream of becoming a pilot: he flew a trainer through some forbidden stunt maneuvers one day in early August, and was punished by dismissal from the school. The language of bureaucracy hid the precise nature of his sin. His record said only, "Eliminated from further Pilot training due to Flying Deficiency." He was crestfallen. He lied to his worshipful youngest brother, Gene, saying that the flight surgeons had found a spot on one of his lungs from a childhood case of tuberculosis. (Years later, he told Mary Jane the truth.) His instructors noted his ability and his exemplary behavior most of the time and recommended him for Navigation School, at San Marcos Army Air Field, in Texas. He was transferred there in October, graduated in late January of 1945, and was awarded his navigator's wings and the gold bars of a second lieutenant in mid-February. He sent Mary Jane a photograph of himself in his new officer's uniform, with a short, tight-fitting Eisenhower jacket. The quickie studio where the photograph was taken had a canvas backdrop painted with sea and clouds. Vann crushed in his cap at the sides for a rakish aviator effect, put a hand on one hip, and stared off at destiny to the left of the camera. "So help me Hon," he wrote on the back, "the guy that took this (at a 2 bit carnival) *made* me stand like this—looking off into the *wild* blue yonder—and Lord alone knows for what."

He telephoned Mary Jane long-distance in April. He had been granted a short leave in the course of being transferred to Lincoln, Nebraska, and he was coming to see her for the first time since the Christmas Eve dinner nearly a year and a half earlier. He hitched plane rides from one airfield to another and arrived in Rochester on April 12, 1945. Mary Jane remembered the date because it was the day Franklin Roosevelt died and Harry Truman became President. She and John went downtown to a jewelry store, and he bought her an engagement ring. He didn't propose marriage and she didn't mention it before he gave her the ring. It was just assumed by both of them that they would be married.

Mary Allen forced them to agree to wait two years. The Allens liked their glimpse of the young man, but they wanted to see more of him before he took their daughter. Mary Jane's mother was also concerned about family and wanted to learn whether John's family were her kind of

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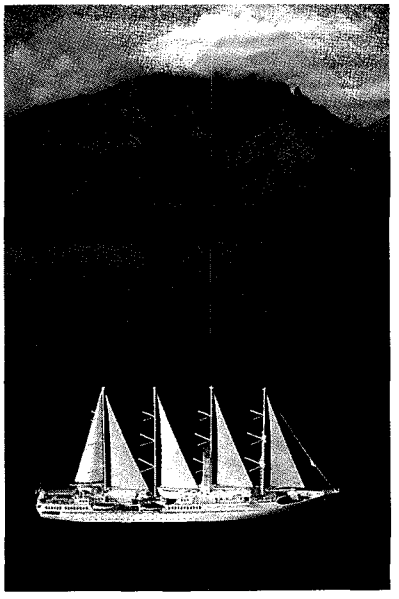

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people. She was anxious, too, to have her daughter obtain a better education than she had—to have at least two years of college before marrying.

For the first time in her life, Mary Jane became rebellious. John called that summer from New Mexico—Japan was not to surrender until August, 1945—where he had been sent for three months of specialized radar-navigation training on the B-29 Superfortress, the four-engine monarch of Second World War bombers, and invited her to come down by train for a visit. She accepted without obtaining her parents' permission. (They were away on a trip and were difficult to reach.) She persuaded her older sister, Doris, to act as her chaperon. John arranged for the two girls to stay at a guesthouse on the airbase and found a date for Doris. In August, Mary Jane pressured her mother into announcing the engagement. Then she insisted that the wedding day be set for early October, when John could get two weeks' leave. She threatened to elope if her parents wouldn't agree. They gave in. The wedding would take place in Rochester on October 6th.

John was so impressed by the wedding invitation, printed in fancy Gothic type, that he mailed Mary Jane a list of people who could not come but to whom he wanted invitations sent for pride's sake. One was his rescuer, Garland Hopkins, who was then serving as an Army chaplain in Southeast Asia. John was to have only three people from his side at the wedding: his Aunt Mollie; her older son, Joe Raby, who agreed to be best man; and Myrtle. He did not want to arouse the suspicions of the Allens by not having anyone from his family. (Frank Vann stayed in Norfolk because of the usual shortage of money, and John invented an excuse for the man he'd told the Allens was his father.)

As Mollie remembered it, her nephew was blunt in his instructions to her. "I leave my mother in your hands, Aunt Mollie," he said. "You keep her straightened up and don't let her get drunk or anything like that." His fear was not limited to Myrtle's disgracing him if she got drunk. He was afraid that alcohol would stir the meanness in her. "She could get to talkin' if she took too much," Mollie recalled. " 'Well, you know, Vann is not his real name, you know.' That was the sort of thing she might say."

WITHIN a few months of their marriage, John was transferred from Smoky Hill Army Air Field, near Salina, Kansas, to Guam to recover B-29s from Saipan and other Pacific-island bases and fly them to storage parks in Hawaii and the United States. Mary Jane went back to Rochester to stay with her parents until he could return. He wrote her from Guam in the spring of 1946 to say that he had decided to give the military a trial as a career and was taking an examination for a permanent, or Regular Army, commission. His original commission was in the Reserve, and under it he could be demobilized at any time. He said that he could finish his college education at government expense and that he could always resign his commission later. Mary Jane was pregnant. Vann had not consulted her before making his decision, and she wondered about it at first. Most people she knew would not have considered the Army a fit way to earn a living and raise a family, but she felt that the choice of career had to be his, and she wanted him to do something that he enjoyed. She did not see why a military career for him should deny her the family life she had envisioned. She could adjust to the periodic separations, as she was adjusting to this one. Vann received his Regular Army commission in July, 1946. It was his first victory on the road he had chosen. Ten Reserve officers had applied for every Regular commission available.

Educational credentials are important for an officer who wants to move ahead. Vann got himself sent to Rutgers in the fall of 1946, on a program available to new Regular officers, for a two-year course in economics to complete requirements for his bachelor's degree. Mary Jane made what home she could for the two of them and their first child—a girl, Patricia, who was born on October 3, 1946—in one of the tiny trailers that the university provided for married students. Then, in May, 1947, Vann suddenly announced that he was suspending his studies and transferring to the Infantry. Under the National Security Act of 1947, the Air Corps was breaking away from the Army to form an independent Air Force. Vann was one of the relatively few Air Corps

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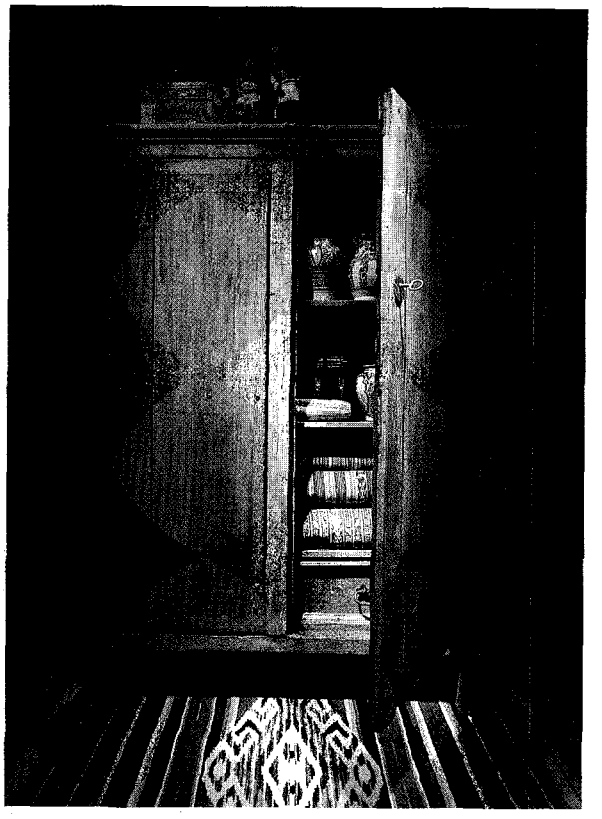
officers who elected to stay with the Army. He guessed, correctly, that pilots, not navigators, were going to dominate an independent Air Force, and that he would have a better chance of advancement in the Infantry. It would provide him an opportunity to command men on the ground—to him a greater challenge than piloting a plane in the air. If another war came, the Infantry would also mean maximum risk and maximum possibility of distinction in combat and promotion.

Mary Jane put eight-month-old Patricia in a travelling crib on the back seat of their car, and they set out for Georgia and the Infantry School at Fort Benning, where John was to take the three-month course in the fundamentals of leading a platoon and a company in battle taken by every lieutenant entering the Infantry. He had also decided to take parachute and glider training, so that he could command airborne troops. Again, he had not consulted Mary Jane, and, again, she had not objected. She had not expected life with him to be normal. She had expected it to be an adventure, and so far the adventure had been a good one.

BY June of 1950, the Vanns were living in the port city of Osaka, in Occupied Japan, in a three-story house that Frank Lloyd Wright had designed for a wealthy Japanese family before the Second World War. It had fine wood panelling, a sunken bathtub of blue tile large enough for four, and a kitchen tiled throughout—floor and walls and counters. There was a small swimming pool in the garden. The opulence of the place kept Mary Jane from complaining, although she did not like the severity of the architecture, and the house tended to be dark. John was a first lieutenant and the purchasing and contracting officer at the headquarters of the U.S. Army's 25th Infantry Division in Osaka. He had taken up golf. A son, John Allen, born on Christmas morning of 1947, was almost two and half years old.

Then suddenly, in the middle of the night, John Vann went off to war. Ninety thousand North Korean soldiers, their columns led by Soviet-built tanks, crossed the 38th Parallel and invaded South Korea on June 25, 1950. The 25th Infantry Division was ordered to move to Korea as rapidly as possible and join the forces that Gen-



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eral Douglas MacArthur was assembling there to stop their advance down the peninsula. Patricia was old enough in the summer of 1950 to remember her mother waking her and John Allen to say goodbye. Her father was carrying his helmet and had a pistol on his belt. Her mother was crying. He crouched down to take her and John Allen in his arms and kiss them. He said that he was going to be away for a while. Patricia laughed. She felt happy that he was leaving, because this figure of authority who demanded perfect behavior would be gone. Her mother asked why she was laughing. Patricia did not answer. In later years, when she realized that he might not have come back, she felt guilty about her emotions.

Trains and ships were First Lieutenant Vann's preoccupation during his first weeks in Korea. He was appointed assistant supply-and-evacuation officer—that is, the man in charge of transportation. Overnight, he found himself coördinating train and ship schedules, and expediting the loading and unloading of fifteen thousand officers and men and the artillery, trucks, tanks, armored half-tracks, and sundry other combat gear of the 25th Infantry. Another trait that Johnny Spry had bequeathed him—the ability to get by on four hours of sleep a night on a regular basis and to refresh himself with just an hour or two when necessary—was to prove helpful, for he was to get no more than an hour or two a night for the next two months. Everything had to be done on the run and everything had to be improvised, because no one in authority at MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo, or in the Truman Administration in Washington, had anticipated the North Korean invasion.

Walton Walker had headed MacArthur's ground forces in Japan since 1948 as Commanding General, Eighth Army. He was a resolute, bulldog figure, and he gave a lieutenant an example to carry to Vietnam—an example of how a military leader stands and fights back when the battle runs against him. MacArthur's plan was to have Walker keep a foothold on the Korean peninsula while he himself got ready to cut off and destroy the North Korean forces with an amphibious landing far in their rear—at Inchon, the port for Seoul. MacArthur flew to Korea in late July and told Walker there could be no question of an evacuation. Walker had, in fact, already chosen the ground on which he intended to make a stand; it was to become known as the Pusan Perimeter, because the port of Pusan was its anchor at the bottom. Walker had selected the ground because most of it was bounded by the Naktong River, a natural obstacle behind which he could maneuver his troops to mass and counterattack wherever the North Koreans penetrated in force.

At the end of July, as the moment neared to fall back for a last time, Walker appeared at a dusty schoolhouse in a town called Sangju, where the 25th Division had established temporary headquarters. He spoke to the whole staff. One of the officers took notes on the general's speech and wrote a summary afterward for the division's war diary. Lieutenant Vann stood at the back of the room behind the majors and the lieutenant colonels. "We are fighting a battle against time," General Walker explained, and they had run out of space. They could not contemplate escape or surrender:

> There will be no Dunkirk, there will be no Bataan, a retreat to Pusan would be one of the greatest butcheries in history. We must fight until the end. Capture by these people is worse than death itself. We will fight as a team. If some of us must die, we will die fighting together. Any man who gives ground may be personally responsible for the death of thousands of his comrades.
>
> I want you to put this out to all the men in the Division. I want everybody to understand that we are going to hold this line. We are going to win.

Walker gave the 25th the worst sector of the line to hold. The battle quickly became a slugging match, in which the outcome was as dependent on the supply officers on both sides as on the courage and stamina of the infantry. The North Koreans were at the end of a long supply line. They would build up stocks and assault, but would run low on ammunition after a couple of days and lose momentum. In the meantime, the Americans would also have run low on ammunition, having thrown everything they had at their opponents to try to contain the attack. Vann and the other supply officers would work frantically to replenish the stocks fast enough for the troops to regain hill positions and resist the next assault, which would always come in a week or so. The American riflemen were able to hold their own against great odds because of the superb artillery and air support they were

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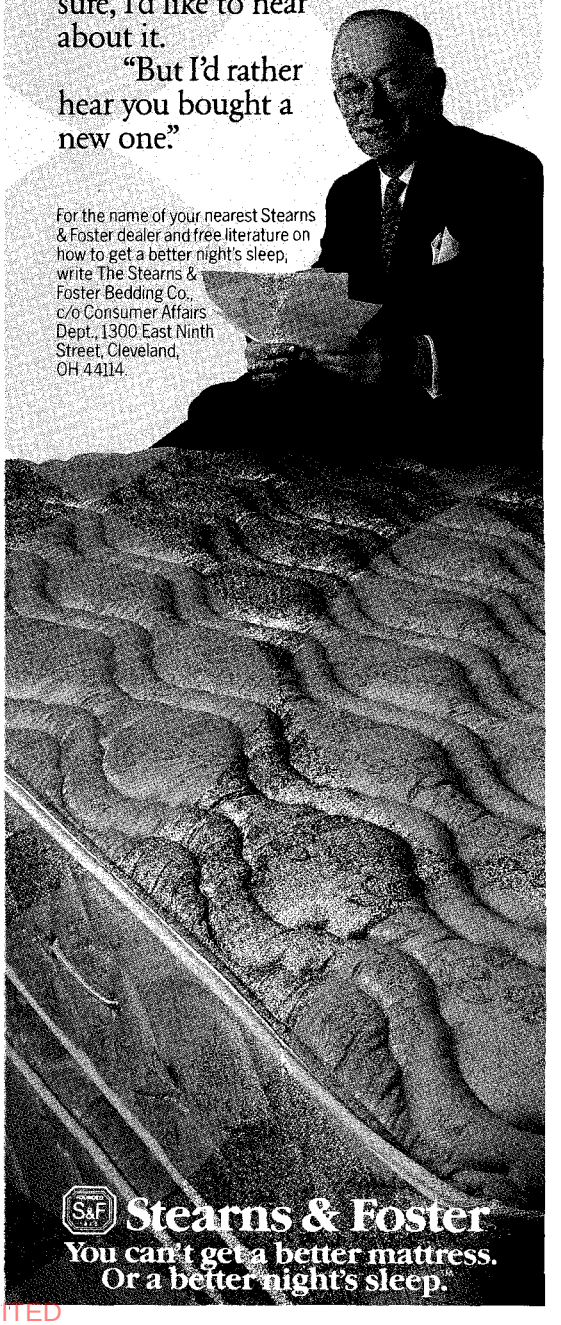

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receiving by August, but they were in constant danger of an interruption in the supply of shells. Rather than wait for the Eighth Army G-4 (Logistics) officers to send shells to them, Vann or another officer from the division supply section with a convoy of trucks would meet an ammunition freighter as soon as it docked at Pusan and seize what the 25th needed.

It was the boy who had leaped in front of buses and trucks in his street game in Norfolk who kept many of the riflemen in the fight and saved scores, and possibly hundreds, of lives when the climax of the battle came, at the beginning of September. By late August, the North Koreans were wild to break down Walker's Pusan Perimeter and grasp the victory that seemed so close. They shipped every bullet and grenade and shell they could find down the peninsula by train and truck and by fishing boat along the coast, and then they resorted to A-frame packs on the backs of peasant men and women to get weapons and ammunition to the fighting units beyond the roads. This time, they intended to sustain the attack until Walker's troops buckled.

The offensive began half an hour before midnight on August 31st, with the whistling and crashing of the most intense mortar and artillery bombardment of the war thus far, directed against the positions of the 35th Infantry Regiment, northwest of the town of Masan. The North Korean infantry assaulted by the thousands behind the barrage. By dawn on September 1st, some three thousand enemy troops had surged past the company strong points on the hilltops in the front line of the 35th and penetrated the rest of the regiment, reaching six or seven miles into its rear. But the men of the 35th refused to budge, displaying a desperate valor matched only by that of their North Korean opponents. The cannoneers at the artillery batteries became their own infantry, lowering their pieces and firing point-blank into the North Koreans, and radioing other batteries to lay barrages around them. At a number of places, there was hand-to-hand fighting with grenades and bayonets. Many of the soldiers in the 35th Infantry had initially resented Walker's order to "stand or die," thinking he meant "stand *and* die." They were veterans now, understood the wisdom of the order, and fought in its spirit. They had learned that when

the North Koreans enveloped both flanks and the rear, in a favorite tactic to cause panic, the worst reaction was to try to withdraw. Only a few would escape then. If they held until a relief column could reach them, some would die, but some would live, and they would avoid having to abandon their wounded comrades to certain death, and possible torture and mutilation beforehand, by the enraged North Korean soldiery. The dilemma was that on this occasion there was no way of pushing relief columns through to the surrounded front-line companies of the 35th before some of them would run out of ammunition and perish.

Vann had been pondering the problem from earlier battles and had come up with an idea for resupply in just such an extremity. His scheme was for him to toss ammunition to the infantrymen from the back of an L-5 observation plane—the Second World War predecessor of the L-19, in which he was to win the Distinguished Flying Cross at Ap Bac, in Vietnam, a dozen years later. The L-5 had a less powerful engine than its successor, but it was highly maneuverable and had the same tandem seating arrangement of pilot in front and observer behind. Two days before the offensive, Vann had tested the idea by attempting to resupply a company that was under pressure from a preliminary North Korean move, and the technique had worked.

On the morning of the offensive, the division aviation section at first refused to provide the planes. The pilots said that Vann's scheme was suicidal. The American mortar and artillery crews were dropping shells around the encircled riflemen to help them hold off their attackers, and the North Koreans were simultaneously bombarding them to weaken resistance. The pilots would have to fly through the trajectories of all these shells and also expose their aircraft to small-arms fire from the enemy infantry. Vann insisted that the pilots were being too cautious. The pilots agreed to fly one mission each, in the sequence in which they would normally have come up for duty on the roster that day. A mission consisted of three ammunition drops. One pilot volunteered for a second flight, six drops in all, and then he quit. The other pilots would fly only a single mission.

Vann flew every mission, and he displayed no nervousness after returning. He was calm as he went about packing big boxes of ammunition and loading each plane for the next flight. Each box held about a hundred pounds of ammunition for the M-1 rifles, belts for the machine guns, or hand grenades. After he filled a box, he wrapped and tied a blanket around it, to prevent it from bursting and spewing out its

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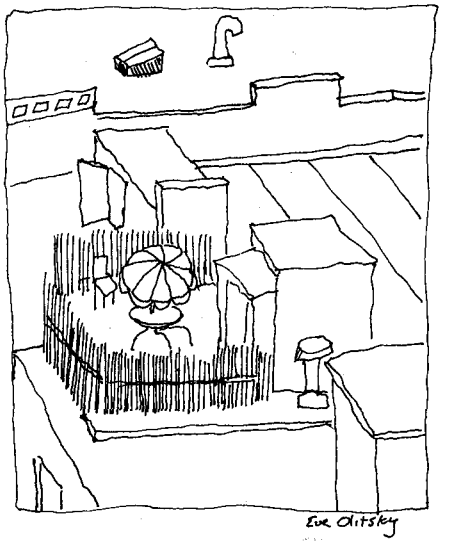
contents on impact. Although each of these boxes weighed almost four-fifths of what Vann weighed then, at the age of twenty-six, he was strong enough to manhandle them. He wedged two of the boxes into the back of the plane where he sat and held the third in his lap. The positions of the companies were known. Before the plane took off, Vann spread out his map and briefed the pilot on where they were going to make the drops and how he wanted the approach flown. Three hundred pounds of ammunition overloaded the plane, but Vann was light, and the dirt airstrip was sufficiently long and the engine sufficiently powerful to get the L-5 into the air. Once they were aloft, Vann gave the pilot directions over the intercom.

A major from the division intelligence section who was flying an L-5 over the battlefield that morning to assess the situation and to drop propaganda leaflets on the North Koreans urging them to surrender could hardly believe what he was watching. He saw another L-5 suddenly dive to ground level and start flying right over the heads of the North Korean infantrymen straight for one of the hills where an American company was holding out. The enemy soldiers could shoot at the plane from all sides. There were no clumps or rows of trees that the pilot could fly alongside to partly obscure the aircraft on the approach to the hill; the terrain was completely open—either barren or grassy. The plane did gain some cover from the clouds of smoke and dust rising from the mortar and artillery shells crashing into the ground just beneath it, but this could hardly be comforting to those inside, the major thought, given the danger of their being blown up by one of the shells. Just before reaching the base of the hill, the pilot pulled back on the stick, skimmed up the slope, and clipped over the American position at the top. As the plane cleared the hilltop by twenty or thirty feet, the major saw a box sail out and land among the foxholes below.

Vann was ordering the pilots to take this straight, ground-skimming approach to make sure that he did not miss with the box of ammunition. Most of the positions had by this time shrunk to only about a hundred feet across, a difficult target for an airdrop. One company had been reduced to the equivalent of a platoon; it had twenty-two men capable of resistance. After the pilot climbed up to altitude and was orienting himself for another run at the same position—or at an adjacent one if the platoons were still separated—Vann would haul the next box from behind the seat and prepare to toss it out the door, as he had tossed the first. Then he would have the pilot return to deliver his third box to the infantry.

The major from the intelligence section watched in awe as the little plane made the second and third runs. It sped across the valley through the dust and smoke, racing ahead of the bullets of the North Korean soldiers trying to knock it out of the sky. A contour path was actually the most intelligent way to fly in the circumstances, because a soldier, unless he is carefully trained to do otherwise, tends to misjudge the speed of an aircraft flying close by and to shoot behind it. If the plane were to be crippled at this low altitude, however, the pilot would have no margin for maneuver, and if Vann and the pilot survived the crash the North Koreans would kill them. The major could see that the pilot was having trouble holding true for the hill. The blasts from the mortar and artillery shells exploding on the ground jolted the plane and knocked it off course. The pilot straightened it and kept running for the hill, and each time he cleared the top a box would fly out and down to the foxholes.

A hundred pounds of bullets and grenades is a lot of ammunition to riflemen who use it as frugally as those American soldiers did in the hills beyond Masan, Korea, on September 1, 1950. Vann tossed them a hundred pounds of ammunition twenty-seven times that day, persisting until the approach of darkness forced him to stop. Some of the units had almost exhausted their ammunition; the men had started stripping bullets for their rifles from the last of the machine-gun belts.



Relief columns fought through the North Koreans to the company positions as rapidly as possible over the next several days, reinforced the survivors, and brought out the wounded in armored personnel carriers. Vann kept the surrounded infantrymen in ammunition until a column could reach them. He made forty-two more drops over the three days following September 1st. He got in his own thumps, too, from a bag of grenades he carried at his side. He pitched them at the North Koreans on the far slope of the hill as the pilot was pulling away after the drop. There is no record of damage to any of the planes he used; apparently, none took more than a few bullets through the fuselage. The pilots did not know they had "Vann luck" riding in the back seat. Vann resumed the aerial resupply whenever it was needed until MacArthur's counterstroke at Inchon, on September 15th, threw the North Koreans into disarray by severing their main line of supply and retreat. John Vann had been promoted to captain two days earlier.

THE war in Korea was a prelude to the war in Vietnam. It was the first war in American history in which the leaders of both the Army and the nation were so divorced from reality and so grossly underestimated their opponent that they brought disaster to the Army and the nation. MacArthur wasted Walker's achievement in the Pusan Perimeter by sending his army into the mountains of North Korea, and the highest civilian and military leaders in Washington acquiesced in MacArthur's gamble. MacArthur threw away the courage and resourcefulness of Vann and of others who had behaved so nobly. He wasted the lives of the thousands of men who had died for the victory and the thousands more who died subsequently in a defeat they did not deserve.

Vann's involvement in the disaster in North Korea was to become part of his legend in Vietnam. Vann told me the story not long after I met him, in 1962. He said he had organized and led the Eighth Army Ranger Company, the first commando-and-reconnaissance unit to be formed in the Army

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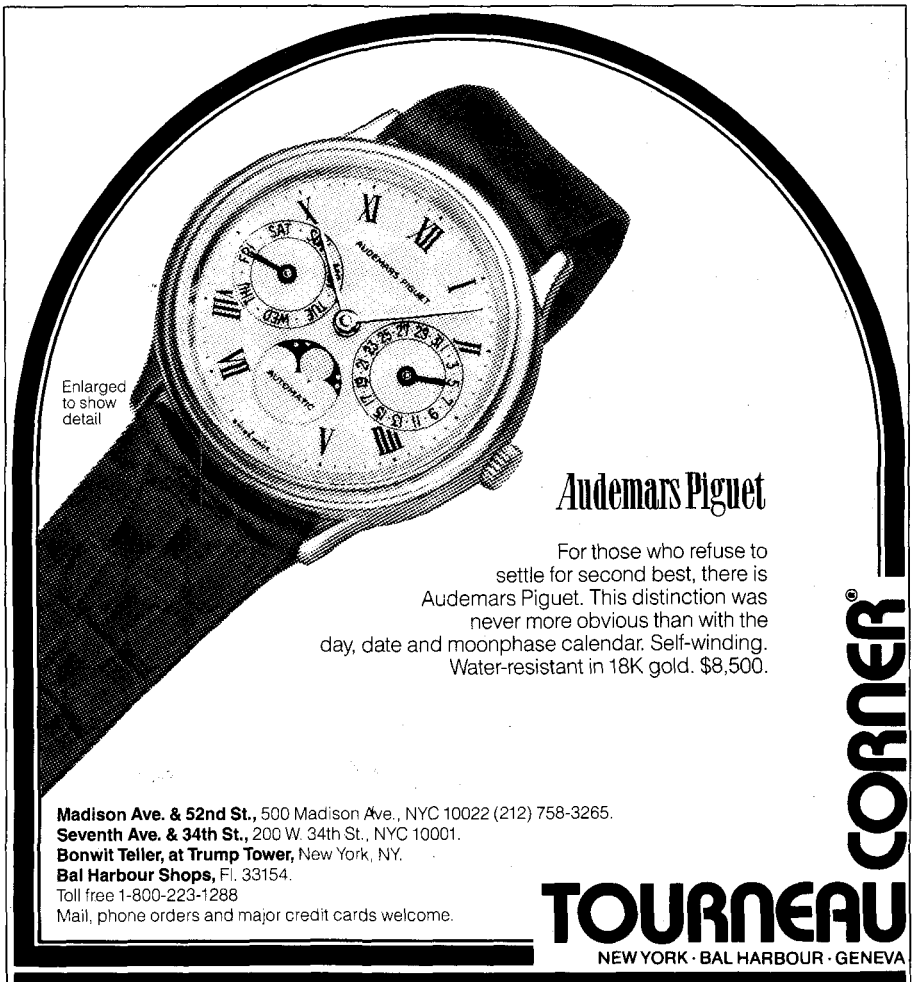
since the disbanding of the famous Ranger battalions after the Second World War, and then had lost his Rangers to a night of human-wave assaults when the Chinese Army fell on MacArthur's forces in November, 1950, in the mountains below the Yalu River. He repeated the story often to others. One person who heard it many years later was President-elect Richard Nixon. A letter Vann wrote for him in another November, in the midst of the war in Vietnam, contained this account:

On the night of 26 November 1950, I commanded a Ranger company which took the brunt of the opening Chinese campaign in the Korean War. By 3:00 A.M. on the morning of the 27th, my 8th Army Ranger Company had received three assaults by Chinese forces employing human-wave tactics. We had excellent artillery support and good fighting positions and killed them by the hundreds. I realized, however, after the third assault, that I was going to lose my company. On the sixth assault just before dawn, I did lose my company. Myself, and fifteen men, most of them wounded, were all that were left when the sixth human-wave attack ran through us. We got off the hill by going down the way the Chinese had come up. On the way down the hill, I estimated that there were over five hundred dead Chinese soldiers in front of our positions.

Vann did at one time command the Eighth Army Ranger Company in Korea, but not at the time of the attack he described. He took over the Ranger company when its twenty-three-year-old lieutenant, Ralph Puckett, Jr., was wounded. It was Puckett—whom Vann admired—who had led the company during the "human wave" attack. Vann had not been present. Of fifty-two men who climbed Hill 205 in North Korea, Puckett and nineteen others came back. Puckett spent a year in Army hospitals in Japan and the United States undergoing surgery to repair his feet and a shoulder and an arm that were lacerated by the fragments of mortar shells that killed a West Point classmate who was beside him in his foxhole. As soon as Vann heard of what had happened to the Rangers, he insisted to his commanding general that he had earned an opportunity to rebuild the company around the survivors with new volunteers. Vann got the Rangers.

He did not steal the tale of Puckett's valor right away. On the contrary, he behaved with the loyalty he always showed toward a brave fellow-officer. He was responsible for Puckett's re-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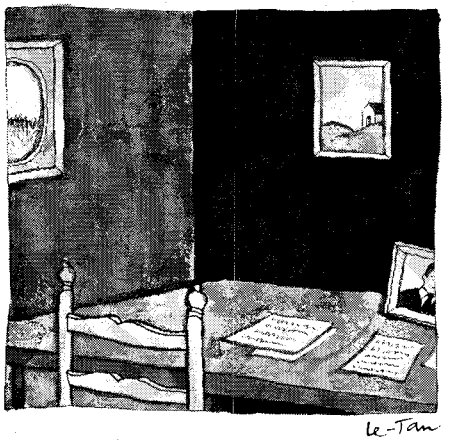
ceiving the Distinguished Service Cross. He interviewed survivors of the night on Hill 205, collected affidavits attesting to Puckett's courageous leadership, and submitted a recommendation for the award along with a proposed citation to accompany the medal. He also obtained decorations for three enlisted men who rescued Puckett, and for others among those who had escaped. When he and Puckett met later, at Fort Benning, Vann asked to read the citation and expressed pleasure at seeing that it had been approved exactly as he wrote it.

The theft of Puckett's story came a dozen years later, in Vietnam. Vann appropriated it for a number of reasons. The John Vann of Vietnam could not have been the John Vann he wanted to be if he had not led his Ranger company through a night of heroic resistance when the Chinese attacked in Korea. He knew that he would have behaved just as courageously as Puckett had, and so he wove the story into his legend. He recalled the details fairly well from having written the citation, and he added a few to give the episode broader meaning—for example, the "over five hundred dead Chinese soldiers" he had seen by the dawn's light while "going down the way the Chinese had come up." The picture of hundreds and hundreds of bodies and the description of the Chinese "human-wave tactics" were useful for Vann's argument in Vietnam that "body counts" alone were meaningless and Americans could never win a war of attrition on the Asian mainland. There would always be more of them than of us, no matter how much firepower we had, he would say, and then he would cite what had happened to him and his Ranger company. The way he modified the details in his mind —"when the sixth human-wave attack ran through us"—also reflected the image of China he brought to Vietnam. To Vann, China's millions were not a transitory military asset, and a permanent impediment to achieving true power through modernization. Rather, they were an ever-expanding menace to be contained. The image was shared by most Americans of his time. Korea made the image vivid and tangible to Vann. Like many Army officers of his generation, he also had a tendency to rationalize what happened in North Korea. The Army was too close to its Second World War victory to admit that a leader as revered as MacArthur had been engaged in a witless gamble.

JOHN VANN had never seen his second son. Jesse was born on August 5, 1950, while his father and the 25th Division were in desperate battle to hold the southwest corner of the Pusan Perimeter. In early February of 1951, Jesse developed meningitis. The pediatrician told Mary Jane that he might be able to save the baby with a recently developed treatment, but that Jesse's chances were not good. As Mary Jane walked down a corridor in shock, she met a friend, another officer's wife, who was working at the hospital as a Red Cross volunteer. Mary Jane broke down and told her friend the news. The friend sent an urgent message to Korea through Red Cross channels. Vann found himself on a plane with emergency-leave papers in his pocket.

The child survived the crisis, but then the doctor wanted Vann sent back to the States, because Jesse had a long period of recuperation ahead and could get better treatment there. Vann resisted going. The division headquarters was informed of the doctor's wish and sent Vann a message at the end of February, when his emergency leave was almost over, telling him that he was being given a compassionate transfer. He telephoned Korea and said that there was no need for him to go home—that Mary Jane could take Jesse and the two older children to her parents in Rochester by herself. He said he wanted to return to his company. The headquarters assumed he was trying to behave like a good soldier, and refused to listen. He was told that, as a captain, he would be coming up for rotation during the summer in any case, to attend the next Advanced Course at the Infantry School at Fort Benning.



Le-Tan

In the meantime, an officer with his experience was needed at the new Ranger Training Command there. His reassignment orders were on their way. He had no choice.

Mary Jane sensed how much he resented giving up the war and his Ranger company, but she felt that his resentment at being forced to leave the war would pass with time. Something else had come between them which time did not seem to change, despite their physical attachment. It was John's sexual compulsion. She had learned of it before he left for Korea. He was making love to their two Japanese housemaids. At first, she was outraged that he would betray her, and that he would compound the indignity by doing so in their home. Then she became fearful, because she thought that if she confronted him it might destroy their marriage. Yet every action she took to express her disapproval silently only brought firmer resistance from him. The maids, who were sixteen and eighteen years old, could hardly refuse him, with jobs and food so scarce for Japanese in 1949 and 1950. Nevertheless, she decided to fire the maid he seemed more actively involved with, and hoped that he would get the message. He ignored it and took up with the new maid she hired. When Mary Jane fired that maid and did not replace her, he hired another second maid himself, without informing her. It was clear that he had selected this latest girl and brought her into the house in order to make love to her. When Mary Jane fired this girl, too, he got still another. His activity with the maids did not seem to affect his ability or desire to make love to her. It seemed that John had plenty of sexual energy to spare. Mary Jane had remained silent, but for the first time in the marriage there was tension between them. He made it clear that he was going to have his harem and that he expected her to accept his behavior. He showed no sign of guilt.

At Fort Benning, which the Vanns reached in early May of 1951, after the voyage home and a long visit with the Allens in Rochester, John substituted American women for the Japanese maids. The family lived in one of several new garden-apartment complexes that the Army had constructed on the post with funds flowing from the Korean War. John often went out in the evening after dinner, saying that

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he had a basketball game or had to study at the post library. Mary Jane continued to say nothing. Instead, she retaliated by occasionally becoming bitchy with him when she could not contain her anger, but she usually controlled herself and endured his infidelities. The parachute jumping and other rigorous exercise at the Ranger Training Command and then eight months of studying his profession in the Advanced Course at the Infantry School kept him in good humor. He was attentive to her need for diversion from the children, and took her to parties and bridge games with fellow-officers and their wives. They frequently got together with Ralph Puckett and his fiancée to charcoal-broil steaks while the men talked about the war. (Puckett was undergoing his rehabilitation at the Fort Benning Hospital.)

When Vann finished his course at the Infantry School, in the spring of 1952, he was assigned to Rutgers as an R.O.T.C. instructor, and a crueller time began for Mary Jane. He had requested the assignment, so that he could take his bachelor's degree in business administration through spare-time and night classes. He needed at least a bachelor's degree for career purposes, and, given his talent at mathematics and statistics and his earlier year at Rutgers in economics, business administration was a logical subject.

When Mary Jane complained of loneliness (he installed her and the children in a house in Parlin, New Jersey, a small town east of New Brunswick, where the university is situated, because the rent was cheaper there), he said that he did not have time to spare for her and the family at this point in his career. He took the position that he was fulfilling his obligation by supporting them. He also refused to move them to a house closer to the campus, saying that he could not afford it. He was genuinely busy. He taught R.O.T.C. courses, took day and night classes for his own degree, and was the detachment's supply officer. In his ambitious way, he later volunteered to coach the demonstration drill team, called the Scarlet Rifles, and to serve as a physical-education instructor. By now, Mary Jane knew that he always made time for what he wanted to do, and that on nights when he could be home he was chasing women instead. She also began to realize that he was miserly with her and the children because he wanted money to spend on his extracurricular pastime.

She started checking up on him through acquaintances she made at the few social gatherings of R.O.T.C. officers and their wives and friends to which he did take her. She discovered that, among more fleeting adventures, he was having an affair with a secretary. Mary Jane had met the woman at one of the social gatherings. They were about the same age. She was not worried that John was going to leave her to marry the secretary. The woman was the sort of good-time party girl whom men pick up and discard. Yet knowing her somehow made it harder for Mary Jane to tolerate his unfaithfulness. After the children were asleep at night, she would imagine him making love to the secretary and drive herself into fits of depression and weeping.

She refused to consider the possibility of leaving him. The prospect of raising three children on what she could expect to earn as an unskilled woman intimidated her, and she regarded divorce as a public admission to her parents and friends that she had failed at the one enterprise in life at which she most wanted to succeed. She told herself that she would not be able to bear the shame of it. She could not even bring herself to take revenge by having an affair.

If he had given her the semblance of the marriage she wanted, she might have learned to accept his promiscuity. She would plead with him to come home for dinner after classes on a given evening. He would promise, and she would cook a special meal, put candles on the table, buy some wine—everything just for the two of them and the expectation of making love afterward—and he would fail to show up. She would be hysterical by the time he did return, well after midnight, and would rail at him in tears that she was his wife, that he had taken marriage vows, that it was his duty to come home to her. One evening, he promised to return early to eat with the family because it was Patricia's birthday. Mary Jane baked a cake. Midnight came and went. Patricia remembers her birthday cake sitting on the table uncut, the candles unlit, and her mother lying on the bed sobbing uncontrollably.

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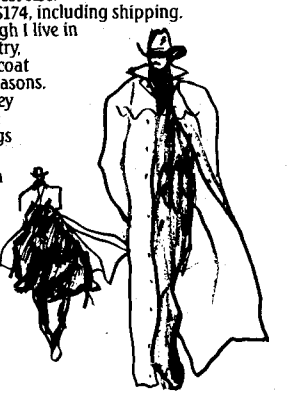

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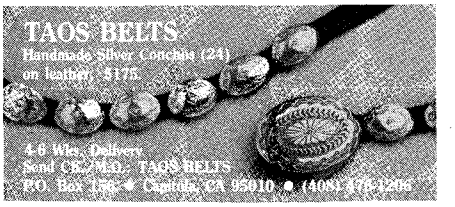
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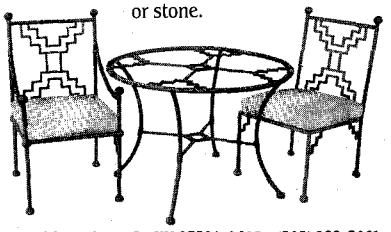

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stages, Mary Jane became pregnant again. There was so little warmth in the marriage in the spring of 1954 that John ignored Mary Jane and the children the night Tommy was born. In the afternoon, when she had labor pains, he took her to the hospital, and she thought he then went back home to stay with the children. A woman who was her neighbor had come over to watch them while John drove her to the hospital. When she called the house that night to tell him he had a fourth child and a third son, her neighbor answered the phone. John had not reappeared. Mary Jane was unable to reach him until late the next morning, at the R.O.T.C. office at the university.

Vann left for a new assignment, with the 16th Infantry Regiment at Schweinfurt, Germany, after his Rutgers graduation in June of 1954, promising to send for Mary Jane and the children as soon as he could obtain Army housing for them. Once he reached Germany, the temptation to keep an ocean between him and the burden of Mary Jane and her brood was too much for him to resist. He stalled for months with the excuse that no housing was available. Mary Jane telephoned him from her parents' house on Christmas Day, and said that six months was too long—that he had to let her and the children join him. She had heard differently about housing, she said. She was going to borrow money for the tickets, and she and the children would be on the first plane to Germany they could get.

John seemed happy to see his family again when he met their flight at Frankfurt. His mood was a good omen. The next two and a half years were one of the better periods in the marriage, and they were years when his career filled with promise. Mary Jane thought he wanted the marriage to go on because Army promotion boards were said to favor family men. Actually, his motives were more complicated: he played roles as much to satisfy himself as to impress others. He liked to think of himself as a husband and father and to talk about his children—from a distance.

The United States Army in Germany in the mid-nineteen-fifties was an army that could appreciate a John Vann. At the headquarters in Heidelberg, where Major Vann joined the Logistical Management Section of the G-4 Division in the summer of 1955 (he had been promoted to major that April while still with the 16th Infantry at Schweinfurt), his superiors were soon extolling him. "I consider this officer to be one of the Army's outstanding young men," his immediate superior wrote on his first efficiency report. Vann's private life did not affect the esteem in which his superiors held him. They uniformly praised Vann's "high moral character" on successive efficiency reports. In professional terms, Vann was a highly moral man. He believed wholeheartedly in the ideals of the American officer—in caring for his troops, in leading by example, in reporting honestly to those above him—because the fulfillment of those ideals was bound up with his sense of self-respect. The Army as an institution does not concern itself with the private lives of its officers as long as the officer avoids scandal and his private life does not include things, such as homosexuality, that can easily lead to blackmail. A number of Vann's contemporaries knew of his off-duty activity, because he boasted of his sexual prowess. Most found his tales amusing or envied his virility. He also made appearances count in his favor. One of Vann's friends at Schweinfurt noticed that although Vann quickly acquired a bevy of German girlfriends, he was discreet. Even before Mary Jane arrived, he never brought his girlfriends to the Officers' Club, as some of the other officers did who were away from their wives. Vann's superiors undoubtedly heard something about his extramarital activities through the grapevine; but they could see that he was being careful, and discretion was equivalent to personal morality in their set of values. Vann also seemed to be an upright man in his other habits. He never drank to excess; in fact, he hardly drank at all. Nor did he run up debts. For her own reasons, Mary Jane did not betray him with tales or scenes outside the family.

One afternoon in Heidelberg when Mary Jane was home and Peter, her fourth son, who was born in November, 1955, and Tommy were having their naps, the door buzzer sounded. Mary Jane opened the door to a German girl, who spoke English. The girl said that she wanted to speak to Mary Jane about a private matter.

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Mary Jane took her into the living room and offered her a cup of coffee. The girl's hand shook. She spilled some of the coffee on her dress. She started to sob, and told Mary Jane a long tale about how John had seduced her by saying that he loved her and was going to divorce his wife and marry her. After a few weeks, he dropped her; he had his secretary tell her that he was out whenever she telephoned, and he would not answer her letters. At first, the girl said, she had not wanted to confront Mary Jane, but then she had decided that it was the only way to learn the truth. She was so much in love with John that she had to know. He had seemed so sincere, and that was why she had gone to bed with him. Was it true that he and Mary Jane no longer loved each other and were going to be divorced? Mary Jane felt pity for the girl. John had probably used this technique on dozens of girls, she thought—hundreds, for all she knew. She told the girl that she believed that John still loved her in his own way, and there had been no discussion of divorce. If there were, she would fight a divorce, she said. She advised the girl to be more careful with men in the future. Mary Jane gave her a handkerchief and said that she would have to leave now, because the older children were about to return from school. The girl did not mention her age, but she was clearly still in her late teens. John did not deny sleeping with the girl. He did deny that he had said he loved her and had promised to marry her. He had better learn to control himself, Mary Jane said, before he made some young woman pregnant or ran across one who would make trouble when he dropped her, and hurt his career and his family. He told Mary Jane to leave him alone; he knew how to handle himself, he said.

"I'd like the Continental breakfast."

• •

His success in the G-4 Division at the Heidelberg headquarters was even grander than the acclaim he had won at the 16th Infantry. If Vann's degree of energy and verve is rare in the world of the fighting soldier, it is doubly rare in the world of the quartermaster. "Major Vann is a virtual dynamo in getting work done," one of his superiors noted on an efficiency report. "It would take the production of three or four average officers to equal his daily work production anywhere—in an office, on a staff study, or in the field."

Major Vann and his family sailed home in the summer of 1957 for a long leave. Near the end of his two years in Heidelberg, he had been selected to attend classes at the Command and General Staff College, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in the fall. His superiors at Heidelberg gave him the highest possible efficiency rating. "An outstanding officer of rare value to the service," equally adept at staff or command, they wrote. "He represents a great potential to the Army as a future leader of the Army."

JOHN VANN fulfilled their expectations at Fort Leavenworth. His standing in the class there reflected the extent to which he had grown in his profession by diligence through the years. He had graduated from the Basic Course at the Infantry School in 1947 in the lower half of his class. He had completed the Advanced Course there in 1952 in the upper twenty per cent. He graduated from the nine-month course at the Command and General Staff College in June, 1958, in the top two per cent—eleventh in a class of five hundred and thirty-two officers.

The college had to mail him his diploma. A week before the graduation ceremony, he and the family left in a Volkswagen bus he had bought in Germany and drove east to Syracuse, New York, so that he could start the summer session at the university there. While he was at Heidelberg, he had agreed to a career specialty in logistics, because specialization was the most certain route to early promotion for an officer who was not a West Pointer. The Army had approved his request for civilian postgraduate study at Syracuse University to obtain his master's degree in business administration. By early May of 1959, he was within three months of his M.B.A. He had also managed to take enough additional courses in public administration so that he would leave Syracuse with only two courses and a thesis left to do for a doctorate in that field. He planned to

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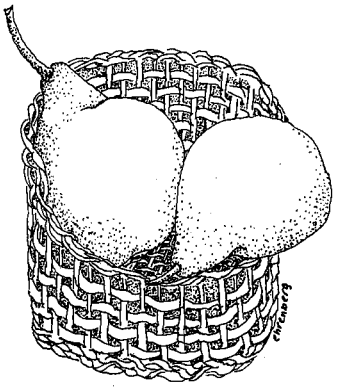
take the two courses and write the thesis in Washington during a logistics staff assignment he was scheduled to begin at the Pentagon in the summer of 1959, which would last either three or four years. He wanted the civilian degrees for their own sake but also because they would help him win accelerated promotion to lieutenant colonel and beyond. He did not intend to stay in logistics; on a steady basis, it bored him. He intended to work his way to command of an infantry battalion as quickly as possible after he became a lieutenant colonel, turn in another of his spectacular performances, and by then be far enough ahead of his contemporaries to win further accelerated promotions within the infantry. His future was assured. He could see his stars.



Then his other life caught up with him. An agent from the criminal-investigation division of the Military Police appeared at Syracuse University on the morning of May 7, 1959, and called Vann out of class. The agent informed him of his constitutional right not to incriminate himself, and then told him he was going to be questioned about an accusation that could become a formal charge of statutory rape. He had been accused by another officer of having an affair with a fifteen-year-old girl while he was a student at Fort Leavenworth. Statutory rape is a felony under military law. If Vann was convicted, he could be sentenced to fifteen years in prison, but, because of his record, a court-martial would most likely show mercy and dismiss him from the Army. Dismissal is the equivalent for an officer of dishonorable discharge for an enlisted man. He would be ruined in civilian life as well if that happened: former soldiers with dishonorable discharges had a hard time finding decent low-level jobs in the pre-Vietnam atmosphere of the nineteen-fifties and early sixties. What business firm would hire a dishonored officer as an executive?

Vann was cagey. He said that the agent's questions did not surprise him. The girl had told a chaplain at Fort Leavenworth that he had had an affair with her, he said. He had received a letter from the chaplain about it shortly after reaching Syracuse, and had written back to say that it wasn't true. It was all a fantasy, he said; the girl was emotionally disturbed. At the agent's request, he signed and swore to a statement that he had not slept with her.

Mary Jane was sewing when he came home that afternoon. He told her the truth. When he told her who the girl was, she screamed and threw a box of buttons at him. The girl had done some babysitting for Mary Jane. She had been an overweight fifteen-year-old, not pretty, and emotionally withdrawn and unhappy with her family life.

The C.I.D. pressed ahead with its investigation. Agents checked details of the girl's story which could be independently verified, such as a claim that she had visited a doctor in the garrison town of Leavenworth at one point in the affair, when she had feared she was pregnant. The details were confirmed. The girl agreed to be questioned about her story with a lie detector. The machine indicated that she was telling the truth. The C.I.D. agents offered Vann an opportunity to take a lie-detector test to confirm his denials. He refused. When he received his M.B.A. from Syracuse University at the end of July, he was kept in a holding pattern instead of being sent to the Pentagon. Two weeks later, the C.I.D. submitted a lengthy report recommending that he be court-martialled for statutory rape and adultery. (The adultery charge was a misdemeanor tossed in to buttress the felony count. It was taken from a catchall article of military law that forbids "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." Mary Jane, who had not been questioned by the agents, was listed as the "victim" under the adultery charge.) The First Army Headquarters, then at Fort Jay, New York, appointed an officer to conduct a second investigation, known as an Article 32 proceeding, which was the equivalent of the grand-jury process in civilian law. If the investigating officer found that there was sufficient evidence to convict, Vann would be formally charged and court-martialled. Until his fate could be decided, he was made a deputy comptroller at Camp Drum (later Fort Drum), then a training base for Reservists and National Guardsmen in the snow belt of northern New York State. He rented the first floor of a large farmhouse in a hamlet near the post for Mary Jane and the children.

Vann knew that Mary Jane would lie for him. She had rallied to him after her initial anger was over. Besides, she had realized from the beginning that she and the children were as threatened as he was. What kind of future would she and the children have with John in prison or ruined? With her potential role as a corroborating witness in mind, he had already created a framework in which she could lie effectively for him. Before another interrogation, by a C.I.D. agent at Fort Jay in mid-July, he composed a story about befriending an emotionally disturbed girl who expressed her unhappiness about her home life by having affairs with older men. The girl happened to tell him of her troubles because he was willing to listen. He did not inform her parents because she had confided in him and asked him not to betray her. He implied that her parents were too insensitive to understand in any case. In her depression, the girl finally turned on him, too, and falsely claimed to the chaplain that he was having an affair with her. The agent at Fort Jay asked him to write down his story. He provided a seventeen-page account in longhand. The story was filled with incidents to which Mary Jane could bear witness. In one incident, Mary Jane overheard the girl talking to one of her adult lovers on the Vanns' phone, and Vann instructed his wife not to let the girl use the phone anymore. He disposed of incidents from the girl's story like the visit to the doctor in Leavenworth (the C.I.D. had questioned him about this and other details of her account) by writing that the girl's mother had asked Mary Jane for the name of a gynecologist for her daughter.

The lie detector seemed to him a more formidable obstacle. Mary Jane's testimony would be viewed with suspi-

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cion. In order to cast serious doubt on the girl's veracity, he would eventually have to accept the C.I.D.'s challenge and submit to a lie-detector test. So he would have to fool the machine. After the Article 32 investigation began, in August, the regulations entitled him to divert from his official duties as much time as he needed to prepare his defense. He gathered all the technical literature he could and turned himself into an amateur specialist on the polygraph, the lie detector that is used by the investigative branches of the military services, the C.I.A., and other government agencies. The polygraph measures blood pressure, pulse, breathing, and perspiration of the hands. It detects lying if a pattern of change in these vital signs occurs under the emotional tension of trying to deceive.

As Vann told Mary Jane at the time and later confided to friends, he finagled tranquillizers and drugs to lower blood pressure. He bought a physician's instrument for measuring blood pressure. He timed the rate of his pulse beats. He drew up lists of questions about his affair with the girl. He arranged the questions in the sequence he believed that a polygraph operator would follow. He put himself through mock interrogations, changing the questions and their sequence from one interrogation to another, so that he would not be surprised. He interrogated himself with and without the various medications. He took notes on his bodily reactions. He finally decided that he seemed best able to slow down his reactions, without running the risk of appearing to have drugged himself, simply by staying awake for forty-eight hours and answering the questions in a confident manner.

On the day in September when Mary Jane appeared before the officer conducting the Article 32 investigation, she wore a tweed skirt with a blouse and jacket. Fall weather had arrived, and she knew that the outfit made her look her most attractive. The investigating officer was probably a family man, she thought. He would see that she was a respectable woman, and might be inclined to believe her. Although she did not reveal it, showing only a superficial nervousness, she was filled with dread as she put her hand on the Bible and swore to tell the truth. Unlike Vann, she was religious. She answered the questions as John had rehearsed her to do, corroborating the events in his story. She also told the investigating officer on her own that she and John loved each other and had a happy marriage.

Vann then volunteered to take the lie-detector test. He fooled the machine. Like a civilian jury, a group of officers sitting on a court-martial must find that the accused is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Vann's success at beating the lie detector brought the case down to his word against the girl's. No court-martial would convict on that basis. The investigating officer recommended dropping the charges.

First Army Headquarters took until mid-December to concur in the finding of the investigating officer. The day they received the news that the charges had been dropped was a warm one, for a change. Mary Jane went for a walk with John down the road from the farmhouse where the family was living, the packed snow soft under their feet from the sun. He talked on and on about how relieved he was. He was ready to do backflips in the snow, he was so happy over his victory.

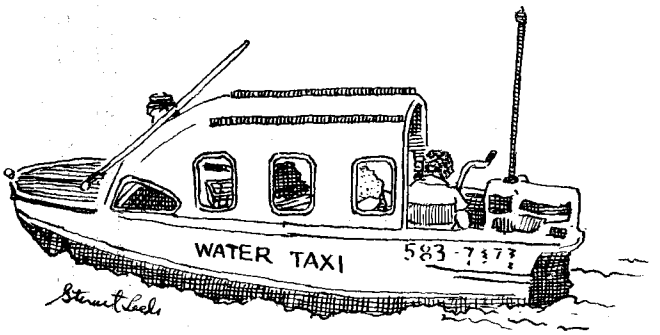
"I guess you've learned your lesson now," Mary Jane said.

"I sure as hell have," he said. "Next time, I'll make goddam sure they're old enough."

JOHN VANN was assigned to the Army's anti-aircraft-missile center at Fort Bliss, in El Paso, Texas, as chief of the program and budget section in the comptroller's office. He resumed his womanizing in El Paso, and the marriage took another of its turns for the worse. At the office, Vann always appeared enthusiastic, and he received superlative efficiency reports. Privately, he was desperate with boredom as a super-accountant. He had never complained to Mary Jane before about his Army job. He complained now. He felt doubly trapped—first, by the Army bureaucracy he had thought he was outwitting in agreeing to specialize in logistics so that he could obtain graduate degrees and accelerated promotions, and, second, by this woman and her children.

Vann won early promotion to lieutenant colonel in May, 1961, and he knew that he could also look forward to receiving the eagles of a full colonel ahead of his contemporaries. No matter how superlatively he performed in the future, however, he would always be held back from the leap to general if any mention of the statutory-rape charge existed in his records. There are more candidates for stars than stars to give, and the Army does not want its generals to have personal habits that could cause scandal. A promotion board for general officer, unlike a court-martial, would consider even the possibility of guilt sufficient grounds for rejection.

Nevertheless, he tried to salvage his career. One of his former superiors in Germany sent him to a mutual acquaintance who had recently retired from the Army to join a missile division of Martin Marietta Corporation. The acquaintance was Colonel Francis Bradley, who subsequently became one of the leading executives of the weapons-and-aerospace firm. He was a close friend of Vann's former superior and had also met Vann briefly in Germany. Bradley's last job in the Army had been as an assistant in the chief of staff's office, and he still had good connections there. When Vann came to see him and told his story, Bradley was struck by his lack of guilt at having slept with the girl. His remorse was confined to getting caught and spoiling his career. He boasted to Bradley of how he had fooled the lie detector. Vann said that unless he could make the evidence of the scandal disappear he was going to leave the Army in 1963, when he reached twenty years of service and could retire on



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half pay. He asked Bradley to arrange for him to see his entire personnel file in a room at the Pentagon where he could be alone. He did not say that he intended to steal the records of the C.I.D. investigation and the Article 32 proceeding, but his implication was as open as the rest of his conversation. Bradley put Vann off with a vague reply. They met again in El Paso in early 1962, when Bradley was passing through there on business. Vann was preparing to go to Vietnam. He reiterated his intention of retiring. Bradley was impressed by what he had previously heard of Vann's talent, and he trusted the praise of Vann's former superior in Germany. He was a forgiving man when it came to the personal habits of others. Bradley offered Vann a job with Martin Marietta, and Vann said that he was interested.

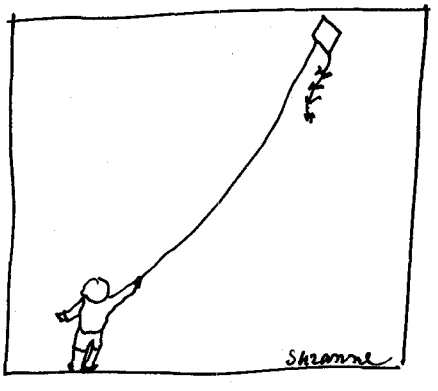
Less than two months later, John Vann flew to Saigon to start his first year in Vietnam: to struggle with Huynh Van Cao and other straw-man officers of President Ngo Dinh Diem's army; to meet his Vietcong enemy in a set-piece battle at Bac; to try to prevent the defeat of the Saigon side and the calamity of a full-scale commitment of American combat troops by fighting a battle of truth with Paul Harkins, the commanding general in Saigon, and with Maxwell Taylor, Harkins' patron and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. A man like Vann might well have sacrificed a career to fight that larger battle. A might-well-have is still an uncertainty. The only certainty is that Vann fought that battle in the luxury of believing his career was already lost, and he was decorated for conspicuous moral gallantry by David Halberstam and me and other journalists and by his admirers among his fellow-officers in the Army while deceiving all of us.

In the early fall of 1962, when Cao had not yet begun systematically faking operations against the guerrillas, and Vann was still Harkins' star adviser, he wrote to Frank Bradley to confirm that he planned to retire in the coming year. In May of 1963, shortly after his return to the United States, he flew to Denver for an interview at Martin Marietta's main aerospace complex and accepted a position as the executive in charge of sales presentations. At the end of May, just as he was beginning his briefing campaign at the Pentagon to warn of the disaster that Harkins was brewing in Vietnam, he submitted a formal request to be retired on July 31, 1963. When Maxwell Taylor cancelled a scheduled briefing by Vann for the Joint Chiefs on July 8th, Vann had three weeks left to serve.

NO sooner had John Vann gone to Denver and started his intended climb to the top in the world of industry than he realized what a terrible mistake he had made in leaving the Army. Permanent consignment to second place in the Army was superior to anything he could attain in business. There were no stars to be won in the business world. What happened in business didn't really matter.

Robert York, one of the Army's foremost fighting generals, whom Vann had impressed immensely while in Vietnam, wrote from Saigon just before Christmas, 1963, to say that he was coming home to take charge of the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. York had recently been promoted to major general. Not knowing the true reason for Vann's retirement, York had been distressed at the loss to the Army when he had heard of it. He offered Vann command of a battalion in the 82nd if he would return to active duty. Vann was overjoyed, but the Army wouldn't let him return. The general in charge of officer personnel at the Pentagon told York that he would not request Vann's recall to active service, because he knew that Vann's heretical views on how to conduct the war made it certain that Taylor or Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara would disapprove. Vann appealed to another admirer, Bruce Palmer, his colonel in the 16th Infantry Regiment in Germany, who was by then a major general senior to York. He could not help, either.

Outwardly, John Vann was an active and successful man. His progress at Martin Marietta was steady, and he soon went into politics, leading the Colorado movement to draft Henry Cabot Lodge as the Republican Presidential candidate in 1964 and then organizing Republican support for Lyndon Johnson after Barry Goldwater became the candidate and split the Party. When he was not occupied with business or politics, he was travelling to lecture or do newspaper or television interviews on the war in Vietnam. He gave scores of lectures and interviews on Vietnam all over the country between mid-1963 and the end of 1964.



Inwardly, Vann was being crushed by the boredom of his job and by the concerns of Mary Jane and the children. She was an embittered woman by now, and she took out her bitterness in constant squabbles with him. He had bought a house in Littleton, a Denver suburb near the Martin Marietta plant, but he avoided it as much as he could, leaving early in the morning and not returning until late at night. Mary Jane remarked to him one day that the marriage certainly must be finished when he wouldn't eat her cooking any more. "Yeah," he said. "You're right."

In the summer of 1964, after the failure of another attempt by York to persuade the Army to let him return, Vann approached officials at the Far East Bureau of the Agency for International Development in Washington. The White House had assigned AID principal responsibility for the civilian pacification program in Vietnam, and the agency was having trouble recruiting men for the work. Most of its career economic-development officers were unsuited to the tasks involved, and many also did not want to live apart from their families and get shot at in the Vietnamese countryside. AID was therefore starting to turn to retired military officers. The officials at the Far East Bureau were delighted at the prospect of taking on a man with Vann's experience and talent. Like most Washington agencies every fourth year, AID was in a holding pattern until after the Presidential election. Vann was told to come back in November if he was still interested.

He did, as soon as he had finished making his small contribution to the landslide defeat of Goldwater, and was offered the post of regional director of pacification for the Mekong Delta. He accepted, and flew home to tell Mary Jane, "I will never live with you

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again." Maxwell Taylor, who had resigned the chairmanship of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in mid-1964 to replace Henry Cabot Lodge as the Ambassador in Saigon, vetoed the appointment. A cable from the Embassy informed AID that Vann was "too controversial." Vann offered to go as an ordinary province pacification representative. The Embassy replied that Vann was not wanted in any capacity. He said that if he couldn't go to Vietnam he would go to Thailand, where a minor insurgency was then under way. The officials at the Far East Bureau said they would think about his offer.

Mary Jane realized that he had to return to Vietnam for his own survival. She had never seen him as despondent as he became during that winter. He "took to the bed," as the old Southern expression has it. He lay on the couch in the living room for hours at night and on weekends, staring at nothing. He no longer walked the way her John had always done, swinging a leg forward as he strode into life. He walked more slowly that winter, and he let his head droop. He was, she could see, losing his self-respect and his faith in himself.

As usual, however, he did not give up entirely. He appealed to Lodge and to York to intervene for him and he persuaded the officials at the Far East Bureau to ask Taylor to reconsider. He even wrote Taylor a friendly letter describing his efforts to maintain public support for the Vietnam war with his lectures and interviews. Eventually, Taylor relented. Vann could come as an ordinary province pacification officer.

Vann had a cruel encounter with his youth just before he left. While he was in Washington in February and March of 1965 for three weeks of processing and orientation lectures at AID headquarters, he stayed with Garland Hopkins, at Hopkins' house, in the Virginia suburb of McLean. Hopkins had been destroyed by a dark secret of his own. The C.I.A. had fired him as head of the American Friends of the Middle East, the pro-Arab lobby that he had built and the C.I.A. had secretly funded. He had then been dismissed as pastor of a prominent church in Arlington and also removed from the Virginia Conference of Methodist Ministers, in which his father and grandfather had held honored places. His wife had divorced him, because he

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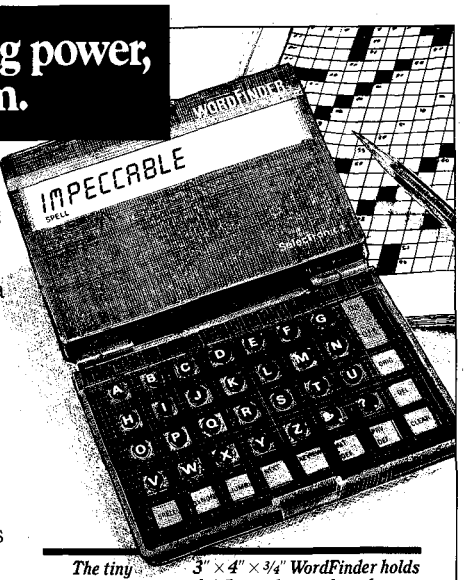

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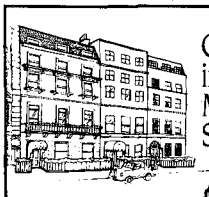

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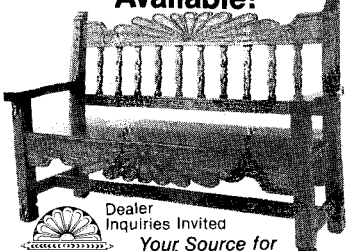

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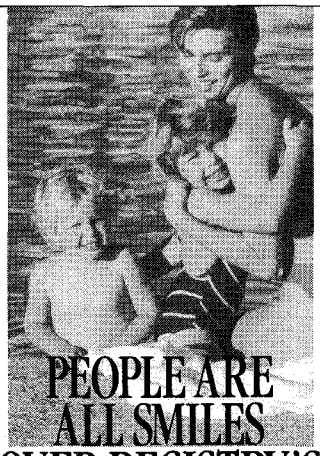
had taken to beating her and their youngest son under the stress of his disgrace.

Hopkins had exacted a price for liberating the young John Vann. He did not recite ghost stories around the campfire simply to entertain his Boy Scouts. He would pick out a boy who had been frightened by his tales, and crawl into the boy's sleeping bag later that night, saying that he wanted to comfort him. Hopkins' particular obsession involved fondling genitals, the kind of sex play that little boys commonly engage in with each other. (Hopkins had had a normal relationship with his wife and had fathered three children.) Men like Hopkins are most attracted to the blond-slip-of-a-youth sort that Vann was at fourteen. There is no doubt that there was a relationship between them, and it is not unusual in such cases for the sexual relationship to end as the boy grows older and for the two men to wind up being friends. This is apparently what happened in the case of Vann and Hopkins. Vann admired Hopkins' qualities as a social reformer and political activist, and was profoundly grateful to him. (The relationship does seem to have aggravated the insecurity that Myrtle created, and may have made Vann even more ferociously heterosexual.)

Despite all of the humiliation that his behavior had brought upon him, Hopkins could not control his obsession, and molested some boys in his neighborhood in McLean. The parents complained to the police, and this time he was going to be prosecuted. He could not bear the shame. He wrote out his will and an obituary listing his accomplishments. He also wrote a note to Vann. Then he took a rat poison containing strychnine, inflicting a painful death on himself: strychnine kills with convulsions. Vann found Hopkins' body when he returned to the house on a Sunday night. The note asked Vann to distribute the obituary to the newspapers, listed family members and friends for Vann to notify, and also asked him to see to it that his body was cremated. "Let these few chores be a last token of our long and splendid friendship," the note said. Vann called the police and then did as his boyhood mentor had asked. Two weeks later, he was back in Vietnam.—Neil Sheehan

(This is the third part of a four-part series.)



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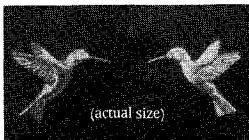

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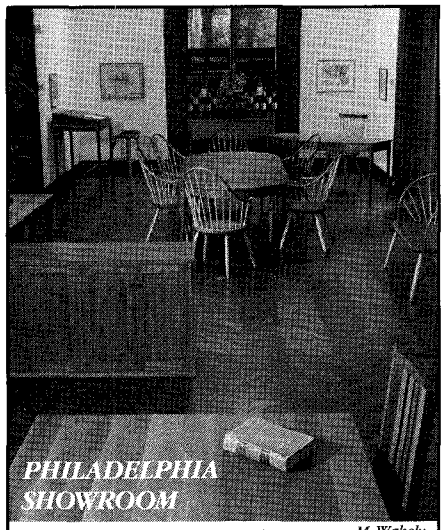

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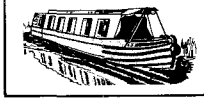

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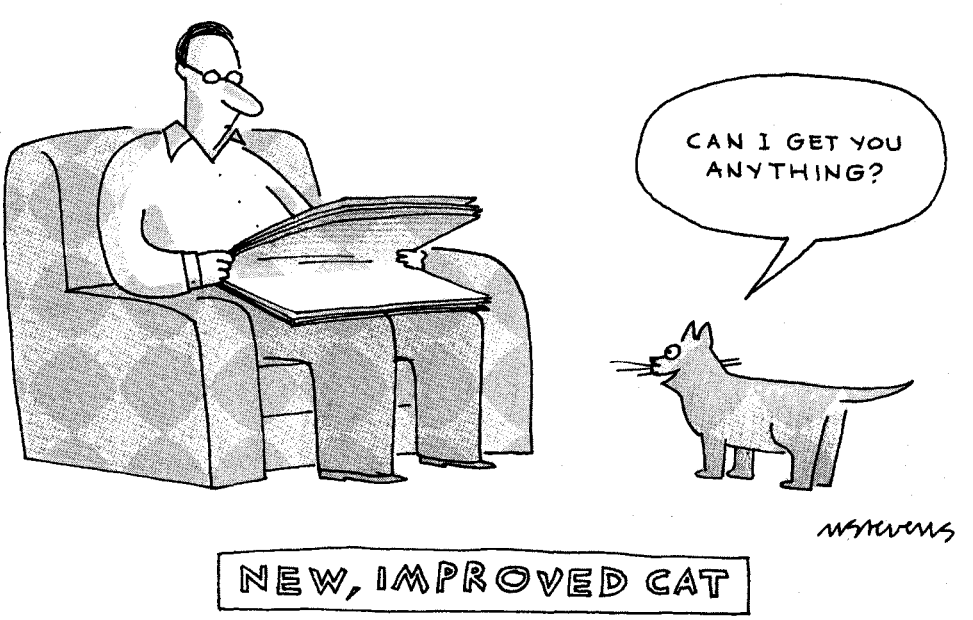
O'Casey at the Festival

THE Gate Theatre Dublin is presenting, at the Golden, its stunning production of Sean O'Casey's masterpiece "Juno and the Paycock," with Donal McCann as Captain Jack Boyle, the Paycock of the title. The action—a quick reminder—takes place in the Boyles' wretched tenement apartment in Dublin in 1922, in the time of The Troubles. In Frank Hallinan's graphic setting, the walls are cracked and filthy, and one can almost feel the grime on the few pieces of furniture scattered around the room. Boyle's put-upon wife, Juno, in a strong, self-effacing performance by Geraldine Plunkett, spends quite a lot of time sweeping, for all the good it does her. Mr. McCann's Paycock is a flamboyant, noisy four-flusher, who rarely draws a sober breath or speaks a truthful word; he is a great comic creation with, in this instance, a bleak edge to his shenanigans. He is seen most often with his companion and toady, Joxer Daly, per the marvellous John Kavanagh; with his "darlin' " this and "darlin' " that, Joxer is the very embodiment of obsequiousness, hypocrisy, and treachery. In the course of the evening, there are reverses of fortune, humor, bravery, cowardice, and hopeless tragedy, and by the time it is over, one realizes that O'Casey, in one of the greatest plays of Western civilization, has penetrated to the very heart of Ireland. The other actors, in most instances, are as right as the leads: Maureen Potter is Maisie Madigan, the Boyles' rollicking neighbor; Joe Savino is their son Johnny, a wounded, nerve-racked soldier and betrayer of his comrade; Rosemary Fine is their daughter, herself betrayed by a slick law student (Garrett Keogh); and Stella McCusker is the bereaved mother who begs God to "take away our hearts o' stone and give us hearts o' flesh!" All of them and their colleagues are indelible.

This production, under Joe Dowling's direction, was chosen for our International Festival of the Arts at the suggestion of Samuel Beckett. One of its aims, according to an article in the Sunday *Times*, was to make clear the play's harshness and realism, in contrast to some supposed whimsicality of the original production, and another aim was to put the "stage Irishman" to rest forever. (The music of "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral," which introduces the second act, is one clue among many.) In that article, Barry Fitzgerald, who originated the role of Boyle, is referred to as "impish." Nonsense. Mr. Fitzgerald may indeed have been impish (delightfully so) in a number of his parts in Hollywood, but his Paycock, which I saw, back in the thirties, was about as impish as Falstaff—a subtle satiric creation, entirely true to the playwright. O'Casey needs no heavy irony or underscoring to make clear his intentions. This is not to put down Mr. McCann in any respect; his reading of the role, while somewhat different, is just as powerful, just as valid, and just as funny. You probably remember him as the tragic husband in John Huston's movie of Joyce's "The Dead." This "Juno and the Paycock" lights up the festival and the city.

MR. BECKETT has an evening to himself, and a rich one indeed, in "I'll Go On," an adaptation, made up of selections from his novels "Molloy," "Malone Dies," and "The Unnamable," and most winningly performed by Barry McGovern, who, along with Gerry Dukes, did the adapting. The show, at the Mitzi Newhouse, is, it must be emphasized, a true performance, not a pesky monologue, although the gifted Mr. McGovern is the only actor on hand. He is discovered, at the outset, on a darkened stage, huddled in a corner of a parallelogram of lights, and that is where we leave him at the end. The subjects covered, as I needn't tell you, are human decay and despair and pain and dying and indomitability, and, as I hope I needn't tell you, the wit and originality are continuous, and the audience's laughter is unceasing. In the first act, Mr. McGovern is a grouchy, pain-ridden, ragged old man on the way to visit the grave of his mother, whom he professes to hate to this day, despite some grudging admiration for her "lousy, unconquerable genes;" in the second act, he is an even older man, on the way to his own death, with many side trips into humorous fancy. Some of the passages, notably the one on "sucking stones"—a classic in the making—were first done here by the late, inspired Jack MacGowran. Mr. McGovern in no way lets him down—or, for that matter, the author. The effective setting was designed by Robert Ballagh and lighted by Rupert Murray. Colm Ó Briain directed.

THE revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," at the Neil Simon, with Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst as James and Mary Tyrone, is, sad to say, a disappointment. The preview I saw, the final one before the opening, was muffled and dim, and haunted by memories of distinguished performances in the past. As actors, they are as good as we've got, and it is they who



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You deserve a factual look at . . .

The "Troubles" in Israel

Should Israel withdraw from the "West Bank" and Gaza?

For more than six months now, the "troubles" in Israel have been daily front page features and daily fare on the evening television news. Many thoughtful people may have come to the conclusion that peace could come to this troubled part of the world if the Israelis were to withdraw from Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and from Gaza and if they turned these areas over to the Arabs.

What are the facts?

■ It is a fundamental error to believe that the "occupied territories" are at the root of the problem in Palestine. When the British resigned the Palestine mandate in 1948, the United Nations offered a partition plan to the Jews and Arabs living in the area. The Arabs rejected that partition plan out of hand. The Jews accepted partition into a gerrymandered crazy-quilt and even accepted the internationalization of Jerusalem. This diminished and indefensible territory was to be the dreamed-of Jewish homeland and the haven for the pitiful remnants of Nazi Holocaust survivors.

■ But the Arabs would not allow this to happen. It called for "jihad" — holy war. Five Arab armies attacked the Jewish state at the very moment of its birth. They were defeated, but they managed to occupy and to stay in control of the "West Bank", of Gaza, and of the eastern part of Jerusalem. The Arabs were the occupiers: the Jordanians in the "West Bank" and the Egyptians in Gaza.

■ The goal of the terror group known as the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) was obviously not to "liberate" Judea/Samaria and Gaza, which were under Arab control, but to "wipe Israel off the map and to send the Jews back to Poland, where they belong". These goals and sentiments are embedded in the PLO Covenant. The PLO continues to oppose any policy that does not include the destruction of Israel or calls for the establishment of a "secular state" in Palestine instead of Israel. One would expect that to be on the model of Lebanon. It's not an attractive prospect for the Jews of Israel, or for its Arab citizens, for that matter.

■ In 1967, following the victorious Six-Day War, another war that had been imposed on Israel by the Arabs, Israel assumed the administration of Judea/Samaria and Gaza, and united the liberated city of Jerusalem as the nation's capital. Israel's intent, declared and repeated over and over, was to return most of these territories to Arab control, as part of a comprehensive peace treaty. But in the Arab League Khartoum conference, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their "three unalterable no's": no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel. The purpose of the Arabs to "wipe Israel off the map" was re-asserted.

■ People in the United States believe that conflict between nations can be resolved or at least be kept from exploding. Even the cold war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. takes place in a context of relative civility. But the enmity of the Arabs against Israel is of a different nature altogether. For the last 40 years, the Arabs have committed themselves almost single-mindedly to the destruction of Israel — by war, by terror, and now by mob violence, sending their women and teen-age children to throw Molotov cocktails at Israeli soldiers.

■ There is yearning for peace in Israel, a deep desire to be done with the wars that have been pressed on it without surcease since the very day of its birth. And Israel has proven that it is ready to make territorial concessions for peace. That's what happened with Egypt, to which Israel returned the vast Sinai Peninsula — over 90% of the territory taken by Israel in the Six-Day War — in exchange for recognition and peace. But much greater guarantees with responsible and immediately involved governments would be required to induce Israel to cede any territories in Gaza and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). Because without the "West Bank", Israel would be militarily indefensible. It would be only nine miles wide at its "waist". All of its major population centers, its industries, its military installations would be within easy mortar range of enemies on the "West Bank". Before Israel could make any further territorial concessions at all, it would have to have ironclad guarantees. And for that to happen, the Arabs must rethink the role of Israel in the Middle East and their relationship to it.

The root of the "problem" is not Israel's administration of the territories. The root is the Arabs' unalterable desire to destroy Israel. No country should be asked to commit national suicide in order to appease world public opinion. Israel is surrounded by implacable enemies. Does anybody really expect the Israelis to turn over the strategically crucial "West Bank" to those who are sworn to destroy it? No solution of the territorial dispute of the "West Bank" and Gaza is possible until the Arab nations give full recognition and acceptance to Israel and are genuinely willing to make peace and to establish full normalization of relations.

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set the tone. All is not lost, though. Campbell Scott does very well as the family's younger son—a sentimental self-portrait of the playwright—whose incipient consumption drives his worried mother back to the morphine habit, which her family hoped she had cured; and so does Jamey Sheridan as the profligate older brother. The play is indestructible, I guess, but misery onstage and out front is an inadequate response to its merits. José Quintero directed. Ben Edwards designed the admirable setting.

Everybody cheers up, onstage and off, at the sunny revival of O'Neill's sunny "Ah, Wilderness!" which alternates with the "Journey" at the Neil Simon. The play, you may remember, is set in a beach town in Connecticut on the Fourth of July, 1906. Here Mr. Robards and Miss Dewhurst, smiles on their faces and energy surging back, and Mr. Scott (who happens to be Miss Dewhurst's son) and Mr. Sheridan are joined by Raphael Sbarge, as the juvenile lead, and Elizabeth Wilson, George Hearn, Kyra Sedgwick, and Annie Golden, among other stalwart performers. All goes well. The costumes, by Jane Greenwood, the scenery, by Michael Yeargan, as lighted by Jennifer Tipton, are quite delightful and exactly what they should be. Arvin Brown was the deft director; Yale Rep was the point of origin.

"Right Behind the Flag," by Kevin Heelan, late at Playwrights Horizons, is an odd, boneless little comedy set in this city, in a barbershop and various bars on Columbus Avenue, where a compulsive prankster and talker named Bernie pops in and out. Sight gags, a number of them startling, abound, and some of the chatter is funny. A gruelling event in Vietnam some years ago may account for Bernie's eccentric behavior, or it may not. Such plot as there is—and it's halfhearted at best—concerns drugs and drugdealing. I didn't think much of the play, although it was nicely done by Kevin Spacey, as cockeyed Bernie, and W. T. Martin, Amy Aquino, and Paul McCrane, in support, but I think that Mr. Heelan may be a born writer, and writing is what Playwrights Horizons is all about. The set, by Loy Arcenas, was lighted by Debra J. Kletter; the costumes were by Candice Donnelly. R. J. Cutler directed. —Edith Oliver

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THE ART WORLD

St. Peter's Feet and Rembrandt's Fountain

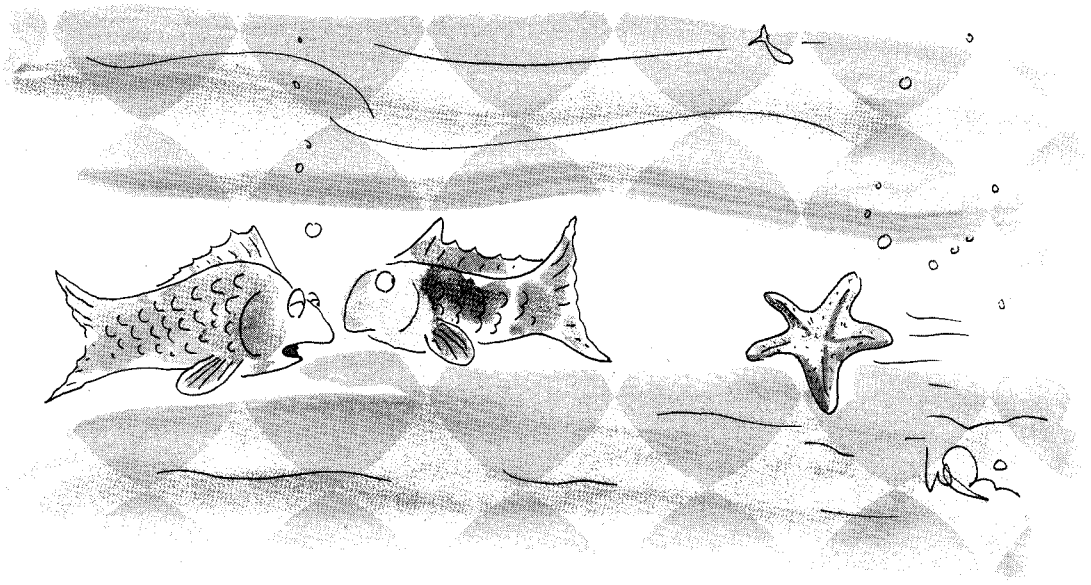
SOMETIME around 1492, when Michelangelo was a teen-ager, apprenticed to the Florentine artist Ghirlandajo, he went into the church of Santa Maria del Carmine to copy some figures from the frescoes depicting the life of St. Peter which Masaccio had painted there more than fifty years before. They are the very first figures in Italian art who have, in every sense, both feet on the ground. Their soles rest flat on the earth, and the feet are correctly foreshortened according to the rules of perspective. This was harder to do than it sounds. We tend to think of perspective as a kind of technological gimmick that can be mechanically applied to every representation; in fact, foreshortening inevitably makes weird, difficult shapes, which have to be carefully negotiated in the process of picture-making, so that they can appear "correct" within the system and still be recognizable as familiar objects. While Masaccio's partner, Masolino, was still making figures whose feet were articulated all the way up from toe to ankle, like those of dancers on pointe, Masaccio had found a way to plant his apostles on the ground without making their feet into mere ovoid stumps; he could make feet that were properly foreshortened and still looked like feet. More than a century later, the historian Vasari singled out the feet of Masaccio's apostles as the painter's key "*dimostrazione*"—his contribution to the Florentine conquest of the visible world. And yet when the young Michelangelo went to copy Masaccio's St. Peter, he practically cut him off at the ankles. In Michelangelo's otherwise fanatically precise and meticulously crosshatched copy, St. Peter's feet are tiny perches, barely indicated at all.

What happened to St. Peter's feet? Why would a gifted apprentice, apparently trying to learn from his greatest predecessor by copying his key work, be so indifferent to the very *dimostrazione* that had made the predecessor famous? This is the first in a series of pictorial mysteries that confront the viewer at an altogether remarkable show now at the Drawing Center, in SoHo. (It will be there until the twenty-third of July.) Called "Creative Copies," the show includes almost seventy examples of what happens when one artist copies the work of another. It begins with Michelangelo's amputation of Masaccio's St. Peter and ends with a Picasso parody of a Renoir couple. In between, Rubens copies Michelangelo, Watteau copies Rubens, and Rembrandt copies everybody. The show has been curated by the great scholar of Dutch and Flemish painting Egbert Haverkamp-Begemann, and the catalogue has been prepared by him and a crew of graduate students at the Institute of Fine Arts.

The Drawing Center (which used to be on Greene Street, and is now a couple of blocks farther south and over on Wooster) has for many years been the only space in SoHo that regularly displays old art, and all its shows, including those devoted to new drawings, share a quiet, exact authority. The current show offers the possibility of examining and reëxamining the relationship between copy and original (photographs of the sources are hung alongside the drawings), and seeing what this examination can reveal about the nature of change and creative innovation.

How can copying lead to change? Looking more closely at the Michelangelo drawing, we discover that what had seemed at first a faithful, even dutiful replication—an act of filial piety—is in certain crucial ways not faithful at all. In the Masaccio original, there's a fold of cloth that gathers into a point directly below St. Peter's right shoulder as he points to the ground. Like a triangular brace, the fold reinforces the plumb line of the figure extending from feet to halo. In Michelangelo's copy, the fold falls just off center, so that the little pyramid of gathered cloth has become an irregular shape that's moved a slight but perceptible degree farther to the right. The fold, one realizes, now has to be interpreted as corresponding not only to the rigid vertical pole of the Saint's body but also to the force of St. Peter's gesture as he swings his arm around his body, pointing not just down but *out*. On the lower right of the Saint's robe, the cross-hatching begins to lighten and dissolve—the Saint's leg catching the light as he moves forward. St. Peter's pose is placed within a sequence of implied movement.

In a way, Michelangelo has made anatomical sense out of what remained in Masaccio an essentially abstract form. On the other side of the same sheet of paper Michelangelo happened to draw a man's arm, perfect in its anatomical understanding; it now peeks through from the verso of the paper and is visible alongside St. Peter. (In



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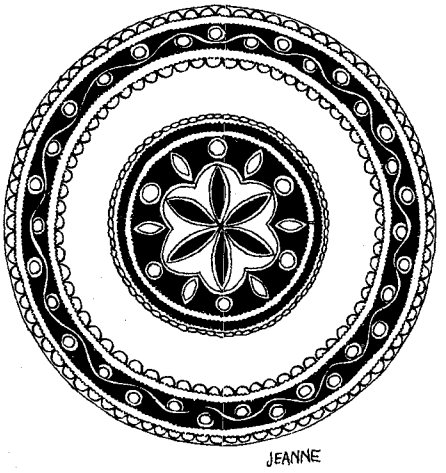
fact, it seems to be slugging the Saint right on the chin.) Michelangelo's unprecedented grasp of anatomy (evident in this arm) had enabled him to retain the burly, blunt candor of Masaccio's style and reconcile it with the linear flow—the sense of seamless, curving arabesque—that had been the special preoccupation of so much Florentine art in the intervening years. But Michelangelo isn't just adding fluid anatomical detail to Masaccio's saint. By complicating the robe, the part of the figure that Masaccio thought was easy, and drawing summarily the part that Masaccio thought was hard—the feet—Michelangelo is discovering, as he draws, an entirely new kind of poetic realism: one rooted not in the way gravity affects objects but in the way clothes respond to bodies. In the Masaccio, all the weight of the figure is transmitted down into the earth on the two piers of the Saint's feet. In the Michelangelo copy, a taut web of muscular tension makes each piece of the body pictorially self-sufficient; it holds itself up. (And Michelangelo's style is, from this point on, never a stand-up style; his greatest figures are always slouching, flying, sitting, falling, sliding.) For Michelangelo the feet of the Saint have become vestigial—unnecessary to suggest weight and obstinate presence. St. Peter's feet had always been a touch too big anyway—overemphasized—and now the subtle variations that the act of copying introduced into the figure made them suddenly redundant. (Michelangelo must have felt a little the way Fats Waller did when he sang to his girlfriend, "Your pedal extremities are colossal—to me you look just like a fossil.")

It seems impossible that this transformation could have been in any sense *planned*. Indeed, the whole point of the Renaissance theory of copying was to emphasize that making comes before meaning. Through the act of faithful copying, Renaissance shop practice suggested, the artist would produce small alterations that could yield new symbolic forms. And yet this process of variation through copying, far from leading only to small, incremental change, had revolutionary effects; a saint who was all feet could suddenly float on air. To call such an act of copying "creative" is, of course, accurate in one sense; but it is misleading if it suggests that, to be "good," copying must be self-consciously interpretative, while faithful copying is merely servile, and therefore "bad." For the show demonstrates with beautiful clarity that every copy, no matter how faithful, produces subtle variations, and that it is the readiness to take advantage of those variations, created in the act of making, which has been one engine of change in art.

Near the Michelangelo, for instance, is a Parmigianino copy of Raphael's "School of Athens." The classroom response would be to see in this copy the decisive transformation of High Renaissance classicism into Mannerist attenuation. And in fact its feeling is radically different from that of the original—it's chic, skittish, and a little fevered, where the spirit of the Raphael original is humane. But what ought to seem most Mannerist in the drawing—its proportions—is extremely faithful to the original. What has changed is what might seem at first like small, summary details—elements that Parmigianino might have thought irrelevant to the central idea. The heads, for instance, have been reduced to a set of doll-like schemata, with button eyes and mouths; much of the architecture (which might have seemed to Parmigianino mere décor) has been eliminated, and as a consequence the line of figures, who in Raphael occupy a subtly argued-out space, each one claiming an area of floor, becomes a rapturously flowing line of glamorous boys. One suddenly realizes how much of Raphael's humanity comes from his extraordinary gift for facial expression. The heads in the original of the "School" are his ballast; without them the figures would lift right off the wall. The Parmigianino drawing, never intended to be anything but a genuine homage to Raphael, reminds us that much of what seems self-consciously aberrant in Mannerist style—proportions, rhythms, even the schematization of faces—began in a sincere attempt to copy aspects of High Renaissance painting.



Appropriately, Rubens and Rembrandt are the heroes of the show, for, more than any other major artists, they seem to have understood the way that the act of copying produces change, and to have made it a voracious principle of creation. But there is no guarantee of progress in this process; it can lead to dead ends. One of the truths that the show makes uncannily vivid, for instance, is that Michelangelo is almost impossibly hard to transform through copying. There are two Rubens drawings after Michelangelo, and though both are as compelling as a Medusa's head, they also seem somehow sterile. In Rubens' copy of the compacted action within the "Brazen Serpent" spandrel from the Sistine ceiling—an inverted pyramid of agonized bodies—the pathos of the Michelangelesque composition becomes mere Jacobean horror. Of course, Rubens' drawing is, like so many copies of Michelangelo (because his works were not portable pictures but big murals), really a copy of a copy; and, like almost everyone who has ever copied Michelangelo, the anonymous artist whose copy Rubens copied turned Michelangelo's style into a much harder and more linear style than it really is. Rendered as a system of veins and bulges, Michelangelo's anatomical distortions can just look nightmarish. (The only artist original enough to get something new out of copying Michelangelo copies was William Blake, and this was precisely because he gleefully accepted their nightmare quality; a Blake engraving after a Michelangelesque idea is one of the few significant items missing from the show.) In fact, Michelangelo turns out to be a kind of black hole at the very center of Western imagination: all light goes in, and none gets out. Rembrandt, for instance, the greatest of all copiers, seems never to have borrowed a single Michelangelesque idea.

Probably the most "important" drawing in the show has been brought downtown from the Robert Lehman Collection at the Metropolitan: Rembrandt's big copy of Leonardo's "Last Supper." Rembrandt first made a copy

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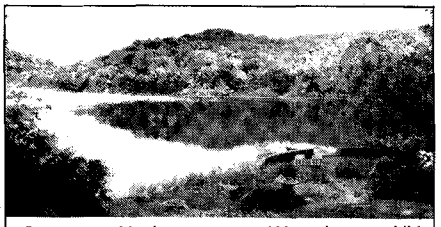

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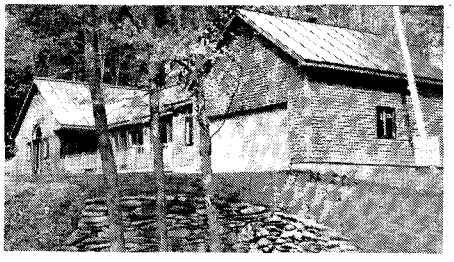

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in red chalk of a very inept engraving of the "Last Supper" by a minor Italian artist named Giovanni Pietro da Birago, and then went over it in softer red chalk, completely rearticulating almost every gesture and expression in the drawing. His attempt to restore the original energy of the composition, so obviously missing from the inadequate engraving, produced a series of subtle variations that create something quite new. Rembrandt seems to have been particularly worried about the relationship between Judas and Jesus. In the engraving, Judas's dramatic recoil at Christ's announcement—"One of you shall betray me"—is a weak echo of the drama of Leonardo's original conception. Rembrandt redrew the figure to make his pose far more violent—and, in fact, far more like the original. The Birago engraving also shows, fairly accurately, Christ's head leaning to the right, as an emotional follow-through. But by the middle of the seventeenth century this pose had become a cliché—the kind of fake piety that Rembrandt despised in pictures. Unwilling to credit Leonardo with so second-rate a conception, Rembrandt in his second draft brought Christ's head back up, and made the pathetic tilt into a slight aversion of the eyes. Suddenly, the figure of Christ is isolated from the uproar around him: he becomes not pathetic but tragic. It's tempting, and perhaps not entirely inaccurate, to see in this a "Protestant" conception, emphasizing inner life over outer ritual. But Rembrandt seems to have discovered his new image in the act of trying to guess what the original was like—a happy accident in the act of making.

Between the Baroque and the end of the nineteenth century, the most interesting copying became a kind of speciation—one style turning into another, almost imperceptibly. The most beautiful example of this occurs in Watteau's drawings after Rubens, three of which are in this show. In one ravishing copy of a Rubens head of a woman, what is being copied by Watteau is, once again, probably not an original but a copy of a Rubens portrait, and, again, this fact probably has something to do with the final result: Watteau seems to have tried to restore some of what he assumed was the lost painterliness of the original, and he copied Rubens' drawing in "*trois crayons*"—three kinds of colored chalk. When Watteau chose, he could draw as punctiliously with sharpened chalk as Leonardo, but as he copied this woman he obviously fell in love with the ghostly Vaseline-on-the-lens effect of turning the clinging fretwork curls of the Rubens original into soft aureoles of light, and suddenly a Rubens duchess has become a Watteau nymph.

The show suggests that no copy can be completely faithful, and thus no copy can avoid affording some possibility of change. But it does seem that the process of variation through copying can be suppressed, rather than encouraged, and this, the show suggests, was something that happened in the academies of the late eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Copying was then considered not an act of making, which would generate minor variations, but an act of fixed transmission of essential truths. After Watteau, it's hard to find a single instance (with the shining exception of Delacroix) of an artist copying the Old Masters in a fashion that seems truly generative. Copying is vital and productive only when artists copy from the exotic or when a major artist seizes on some strange small invention of a minor one: when Goya takes over an undernourished drawing of hooded figures from a Flaxman illustration of Dante and, simply by making an incised design tonal, turns the composition into an unforgettable image of religious intolerance—Flaxman's monks become inquisitors.

The show includes copies of the Old Masters by Degas and Cézanne, and though it has become customary to admire these copies, and point out how much the makers of modern art depended on the lessons of the high tradition, the visual facts contradict this assumption. Degas's copies of Raphael are completely accomplished and completely dead. The only kind of copying that Degas took up with any real enthusiasm was copying art that from the point of view of the academy would have seemed peripheral, quaint, or exotic. There is, for instance, an astonishing Degas copy of the eccentric Quattrocento painter Paolo Uccello's "Battle of San Romano." The catalogue entry suggests that Degas was interested in this picture because of his fascination with horses, but that cannot be true, since by any standard Uccello's horses are badly drawn. What fascinated Degas in Uccello was the composition, which anticipates Degas's own love of occlusion and overlap. In the Uccello, a lance that reaches across the picture, beginning at the far left, ends up killing a knight on the far right, but the knight, who in a conventional view would have been the center of the picture, has his dying moment blocked by the hooves and rump of a horse that, involved in quite another conflict, is kicking back. It is as wild a juxtaposition as anything in Degas's own work, and he must have felt immensely cheered on digging it up.

Another reason, and perhaps a deeper one, for the disappearance of copying cannot be represented in a show at a gallery devoted to drawing. Until the middle of the nineteenth century, artists depended on copying by hand both to keep tradition alive and to alter it. The appearance of mechanical means of reproduction—photography—obviously changed all that. It has become almost an article of faith that mechanical reproduction is the enemy of art—that photographs make works of art lose their "aura"—but on the evidence of this exhibition one might arrive at a very different view of the relationship between mechanical reproduction and innovation. Even the most mechanical copy, after all, creates variations—in color, scale, framing. Indeed, the very element that is supposed to hurt art most—the overwhelming replication of images—is in itself a powerful and potentially fruitful form of variation. In fact, the proliferation of mechanical copies may help us to understand why art in the past century, at the very moment when it might seem to have been crowded out of its "ecological niche," to use E. H. Gombrich's phrase, has burst forth with an explosion of innovative form that has not been seen since the Renaissance.

As one takes in the images in this exhibition—the saints with missing feet, the girls with Rubens noses and Watteau hair—one can't help being put in mind of those wonderful biological oddities that Stephen Jay Gould

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loves to contemplate: hens with teeth, pandas with jerry-rigged thumbs. Those oddities are for the naturalist the prime proof that evolution has taken place, that life has a history, since a perfect act of fixed creation would presumably have produced perfectly designed creatures. Many art historians still offer "deep" explanations of the meanings of art by searching for works of art that seem "perfectly adapted," whose forms seem determined by the ideology of the society in which they were made. It is the "why" that can often seem most profound—the ways in which a "mentality" or the material economy makes an artist do things—and the "how" (chalk or crayon, feet or no feet, head up or head down) that seems merely instrumental. But what is so striking about the images in the "Creative Copies" show is the way that each one represents not an isolated ideological position but something discovered in the latent possibilities of some other artist's invention, and therefore still bears the traces of its quirky, unpredictable evolution. Rembrandt, trying to recover the relationship between Judas and Jesus in Leonardo, discovers a new image of Christian tragedy; Parmigianino, copying Raphael, opens a door onto his own world of feeling. These copies suggest that every "why" is just the accumulation of a thousand particular "how"s.

The most moving demonstration of the evolution of form through creative re-use and rediscovery lies in the most beautiful drawing in the show—the Rembrandt drawing of Isaac and Rebecca spied upon by Abimelech. In the Biblical story, Abimelech, the King of the Philistines, discovers Isaac and Rebecca embracing and realizes that they are not brother and sister, as Isaac has told him, but husband and wife. In the engraving that Rembrandt copied (after a Raphael design), Isaac and Rebecca are classically beautiful adolescents, and their embrace is a knot of thighs and legs that is a famous symbolic euphemism for sex. In Rembrandt's copy, the lovers have become a young Dutch burgher and his ripe bride (they resemble Rembrandt and his first wife, Saskia), and she is simply sitting on his lap while he hugs her and they hold hands. The difference between the two designs is so immense that at first it's difficult to believe that this can be even the freest kind of copy, but a closer look shows that Rembrandt has kept the triangular composition and the figure of the spying King peering down from his balcony. What is most moving, because it is most inexplicable, is that he has also retained in his drawing a fountain that appears on the far right of the Raphael design—a surprising remnant of Raphael's original conception, which seems almost incongruous in Rembrandt's modern-dress version. Rembrandt's drawing is a masterpiece of rococo draftsmanship—it's the kind of Rembrandt work that delighted Fragonard—but this free touch has a deeper purpose for Rembrandt than virtuoso display. Isaac, for instance, has two faces, like a Picasso girl's—one, in profile, faithful to the original, and the other turning toward the viewer. The fountain is drawn in a spray of scribbles, so that, while its shape and its position relative to the lovers remain unchanged, it can now also be interpreted as a pot with a flowering plant in it. It's as if Rembrandt needed the fountain but couldn't quite decide what to do with it.

This drawing, in turn, is the source for Rembrandt's picture commonly known as the "Jewish Bride," in which Raphael's passionate understanding of violent emotion has been completely transformed into a poem on the romance of monogamy. The "Jewish Bride" is so absolute a transformation that it no longer seems to have much to do with Raphael—and yet when the picture was cleaned, in this century, from out of the darkness on the far right of the canvas a new and yet familiar thing appeared: an urn, filled with what seems to be a flowering plant, whose shape and placement are those of Raphael's fountain. Rembrandt must have felt that Raphael's fountain was essential to the image of the lovers' embrace—perhaps for formal reasons having to do with the dialogue of pyramids and ovals, perhaps for some private, symbolic reason, perhaps as an homage to Raphael, or maybe just because it looked right. The image of that fountain in the little drawing down on Wooster Street is touching precisely because it seems so odd, so personal, and, in a sense, so unnecessary. Rembrandt copied it with a free hand.

—Adam Gopnik

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DANCING

This World, and Others

THERE are two main kinds of movement, mime and dance: that's what the narrative ballets of the nineteenth century appear to propose. In mime, the upper body is dominant; in dancing, the lower. Listen to the scores: you hear mime music and dance music—two distinct genres. There are characters who only mime (Carabosse), others who only dance (Aurora). And so you have dualism; and so you have drama. It seems that such a dichotomy existed for that first great Romantic ballet, "La Sylphide," in its original, 1832 choreography. The first Sylphide, the ballerina Marie Taglioni, was limited as a mime artist, whereas her partner, in the role of James, was no great dancer. What sounds like a recipe for hopeless disunity became an expressive triumph. We can see its progeny, through the late-nineteenth-century ballets of Marius Petipa to those of George Balanchine and beyond (if beyond there be). It may seem that a formula has been passed down over the years: the leading lady and her retinue dance on pointe, her partner and his colleagues mime on flat foot. In the gap between the two sexes you have the kernel of a dream, or of a tragedy.

Things seldom were so simple. Many of the ballerinas who followed Taglioni—starting with her most celebrated rival, Fanny Elssler—were superb mimes; and dancing was an important part of several leading male roles. That the body is divided not into upper and lower parts but into right and left halves is a central tenet of Balanchine teaching, and is implicit in much of the choreography that preceded his. And in the work of Taglioni's contemporary the Danish ballet master August Bournonville, we find the full, un-formulaic complexity of nineteenth-century dance theatre. Though Bournonville distinguished between mime and dancing, he often fused the two. His ballerinas were all fine mimes; when he remade "La Sylphide," in 1836, James became a dance role. Solo variations made by other choreographers are often divided sharply into beginning, middle, and end; Bournonville's burst right out at once and continue in long phrases that are full of surprise. It's typical of him that he asked his dancers to turn with equal ease to right and to left. We call Bournonville a Romantic artist, and note his flair for re-creating the faraway and the fantastic; yet as a ballet dramatist he is to Romantic choreography rather as Jane Austen is to Romantic writing. Although his ballets fondly invoke Taglioni- or Elssler-style exoticism, they also act as a caution against it. In no other choreographer's work is the idea of coming home to the harmonies of domestic life given such tender celebration.

Witness "Napoli," recently seen in all three acts during the Royal Danish Ballet's five-day visit to New York's Metropolitan Opera House. Even though it is a flawed work, and even when it is imperfectly danced, this ballet as performed by the Danes can give us more unalloyed joy than any other ballet from the nineteenth century. In its third act, "Napoli" reaches an extraordinary climax, in which natural ebullience, love triumphant, unified community, and sheer innocence are sustained and fused in a long flood of dancing before the shrine of the Madonna. It is a generous, rational, un-priggish vision of common folk, so thoroughly located within the known world that this happiness is no remote ideal. A pas de six—which involves so many guest appearances for variations that it becomes a kind of pas de douze—leads into the great tarantella, with its series of duets and changes in rhythm, which, in turn, leads into a "Bacchanalian" finale. The scene has the escalating fun of "The Continental" in "The Gay Divorcée;" the dancing keeps flowing and keeps taking its own spirits higher and higher.

New York has seen little of "Napoli" apart from the first-act ballabile and the third-act divertissement since the Danes' first visit, in 1956. But the final

dances work best in the context of the whole ballet—with its views of Vesuvius and the Blue Grotto, its depiction of the Neapolitan quayside and of marine fantasy. Whereas the emphasis of the last act is "Everybody dance," that of the first is "Everybody mime." There's center-stage sign language, so that we see clearly Teresina stating her love for the poor fisherman Gennaro in preference to the prosperous macaroni-seller Giacomo and lemonade-seller Peppo; and, hardly less vivid, there are gestural conversations illustrating the texture of wharfside life all around the stage's perimeter, even during the dances. Mime is in such abundance at any one time that it's impossible to follow it all—and that's part of the unusually rich, human-scale realism of "Napoli," comparable only to the party scene of Balanchine's "Nutcracker." In lighting and staging, the current Danish production could be yet more realistic; in miming (as with the Neapolitan street singing we see mimed by another character, Pascarillo) it could be more detailed. It was a pleasure nonetheless to experience again, in the roles of Giacomo and Peppo, the great traditions of Danish character playing—particularly with those veteran artists Niels Kehlet, Flemming Ryberg, and Fredbjørn Bjørnsson. Their miming, so subtle and funny, proved a perfect, small-scale preparation for Gennaro's more heroic scene, later in the act. Washed ashore, without Teresina, in a sudden storm, cursed and reviled for losing her, then deserted by all, he invokes the heavens, he falls in the dust, he beseeches the Madonna. The episode could have been empty or embarrassing; it never was.

At the first two performances, Arne Villumsen was Gennaro, as he had been in the great Bournonville festival in Copenhagen in 1979. Though he has gained weight and has lost dance power, this is still a compelling interpretation, vehement without a jot of exaggeration; Villumsen has dignity, pathos, sensuality, and force. Gennaro was a role that Bournonville made for himself, and "Napoli" was a ballet conceived right out of his own experience. In his autobiography, "My Theatre Life," he writes of how in 1840 and 1841 he had become suddenly unpopular and the victim of slander; he took several months' voluntary exile—spending much of it in Naples. The scenario came to him during the jour-

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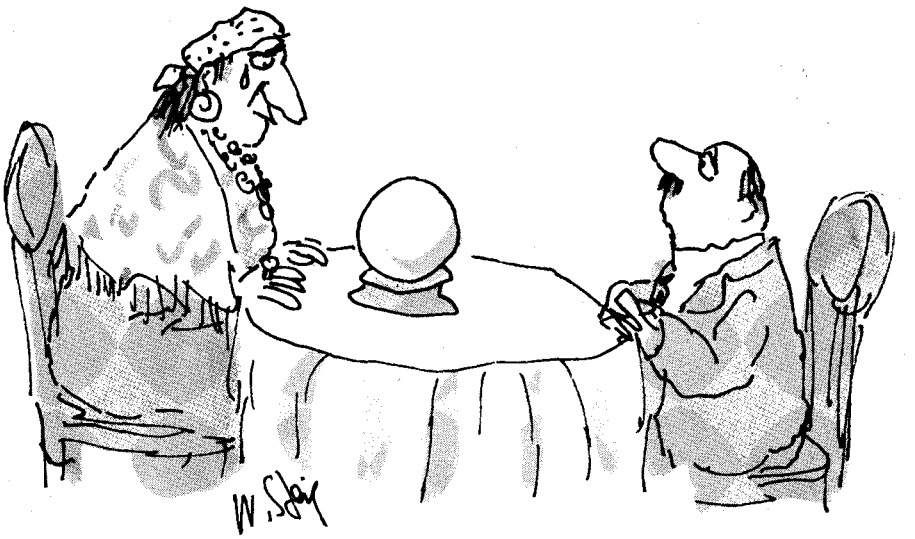
ney home, and the ballet's very successful première took place a year to the day after his departure (he notes pointedly). There can be little doubt that he saw Gennaro's story as his own—reviled at home, justified abroad, returning to glory—and he tells it onstage without self-righteousness.

Bournonville also writes in detail about his memories of the Blue Grotto, which is where the ballet's second act takes place. Both this account and his published scenario have more drama than the version we currently see. Bournonville's use of Christian insignia in the ballet came from observation; he writes of how crucial the Madonna was to the lives of Neapolitans, and elsewhere in the ballet he makes this piety real. Gennaro finds that he can reclaim Teresina from the naiad state into which she's been transformed only by placing around her neck an amulet of the Madonna dell' Arco, and the choreographer describes the "holy rapture" that here overwhelms Teresina: "Her cheeks become wet with tears, and every memory is vivid to her once more." Nothing so urgent occurs onstage at that point today. More important—to us in the theatre—this aqueous realm never acquires serious dimension as dance.

Yet this less than masterly act does not trash the spell that "Napoli" has already cast. And what follows in the homecoming and vindication of Act III has the erupting brilliance of a return to the air from under water. After the harmonious beauties of the classical pas de six, the sensuous verve of the tarantella takes the ballet to its peak. The Danes not only have more brio than any other company performing this dance; they have more abandon—bending and leaning toward and away from one another, urging their comrades on, changing the metre with their tambourines, ripe with the plenitude of love and life and company.

Even in the nineteenth century, audiences differed in their appetite for mime. Londoners began to demand more pure-dance ballets during the eighteen-forties. In the mid-fifties, Bournonville worked for a year in Vienna, where, as he had already noticed, mime was alien to the audience. With this in mind, he conceived "Abdallah" for that city. Arlene Croce in these pages has related the circumstances in which it was revived in 1985 for the American company Ballet West; it has since been staged by the Danes. Bruce Marks, one of the catalysts for both these productions, suggests that "one of the main reasons it failed in the last century was that it had *too much* dance in it, which is just what we want today." He's right that we prefer more dance; but how badly do we want these dances? Even as given by the Danes, they aren't vintage Bournonville. Agreeable as exercises in his technique, their inner pressure never varies.



It's ironic that Bournonville's Viennese audience greeted "Napoli" with enthusiasm (he writes with natural pride of the bravos it received from Italians in the audience) and "Abdallah" failed; the Copenhagen audience, on whom he had first tried out the new work, had received it warmly. Still, he didn't keep it long in Danish repertory. But now that it's back there, shouldn't its story, however light and jolly, be more convincingly told, especially by this company of dancer-mimes? The Act I pas de trois is a local Judgment of Paris, in which the cobbler Abdallah inscribes on an orange "For the lightest foot," and three girls then dance in competition for a pair of slippers he's made. When the heroine, Irma, wins, Bournonville describes how "the two vanquished maidens go away displeased." They didn't at the Met. The décor, by Jens-Jacob Worsaae, is exceptionally handsome, with space, detail, variety, light, and color in abundance; but why are European ships (as opposed to dhows) moored in this Arab port? Why is Abdallah's home (to which the original scenario ascribes merely "tools and simple furniture") hung with Persian carpets? There are scenic connections between the second-act harem and the third-act palace that the plot doesn't call for, though there are narrative connections that the stage action doesn't explain. Bournonville wrote, "The title role demanded a degree of fantasy for which I myself may once have had the mimic expressiveness that I was now unable to impart to the present player of the role." That quality hasn't been imparted to its latter-day incumbents, either. The fate of "Abdallah," even in this era of Ballets Risen from the Dead, is remarkable: it has already enjoyed in the eighties longer life and greater success than it ever did in Bournonville's day—yet it has a flimsier story and less memorable choreography than some of the ballets that are seldom seen out of Copenhagen.

The picture the Danes paint of themselves abroad becomes increasingly unlike the one they keep restudying at home. In the recent two-week tour of the United States (the New York season was preceded by a week in Washington), nothing was performed other than the two Bournonville ballets. But open the souvenir program, past all the pages that insist on the importance of tradition to the company, and you find that the company has announced only three of Bournonville's ballets for the whole 1988-89 season in Copenhagen. Perhaps there is no longer a Danish audience for more than three; possibly

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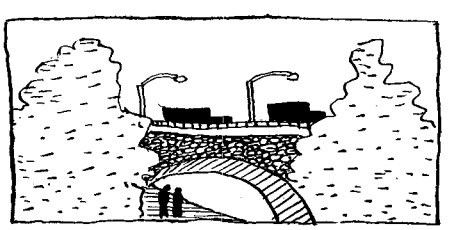
there wouldn't be one in New York. Neumeier, Tetley, van Manen: these are among the living choreographers whose works are staged and admired in Copenhagen. Though both "Napoli" and "Abdallah" were warmly applauded here, neither sold very well. There is a New York audience for the Danes in Bournonville, but it isn't Met size.

The dancing all week was of a high standard: "Napoli" was still "Napoli." But one couldn't help seeing that sundry details of Bournonville style were slipping out of focus. The characteristic jeté en attitude was seldom tautly controlled throughout both front and back legs; you no longer saw dancers seeming to ride on tea trays through the air. To turn first one way and then the other was something that suited only three or four of the dancers. More than the sum of these specifics, however, one felt a general flattening out of the Bournonville phrase, which has begun to lose its chiaroscuro and its surprise. Not so in the dancing of Lis Jeppesen and Mette-Ida Kirk; but each gave only one performance in a leading role. Jeppesen, whose career has been interrupted in recent years, retains her uniquely affecting presence. She is somehow both vulnerable and ethereal; she has fantasy and warmth. When Irma finds Abdallah amid the harem he has just won with the help of his magic candelabra, he, somewhat sheepish at first, eventually mimes "Oh, I remember—I love you." What should have been one of "Abdallah" 's more banal moments wasn't, as Jeppesen then exploded into a dance around the stage, each jump suddenly floating high. As Palmyra, the leader of the harem, Kirk was cool, modest, and full of extra detail. She turned more securely and phrased more buoyantly than the first-cast Linda Hindberg, and she mimed better. Only seeing Kirk did I understand that Palmyra prompts the harem's final Bacchanale because Abdallah won't give her the keepsake he has around his neck (it comes from Irma).

There were some striking new male dancers—in particular two young principals, the twenty-three-year-old Alexander Kølpin and the twenty-year-old Nikolaj Hübbe. Both were lively, clear, and likable performers. Partly because one is dark and the other fair, the two recall the emergence, in the seventies, of Arne Villumsen and Ib Andersen—each of whom made a far more powerful and individual impression. It's likely that Bournonville style is something that has slipped at regular intervals over the years and has then had to be redefined for each new generation. But there are dancers who emerged more than ten years ago, and who have never fully possessed it, such as the glamorous Hindberg, or have lost some of their edge in it, such as the pert, bright Heidi Ryom. These two were the leading ladies of the season; their style, like that of the new generation, is a strong compromise between local tradition and international ballet trends. That Bournonville style is not dated, and that it need not be diluted, could be seen in "Napoli"—not with these two Teresinas but in the pas de six with Jeppesen, who brought this dance the delicacy that should make it heart-lifting throughout. There's a softness and a texture in her demi-plié—both when landing from a jump and in adagio. And nothing all season was more moving than the way, as she brought one arm in from open second position to croisé fourth, she tilted her neck slightly in the opposite direction. The Danes are still impressive technicians and winning company; but moments of pure grace like that were too rare.

BOURNONVILLE'S sensibility, in the ballets of his that survive, is rarely tragic. The rational behavior that his ballets commend and the unusual degree of equality between the sexes that they demonstrate will hardly permit events onstage to turn out for the worst. Then, too, he was a sharp satirist and comedian whose fun still succeeds in our day. For these reasons, "Napoli" and "Abdallah" stand in sharp relief against the full-length ballets shown this spring at the Met by American Ballet Theatre—"Giselle," "Don Quixote," "La Bayadère," and "The Sleeping Beauty," all of which have come down to us by way of St. Petersburg, the Maryinsky Ballet, and Petipa's choreography. (Petipa's is the hand that shaped the dances of the Wilis we see in the second act of "Giselle.") Each of these ballets depicts both a real world and a spirit world; each has separate mime and dance passages, in addition to pas d'action that fuse the two. As a craftsman, Petipa is far more schematic and prone to formula than Bournonville. One of the few stories we have of him is that he prepared ballets at home with figures like chess pawns on a table; we can believe it as we watch his use of stage space, his organization of a large ensemble, and his structuring of mime and dance passages within each act of a ballet. But it is Petipa, with his development of ballet dancing itself as the raison d'être of a narrative ballet, and his mastery of a work's musical and architectural plan, who is responsible for our view of ballet today. His ballets all project on a grand, opera-house scale. Tragedy is not alien to Petipa's temperament, and, even in his visions of blest spirits or earthly paradises, the gap between male and female grows huge, strange, and disturbing.


M. IAN

But each of the A.B.T. productions of these four classics appears to derive from a separate view of what Petipa is about. Mikhail Baryshnikov, the company's director, has staged the coarse, romping "Don Quixote" and the serious, dramatic "Giselle;" "La Bayadère" is Natalia Makarova's production, and "The Sleeping Beauty" is Kenneth MacMillan's. All four are stageworthy, and contain good choreography; and there were some remarkable individual performances. But no clear sense of a company musical style emerges either from the pit or on the stage. And though the company's women are all excellently trained, there's no characteristic A.B.T. feminine style, whereas the company's men dance with steady pride and panache. In the performances I saw of MacMillan's "Romeo and Juliet," it was the male Montagues, the Mandolin dancers, Tybalt, and Paris who carried the day. The feminine Vision scenes of "Don Quixote," "Bayadère," and "Beauty" and the graveside dances of "Giselle" never fully opened onto the midnight air.

If female dancing throughout a company is not made luminous, Petipa's ballets—like Balanchine's—have only incomplete success. At A.B.T., there was always plenty to watch. In fact, the experience was not unlike watching the Danes in Bournonville—

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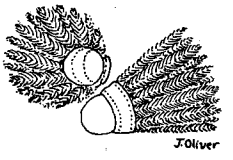
the difference being that the Danes have been masters of their idiom, whereas A.B.T. feels like a skilled but unformed company that is bit by bit finding its way into classical style. I was particularly conscious of this in its "Sleeping Beauty," new last year. The ballet as a whole seemed to me mainly dead, except when a performer like Michael Owen or Victor Barbee as Carabosse was around to jolt the proceedings. But all over the place one could see dancers working conscientiously on phrasing, épaulement, mime, period manners. Little pieces of the pattern were falling into focus. The beauty might well awaken in a year or two.



Next season, A.B.T. will stage a new "Swan Lake"—the ballet that, of all the nineteenth-century works, presents the gap between the sexes at its most heroic and most tragic. It's likely that this will be the next stroke in forging the A.B.T. company style, which tends to be a blend of Kirov and School of American Ballet schooling. A similar recipe was used for the San Francisco Ballet's new production of the ballet, which I saw at its first two performances, in April. The production is the work of Helgi Tomasson, the former principal of New York City Ballet who now directs the San Francisco company; he was assisted by the ex-Kirov Irina Jakobson. I've never been more aware of "Swan Lake" as a training ballet. Tomasson has some very well-schooled children dancing in the first act, and presents some good soloists in the same act's pas de trois. In the lakeside scenes, the corps and the coryphées all appeared to be working decently to master the Kirov accentuation of the back: again, these dances weren't alive yet, but it could happen before long. The performances by the principals were so different that I had little clue what style Tomasson and Jakobson really wanted at the heart of the ballet. Ludmila Lopukhova and Simon Dow were the more involved and spontaneous, but neither they nor the first-cast Karin Averty and Jean Charles Gil were models of grand-scale nobility. I kept wanting to see the ballet the next generation along.

Tomasson's production contains even more inconsistency than is customary in productions of "Swan Lake." The Ivanov dances for Act II and the Petipa Black Swan pas de deux are present. The Act I pas de trois—said, like everything else, to be Tomasson's work—is based in part on Petipa's. In Act III, the mazurka and the czardas were danced in boots, whereas the Spanish and Neapolitan women were on pointe. Rather than use music from either the 1877 text or the 1895 text of "Swan Lake" for the lovers in the final scene, Tomasson has interpolated Tchaikovsky's "Sérénade Mélancolique." Whereas the swan choreography was trying hard to be Russian-accented, the divertissements kept veering toward Danish detail. Short mime conversations occurred in every scene, but the major mime scene of traditional stagings, between hero and heroine, at their first meeting, was replaced by dancing. Because of Tchaikovsky and the plot, the audience—as at all "Swan Lake"s—was jubilant. But as a serious essay in style or drama the ballet kept falling apart.

It kept being pulled together by the designs of Jens-Jacob Worsaae—he of "Abdallah"—and by the lighting plan of David K. H. Elliott. These were the production's strongest components but not the most right-minded. Worsaae and Tomasson have come up with the device of setting the ballet in the eighteenth century; they invoke, implicitly in the first act and overtly for the ballroom scene, the paintings of Watteau, Boucher, and Fragonard. Siegfried, a proto-Romantic, is surrounded by all the wanton, courteous sensuality of the *fête galante* and hurtles to find release and unsullied purity by the lake. The pictorial emphasis—elegant, civilized—is on France, whereas all the music, with its intimations of Wagner, suggests Germany, in particular the Germany of medieval legend, as in "Lohengrin." The scale of "Swan Lake" was diminished. Furthermore, Elliott's complex, impressive array of dappled lighting drew too much attention to itself, functioning like mist before the scenery. In both the "Swan Lake" ballroom and the "Abdallah" sky, Worsaae created an unforgettably shimmering azure; I'd like to see his designs for the Blue Grotto. For that matter, I wish he and Tomasson had tackled "Napoli" instead of "Swan Lake." The tragic scale of Tchaikovsky's music drama is not in their line. —ALASTAIR MACAULAY

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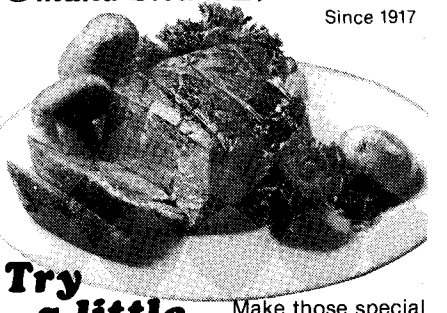

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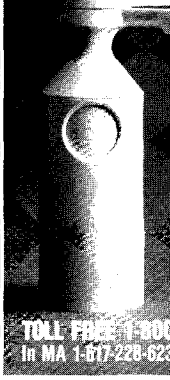

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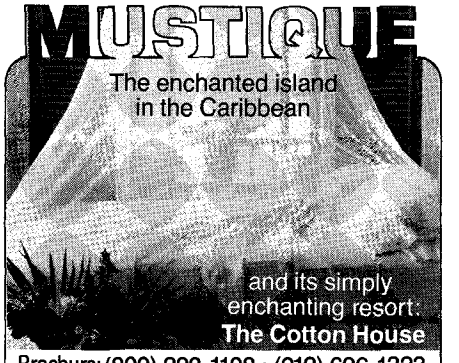

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 23

INEXORABLY, Ronald Reagan is leaving the stage, and the two men who are fighting to succeed him are coming into more national focus. But Reagan, as he showed in the recent summit meeting in Moscow, can still command the spotlight. The exodus of officials continues. Though Chief of Staff Howard Baker, who announced last week that he would leave at the end of June, said that he wanted to spend more time with his ailing wife, one also senses that he, like the Administration, was running out of steam, and that he had grown tired from the many battles, several of which he had lost. Meanwhile, widely held, if ungrounded, assumptions about who will succeed Reagan have switched around. Despite the fact that nobody knows how the election will turn out, a large number of people who until a few weeks ago assumed that it was, as the phrase went, "George Bush's to lose," are now equally certain that Michael Dukakis will win. The same Bush campaign aides who were widely seen as geniuses when Bush quickly put away the Republican nomination are now viewed as floundering. If the polls change, so will this latest set of certainties. And other events, such as the growing Pentagon procurement scandal, which broke just last week and could well give Dukakis a "mess in Washington" issue, or something we don't yet know about, could also whang into the campaign at any moment, and shift assumptions some more.

What turned much of the thinking around recently was a set of polls, in mid-May, which showed Dukakis defeating Bush by a substantial margin. (The Gallup poll, which in mid-March had Bush defeating Dukakis fifty-two per cent to forty per cent, two months later had Dukakis defeating Bush fifty-four per cent to thirty-eight per cent; a New York *Times*/CBS News poll had Dukakis leading Bush forty-nine to thirty-nine; and a poll taken in California, which both sides say Dukakis must win in November if he is to be elected, had Dukakis beating Bush by thirteen points.) A *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll published last week also gave Dukakis a big lead—forty-nine to thirty-six among most-likely voters—and showed Dukakis running ahead of Bush in every region in the country, including the South. And a Washington *Post* poll published a couple of days ago had Dukakis leading Bush by twelve points. The alarming—even enraging—thing for Republicans is that polls also show that a majority of people think the Democrats would be better at dealing with the economy. Moreover, the *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll said that Bush trails Dukakis by a two-to-one margin among blue-collar voters, and by three to one among Democrats who say they voted for Reagan in 1984. To some extent, these various data are connected with the voters' views of the two men, and to some extent with the desire for change which usually comes after a party has been in power for eight years. Lee Atwater, Bush's campaign manager, says, "The worst problem we have is that we're fighting against the cycle."

"Take me home now!"

Though polls this far in advance of an election are usually meaningless, a question as we now enter more deeply into our national mystery is whether they might be predictive this time. More than one Republican strategist thinks that they could well be, at least as to the outcome if not the magnitude; even some Republicans believe that Bush's problems as a candidate are so serious as to be insurmountable. Bush aides, though privately shaken and dismayed by the polls, insist that this trough will be climbed out of; they point to the fact that in 1976 Gerald Ford made up nearly all of a thirty-three-point deficit against Jimmy Carter, after the Democratic Convention, and lost by only two points. Dukakis and his aides, though obviously exhilarated by the polls, have been preparing for a tough fight. The Bush people say that Dukakis's lead is attributable to his having had a string of victories over Jesse Jackson, who, they argue, is unpopular with the nation as a whole, while Bush was largely on the sidelines. At the same time, they say that the public doesn't know Dukakis very well—and polls for the Dukakis camp confirm this. A number of people, including some in the Bush camp, think that the Bush people miscalculated by having their candidate relatively inactive during the spring, while Dukakis was out there slugging—mainly against Bush. And the Bush people threw such large resources into putting the nomination away that the campaign had neared the legal spending limit at a time when Bush needed to be out and around more (though there are ways to get around the limit). The Dukakis campaign, by contrast, husbanded its resources carefully. One by-product of this difference in planning is that

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in the final weeks of the primary season Dukakis spent more time than Bush did in California, and the Dukakis campaign began to build a large organization there. The Bush people have one paid campaign worker in the state. Because the Republican Convention comes a month later than the Democratic one, the Bush campaign will have to wait longer for its federal funds for the general election. (Candidates don't receive the funds until they have been formally nominated by their parties.) A Bush campaign official says, "When we get the federal money in August for the general election, we'll throw everything, including the kitchen sink, at California." Bush might have benefitted from a longer nomination campaign, one that would have tested him more, sharpened his skills. There is little question that Dukakis has benefitted from having been tested longer.

Dukakis has his own vulnerabilities. One of them, as his campaign people know, has to do with his inexperience in foreign and defense policy, and the fact that his left-of-center defense policy has him outside the mainstream. The one bright spot for Bush in the recent *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll was that, by large margins, people felt that Bush would be better at dealing with the Soviet Union and maintaining a strong defense, and nearly half felt that Dukakis is too "inexperienced" in foreign policy. Dukakis's recent speech on these matters, in Washington, before the Atlantic Council, may not have helped much.

For all the talk about issues and themes, what we are in for is a tough fight for a majority (two hundred and seventy votes) in the Electoral College, and both sides agree that Bush still has an advantage here, because of the historical voting patterns of a number of states in the South (including Florida) and the West. But the Dukakis people say that their polling shows Dukakis competitive in many states the Democrats usually lose, and for now they are talking about challenging Bush everywhere, in part to make him disperse his resources in defensive actions. Both sides will battle hard over Texas as well as California, and over some of the usually hard-fought big industrial states. The Vice-Presidential selections by both candidates will be made with the Electoral College math in mind. A rising prospect for Bush, at least in the speculation, is Robert Dole, who has been energetically campaigning for Bush and gives every sign of being interested. (Politicians can be marvellously flexible.) Dole could help in the Middle West and among Independents; he was the Republican Presidential candidate most Democrats least wanted to run against. As Dukakis comes more into focus, so will some of his less attractive personal traits: his touch of arrogance, his inclination to be flip. Reports of people who have been to see him to discuss issues are that he still isn't much of a listener. Dukakis is an acquired taste, and some, even if they have no particular predisposition against him, never acquire it. On the other hand, large numbers of people saw him in the course of the primaries as a steady, straight, down-to-earth, no-nonsense guy, a take-charge type of the sort they feel the country needs now. And with his success Dukakis acquired "winnerness": an almost mystical process in which a winning candidate, interacting with his public, takes on a kind of glow, gains more confidence, and seems to be of a larger dimension.

Any remaining doubts that this will be a rough campaign should be gone by now. While a large number of observers, and some Bush advisers, say that Bush must define himself, and what he is for, before he attacks Dukakis, other Bush advisers, and clearly Republican officials, believe that there is no time to be lost in tearing up Dukakis, in trying to "define" him before a positive definition of him settles in the public's mind. Bush, in attacking Dukakis himself, is taking a risk that this will not go over well with the voters he needs to attract, and will, in the parlance, "drive up his negatives"—which are, as the Dukakis people like to point out, unusually high for a Presidential candidate at this stage. (The May Gallup poll said that forty-one per cent of the respondents had a negative view of Bush, the highest for any major candidate at this point in an election since 1960, the first election year for which Gallup has comparable figures. Dukakis had a seventy-one-per-cent positive rating and only a fifteen-per-cent negative one.) The Dukakis people also point out that Albert Gore's attacks on Dukakis backfired. But for all Dukakis's pious talk about running a "positive" campaign, he will be, as he has been for some months, very tough in his own way. Increasingly, despite all its consideration of themes and "message," the Dukakis campaign is putting the emphasis on the contest between the persons Dukakis and Bush. Susan Estrich, Dukakis's campaign manager, says, "Ultimately, most Presidential campaigns are about character, broadly defined; they are a choice between two men, and which one the voters decide they trust with their future." The Bush people understand this point.

Issues, then, are for the most part symbols—code for what we are to feel about one man or the other. The symbols the Dukakis people draw upon range from issues to class, as they try to paint Bush—with some help from Bush—as a patrician who is out of touch with mainstream America. One Dukakis aide said, following Bush's Memorial Day retreat with advisers and experts at his family estate in Kennebunkport, Maine, "Every time they put that house on TV I thought it was worth a point or so." The Bush people are trying to establish that it is Dukakis who is out of step with the majority of the voters. The symbols the Bush people draw upon are Jimmy Carter, George McGovern, "tax and spend" Democrats who are "soft" on crime and a little short on patriotism. Bush said recently, "It'll be like the Nixon-McGovern race in '72 as far as the breadth of differences on issues."

WHEN Dukakis, in California, wrapped up the nomination on the night of June 7th, his remarks signalled what is to come. He raised a series of questions on which he wants to draw the contrast between himself and Bush: "Every day between now and November, working Americans will be deciding whether we"—meaning himself and Bush—"understand their frustrations and dreams." Alluding to the President's veto (which has been sustained by the Senate) of the trade bill because of its provision on plant closings, he asked, "When people are shut out of factories with no warning, will we fight for their future?" He raised questions about the two candidates' independence. Dukakis's California victory was a substantial one (he defeated Jackson sixty-one per cent to thirty-five per cent), and his victories

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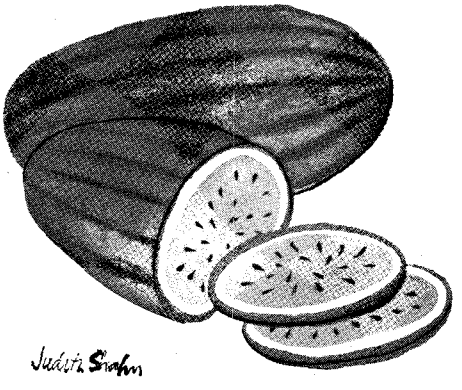
that night there and in New Jersey (where he defeated Jackson sixty-three to thirty-three), plus victories in Montana and New Mexico, plus the other delegates his campaign had collected, gave him more than enough delegates for the nomination, as his aides had predicted. (As of June 7th, Dukakis had 2,251.2 delegates to Jackson's 1,122.6 delegates.) On the day after the final primaries, Bruce Babbitt, Richard Gephardt, Paul Simon, and Mario Cuomo endorsed Dukakis, and last week Albert Gore, after doing some mending with his black constituency, endorsed Dukakis warmly, and Joseph Biden, who is recovering from surgery for aneurysms, endorsed him yesterday. That leaves Jackson and Gary Hart. The Dukakis campaign is going for a lot more than the required number of delegates, shooting for at least two thousand six hundred so as to have firm control of the Convention. And Dukakis is continuing to campaign—last week he went South, where he stressed being tough on drugs and crime, posing with policemen and the like, and next week he'll go to the Midwest—because he and his campaign think that both Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale wasted valuable time and momentum by going to ground once they had their nominations wrapped up. And, the thinking goes, by their sitting in Plains, Georgia, and North Oaks, Minnesota, respectively, the last two Democratic Presidential candidates let the story become their search for a running mate and whatever Convention disputes might be developing. Dukakis hoped his travels could deflect some attention from those stories, but he was only partially successful.

BEFEVERED attention hops from topic to topic in any election year, and recently the hot topics became whether Dukakis would put Jackson on the ticket, which he has no intention of doing, and whether there would be bloody fights over the platform. Like the question of who will be the candidates' running mates, the platform story is a quadrennial, and one that is soon forgotten. Dukakis's Vice-Presidential search has officially begun, with Paul Brountas, his close friend and campaign chairman, in charge; Dukakis and his people had been saying that the subject was verboten until after he had the nomination wrapped up, but of course they were considering it. Brountas, covering his tracks, saw, he says, over forty people in Washington last week, including some possible running mates—among them were Bill Bradley (who has publicly said he doesn't want it), John Glenn (who does want it), Sam Nunn (who has expressed strong misgivings), House Majority Leader Thomas Foley (who wants to become Speaker some day), and Senators Lloyd Bentsen, of Texas, and Bob Graham, of Florida, and Representative Lee Hamilton, of Indiana (who has risen in the speculation). Others are possible, and there's been speculation about Gore and Gephardt—but, among other things, it would be awkward to bypass Jackson for one of them. Brountas solicited a wide range of opinions as well as saw more people than were seriously being considered, but simple prudence was at work here: if the "short list" is too short, there is the danger of running low on options, and whoever is picked should have wide support. (After Graham's office let it be known this week that Graham had been sent a detailed questionnaire by Dukakis, the game became finding out who else had been sent one.) Bentsen and Graham are from key states, of course, but the Dukakis people used to talk about picking national figures, of being above such a consideration as whose presence on the ticket might guarantee them a key state (it doesn't always work out that way), and Dukakis himself has stipulated that experience in Washington and specific experience in defense and foreign policy would be requirements. Bentsen serves on the Intelligence Committee, but Graham, who was elected to the Senate in 1986, does not have the credentials that Dukakis has set forth. Their expressions of caution notwithstanding, Dukakis and his people are said to feel freer, as a result of the polls, to make what choice they want—that is, under less pressure to pick Nunn, who had been all the talk in political circles around the time of the New York primary, in mid-April. Though Nunn would bring formidable credentials to the ticket, there is the problem of his conservative voting record on domestic issues, and neither Dukakis nor Nunn may want the hassle (and Nunn likes being chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee). Since the Dukakis people want to avoid the kind of parade of Vice-Presidential possibilities that was staged by both Carter and Mondale, they have sought to work out logistics by which Dukakis can clandestinely spend time with a potential running mate he barely knows. Meanwhile, there is the relationship with Jackson to be dealt with.



JACKSON, constantly reminded that he has done something historic (no one expected him to do as well as he has done), subject to conflicting advice, possessor of a very large ego, and moody, has seemed confused lately. For all the speculation about what Jackson wants now, Jackson himself does not seem to know. His advisers, who can be roughly categorized as the Ideologues and the Sensibles, are in a continual struggle, and his actions proceed on a day-by-day, sometimes hour-by-hour, basis. Jackson is having even more trouble than the runners-up usually have in letting go. Despite the strain, campaigning for the Presidency, if one has enough success, is intoxicating, and it's difficult to walk away from the crowds, the cheers, the acclaim, and even the comforts of limousines and Secret Service protection. Like addicts, candidates come to need a regular shot of adulation. Candidates don't have to get airline tickets, or wait at gates; they don't even stop at stoplights. At the end of the primaries, Jackson was faced with the fact that he didn't have anything else nearly so interesting or exciting to do. He was constantly reinforced in the view that he had built a following and that he owes that following continuing leadership, which is in fact what most runners-up for the nomination come to believe. So, like Gary Hart four years ago and Edward Kennedy eight years ago, he will carry the fight to the Convention, even if it is unclear what he is to fight for. The trick is in knowing when and where to stop. On the night of the California primary, Jackson said his campaign

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would continue. Actually, Jackson did not do as well at the end of the contests as Hart (who won California) and Kennedy (who won both California and New Jersey) had done: he had only done well in a crowded field, and after New York, when it became a two-man race, he was routinely beaten by about two to one. (Contrary to earlier intentions, he campaigned in New Jersey despite its unfavorable rules, and the Dukakis people have agreed to give him more delegates.) His showing in California was not nearly as strong as many had expected it to be. As one way to keep going as the leader of a cause, Jackson also announced on the day after the last primaries that he would form a political-action committee, called Jackson Action, to back progressive candidates. As another way, he began to toy with the Vice-Presidency.

Though some people close to Jackson have never believed that he wants the job (he has told some he doesn't), and though Dukakis had said publicly that in effect Jackson doesn't have the qualifications he's looking for, and though polls show Dukakis winning with various people on the ticket but losing with Jackson, Jackson began demanding that he be given "serious consideration" for the Vice-Presidential slot. Then he stepped up the heat and seemed to be demanding that he be chosen; and then, some of the Sensibles having weighed in, he backed off a bit. Asked on "Meet the Press" a couple of Sundays ago whether he was insisting that Dukakis ask him to be on the ticket, Jackson replied, "I do not want to push Mike Dukakis to that point." But he continued to push to some point. Following their meeting in Los Angeles on Tuesday night, Dukakis said that Jackson is under "serious consideration." Today Jackson said that he has made up his mind on whether he wanted to join the ticket but that he wouldn't divulge his decision. An adviser says that this was "inadvertent," that though Jackson doesn't want the job, even if it were offered, more has to happen before he makes his intentions known. (However, Jackson's receipt of the detailed questionnaire, the first step of a rigorous examination, is believed to have focussed his mind.) Some close to Jackson think he has known all along that the Vice-Presidential slot is not in the cards but have said that he won't publicly drop the idea until he sees what all the options are. Recently Jackson said, "If the Vice-Presidency agenda were not a matter of real discussion now, some of the other items of substance would have less meaning." Some Jackson advisers say that Jackson pushed for "serious consideration," or whatever, because he was becoming "invisible"—that is, other names were getting attention, and he was getting less, and that he merited at least serious consideration because of what he had done; other advisers tried to convince Jackson he should go on the ticket because of the precedent that would shatter, and the importance he would assume, and at times Jackson seemed to lean this way. He said, "The Vice-Presidency is not quite the top, but it's a long way from where I started."

It is nowhere written that the runner-up gets to be on the ticket; neither Kennedy nor Hart made such a claim, and each of them came in closer to the top than Jackson. It should be understood by now that the most important thing a Vice-President does is be ready to become President at any moment. Jackson has never held public office, and his record as a manager is not stellar. Considerable thought has been given by people in the Jackson and Dukakis camps to how to get both candidates out of this thicket, though these people know that Jackson is not easily programmed. Dukakis's saying that Jackson was under "serious consideration" was a move toward such a resolution. The next step would be for Jackson to thank Dukakis for his consideration, claim victory for himself and his constituency in the proceedings of the platform and rules committees, which are to meet this weekend, and decline further consideration. The situation was not made easier last week by several members of the Congressional Black Caucus (few of them natural allies of Jackson), who, after meeting with Jackson, made statements that he should be considered, or should be on the ticket, and that if he were not, said one, it would be for "racist" reasons. The Dukakis people, aware that expectations about Jackson's possibly being picked were being raised by Jackson and others (and that if Jackson allowed it his name could be put in nomination

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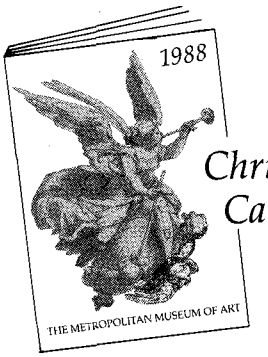

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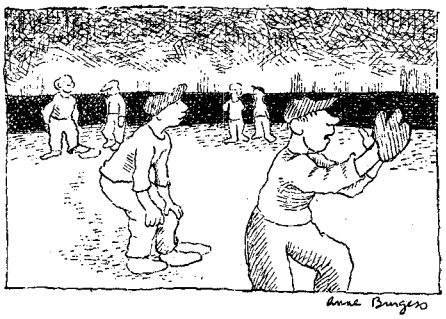
at the Convention for the Vice-Presidential slot), and also aware that the speculation and political pressures over Dukakis's choice could get out of hand, will try to have his running mate selected and announced in advance of the Convention.

Dukakis's approach thus far has been to meet with Jackson, listen to him, but not engage in protracted public negotiations, lest Jackson prove insatiable and Dukakis look weak. Dukakis campaign people have been saying for some time that they will compromise with Jackson on Party rules (for the future) and the platform where they can, and where they can't the issue will go to the floor of the Convention; they would not mind being seen defeating a Jackson proposal or two at the Convention. (The idea that the platform would be short and vague this year has been overtaken by political reality, but it might still be briefer than the forty-thousand-word document of four years ago.) The Sensibles around Jackson are essentially (but not entirely) in charge of his Convention planning. There has been a lot of talk between the Dukakis and Jackson camps about the platform, and the hope is that there can be disagreements without causing Armageddon. Thus far, the Dukakis people have acceded to Jackson's proposal that South Africa be labelled a terrorist state—figuring that was no big deal—but have made it clear that they will fight any proposals for higher taxes or a reduction in the defense budget. (Jackson is calling for a five-year freeze in defense spending, with no allowance for inflation.) It's not hard to see why the Dukakis people would not at all mind being seen on nationwide television defeating Jackson on the tax and defense proposals. They say they would also oppose calls for specific large increases in spending. At the heart of a comprehensive budget plan Jackson offered in California in late May were increased taxes on the wealthy, a cut in the defense budget, and more spending for various domestic programs. The Dukakis people are understandably loath to have any talk of tax increases in the platform. Dukakis continues to say that at least a hundred billion in unpaid taxes can be collected, which is doubtful, and that tax increases should only be a "last resort," and levied "on the basis of the ability to pay." Thus he is leaving himself some room for raising taxes.

Another issue the Dukakis people have said they will not compromise on, if Jackson pursues it, is a pledge that the United States would not be the first to use nuclear weapons. The big trouble might come if Jackson pursues a proposal that the platform call for the establishment of a Palestinian state. Some of Jackson's advisers and supporters are trying to dissuade him from pushing this proposal on the ground that it would once again stir tensions between blacks and Jews and cause a serious division within the Party; others around him, who encourage his emphasis on the Third World and who have helped him win the support of Arab-Americans, have been egging him on. Jackson, who is said to remain bitter about the New York primary, has been torn, but might compromise.

Dukakis has stood firm against putting out his own budget, saying that since we can't know all of the economic factors now, it would be "irresponsible" to do so; but no budget—even the ones put out by a President—can anticipate all of the economic factors. Bush, too, is declining to put out a budget, though even the broad-brush one he talks about (a "flexible freeze") counts on optimistic assumptions. Neither man wants to propose anything unpleasant, or anything that might divide the coalition each is trying to put and hold together. Specificity is something the press calls for, but both Dukakis and Bush know that with specificity come trouble and further questions; besides, Reagan ran the ultimate in unspecific campaigns in 1984 and got away with it. Yet Dukakis has stated a number of things he is for: "good jobs at good wages," "decent, affordable housing," a larger federal effort in anti-drug enforcement (including more money for the Coast Guard), more drug treatment, more aid to education, more health care and child care—and he often says of each



of these things that it is "more important than MX missiles running around on railroad cars," or than "Star Wars." But his defense program also calls for improvements in conventional weaponry, which is very expensive. At the same time, he calls for holding defense spending to the current real level (that is, the current level plus inflation). Some of the things are to be paid for, Dukakis's people say, through the public-private "partnerships" Dukakis vaguely refers to. But someone, somewhere, has to pay for them.

The Dukakis people have long counted on his personal style to convey various political messages. It is hoped that the fact that he is himself a skinflint will ward off any idea that he would be a "big spender," and he has been careful not to make explicitly expensive promises. If he wins, the reckoning would come later. His conservative personal habits are counted on to deflect any concern that he might push upsetting social policies. To underscore this, the Dukakis campaign deliberately had him appear before an audience of gays and lesbians in California, where, as expected, he got a negative reaction when he repeated a position he had taken in Massachusetts which assigns a lower priority to gay and lesbian couples than to heterosexual couples who want to be foster parents. Some Republican analysts were awed by this Dukakis campaign tactic.

Dukakis is also supple, and can reverse field when necessary. In California he said, in contradiction to what he had said in New York, that Jerusalem should be the capital of Israel (in New York he had said, to the distress of some Jewish leaders, that the subject was negotiable). And he recently reversed an opinion he had offered in New York that Social Security income of the better-off should not be taxed. The Dukakis campaign has put a fair amount of time into anticipating the attacks that would come from Bush. If Bush criticizes Dukakis for inexperience in foreign policy, Susan Estrich says, "Every time he mentions foreign-policy experience, I guarantee you we or someone on the Dukakis side will say, 'Oh, really? What about Iran-Contra? What about Noriega?' " Dukakis works in references to the Administration's dealings with Panamanian leader Manuel Antonio Noriega whenever he can, sometimes reaching pretty far to make the connec-

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tion. When he is asked about his opposition to the death penalty for drug "kingpins," which is now all the rage in Congress and which Bush supports (Dukakis is against the death penalty altogether), he refers to the Administration's past dealings with Noriega. The Dukakis people say, and obviously hope, that foreign and defense policy will have a lower priority in the coming election than domestic questions. Estrich says, "We'll ask who best understands our lives, our problems, sees things the way we do: is it a Greek-immigrant son who is himself the product of the American dream, or is it the Kennebunkport Republicans?"

George Bush's challenge is to prevent that from being the question on which the election turns. A Republican strategist said to me recently, "Couldn't he have spent the Memorial Day weekend in Houston?" He went on, "The thing to watch in this election, the real point of difference, will not be over issues, but who owns what perceptual territory when the people go to the polls in November." Bush's mannerisms as well as some of the things he says underscore the fact that he is the child of privilege. Some of Bush's people have understood for some time that his largest political problem might be a cultural one. Life is unfair in many ways, and while a Democrat—a Roosevelt or a Kennedy—can get away with being the product of wealth, especially if he has the common touch, it's more difficult for a Republican to do so, especially if he doesn't have it. A Democratic strategist says, "If our soft underbelly is that we are the party of blacks and poor people, their soft underbelly is that they are the party of country-club Republicans." Reagan is wealthy, but he had been through hard times and was able to convince people that he understood their problems. Neither Richard Nixon nor Barry Goldwater came from the Wasp aristocracy. Bush does, and it shows. His good manners make him the subject of ridicule: he said recently that Dukakis was saying "naughty" things about him, he says "heck" and refers to "deep doo-doo." His efforts to counter his breeding by trying to be one of the boys often come a cropper. A Republican strategist says, "The worst thing you can do in politics is try to be something you aren't." Bush says things that reinforce an impression that he might be out of touch with Americans from a less privileged background. In California, in the course of a speech to the students of Garfield High School, a predominantly Hispanic school in East Los Angeles that is famous for sending seventy per cent of its graduates to college and for specializing in calculus (it was featured in the movie "Stand and Deliver"), Bush told the students that "you don't have to go to college to be a success." He continued, "We need those people who build our buildings. . . . We need the people who run the offices, the people who do the hard physical work of our society." The Dukakis campaign charges that Bush's proposed cut in the capital-gains tax would benefit the rich. Bush, understandably, bridles at the "class" argument, saying that it is "absurd."

Bush quite validly points out that he has spent years in honorable public service, but that may be part of his problem now. Years of public service, no matter how honorable, can blunt one's thinking as well as one's political instincts. The trappings of the Vice-Presidency can easily become a cocoon. A Republican senator who likes Bush says that Bush may have had a clearer set of beliefs some time ago, but that as he has watched Reagan succeed by championing things he himself never would have espoused, it has become harder for him to know what he thinks. Someone who has worked closely with Bush says, "George Bush's thought process is that you go through the chairs—serve as this and that—and then run for the Presidency, and, if elected, you go out and get like-minded people and run the government." This explains, the person said, why Bush "has no vision" (Bush refers puzzledly to "the vision thing") and doesn't seem to know what he wants to do as President. In 1980, Reagan came across as quite clear about what he wanted to do.

Bush shows his awkwardness as a candidate in other ways as well. When he speaks off the cuff, he fights a continuing, and often losing, battle with the English language; he seems unable to resist critiquing his own performances ("Somewhere between going ballistic with Dan Rather and being benign and pleasant with Ted Koppel is the real me"). Recently, after making a strong speech at the Texas Republican State Convention attacking

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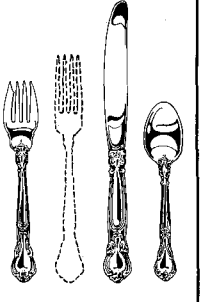

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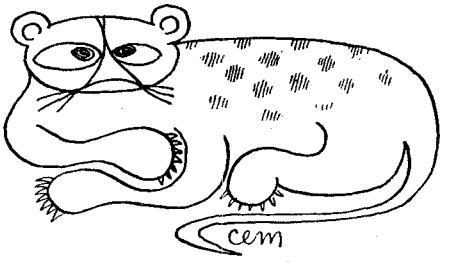
Dukakis, Bush made an appearance on "Nightline" that didn't go at all well. A number of people, including Republicans, questioned the wisdom of this scheduling: of having him step on the story of his speech by making another attention-getting appearance, or of having him appear on the program at all. In appearing on "Nightline" for an hour, Bush guaranteed that the topics would not be those he was stressing in his campaign. For most of the program, he was on the defensive about Noriega and the Iran-Contra affair. In the pressure of the moment, he several times confused Koppel with Rather ("It's Freudian. Hey, listen, it's Freudian"), with whom he had had a famously unfortunate interview earlier this year.

This gets to another piece of "perceptual territory" both candidates are fighting over: the question of who is tougher. The Dukakis people are confident that their man will win this one, because of his aggressive style (which not everyone will find attractive) and his avoidance of a bleeding-heart image. By questioning Bush's independence from Reagan, Dukakis and his people are raising questions about Bush's strength. Bush has a style problem here, too. Bush is a man of dignity and poise, and he is, as he points out, a war hero, but when he tries to show that he is tough (which may be his mistake) he often gets it wrong, and too often the dignity goes. It is then that Bush's voice goes to the higher registers, as he speaks faster, and that he looks frantic. (In a piece of self-revelation, Bush said to reporters at Kennebunkport, "When I get up here . . . I don't feel frantic.") What Bush doesn't seem to understand, or perhaps understands but hasn't assimilated, is that in most cases tough equals calm: Clint Eastwood, Gary Cooper, Ronald Reagan. In battling over who is tougher on drugs and crime, Bush and Dukakis are actually battling over who is tougher.

It has been Bush's misfortune thus far that the failures of the Reagan Administration attach to him, because he has been so loyal, while the successes do not, because they are so strongly identified with Reagan's persona. (This is what has given rise to the expression "Velcro candidate" to describe Bush, as opposed to Reagan as the "Teflon President.") Bush has taken several steps to separate himself from Reagan, as he has done in urging that the Administration not drop indictments against Noriega, in indicating that he would like Edwin Meese to resign, in calling for a postponement of certain drilling for oil off the California coast, in calling for stronger environmental protection. Republicans are, of course, delighted with the opportunity that House Speaker Jim Wright's current difficulties give them to try to blunt the "sleaze" issue; thus far, the charges against Wright do not seem very serious, except for some odoriferous arrangements by which friends and lobbyists were apparently able to help him out financially by publishing and purchasing a slim volume of his writings and sayings. An independent counsel's report on Meese is due any day now. When Bush does separate himself from Reagan, it is often a belabored exercise, one that draws attention to the fact that he is taking some steps, however small, out of the larger man's shadow. Some of this problem has to do not with Bush but with the institutional fix he is in. He is far from the first man who has found it difficult to run for the Presidency from the Vice-Presidency, which gives every appearance of being a soul-crushing job.

Robert Teeter, Bush's pollster, says that the way the Bush campaign can win is "by keeping the election focussed on the issues that are usually the most important issues of an election—the economy and foreign policy." Thus, Bush stresses peace and prosperity under Reagan. But Teeter adds, "You also stress experience and qualifications and the kinds of values that people want to have in a President now." The Bush people obviously feel that by attacking Dukakis on certain "values" issues they can show that he is the one who is not in tune with most Americans' values. In his Texas speech, Bush argued that it is Dukakis who is the élitist. Bush said, "When I wanted to learn the ways of the world, I didn't go to the Kennedy School, I came to Texas." (Dukakis went to the John F. Kennedy School of Government after he lost his bid for reëlection as governor.) Bush said, "I didn't study a monograph on the effects of economic growth, I started a business." He said, "Governor Dukakis, his foreign-policy views born in Harvard Yard's boutique, would cut the muscle of our defense." In an attempt to undermine Dukakis's efforts to paint himself as a moderate (in which Jackson helped him), Bush painted him as a liberal who imposed tax increases in Massachusetts, despite a campaign pledge that he would not do so, and might do so as President; he says that under Dukakis's governorship "Massachusetts has raised its spending far faster than has the nation as a whole." Bush and other Republicans point out that Dukakis opposes the death penalty, had a state program that granted furloughs to convicted murderers (the Dukakis people say many states have furlough programs), and vetoed a bill to require that schoolchildren recite the Pledge of Allegiance (the Dukakis people say that the bill was unconstitutional). The Bush campaign has test-marketed these issues, and also Dukakis's opposition to major weapons systems, and found them to be effective in trying to depict Bush as closer to the views of most of the American people. Though the Dukakis people say that the public won't focus on this or that weapons system, the Bush people say that the issue of Dukakis's wanting to cut major weapons systems will be the easiest of all, because it will be seen as part of a pattern. They are trying to portray Bush as generally tougher on law enforcement, including against drug users. In his Texas speech, Bush played to people's dislike of the Internal Revenue Service, which Dukakis vows to use more forcefully, by allying himself with a proposal for a Taxpayers' Bill of Rights, which has been floating around on Capitol Hill. A big effort is going into trying to undermine Dukakis's reputation as an effective governor; much will be made of Dukakis's now having to raise taxes to meet his state's revenue shortfall. Bush's approach is not only one of attack: he has also made a speech recently on his education proposals, which were modest, and addressed urban policy, about which he said that a task force should be appointed, and



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called for more assistance for certain programs, and, like his opponent, called for "initiative involving federal/state/private partnerships."

THE many analyses of Reagan's visit to the Soviet Union which largely write off the meeting as a substanceless, "photo opportunity" summit miss the point. The very symbolism of the summit was substance: the meeting was an important political, even historic, event—and Reagan, a few missteps notwithstanding, played his part well. He oversimplified, of course, but in doing so, as is often the case, he got a powerful message across: The relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union has changed. Summit meetings are now the norm. By throwing in with Mikhail Gorbachev and endorsing his attempt at economic and social reforms (*perestroika* and *glasnost*), he sent the clear signal to the world that Gorbachev is a different kind of Soviet leader, one with whom, Margaret Thatcher said over three years ago, to many guffaws, "We can do business." In putting his arm around Gorbachev in the course of a walk in Red Square, in calling him his friend, he validated him. Asked by reporters for the umpteenth time whether he still considered the Soviet Union an "evil empire" (Reagan: 1983), Reagan said, "I was talking about another time, another era." In fact, the Reagan Administration is treading warily, and without a road map, into its new relationship with the Soviet Union. In part, this is because it doesn't know how long Gorbachev will last or what would come after him; in part, because it must tread carefully around the land mines of domestic politics, not appear to have gone all soft; and in part because it has not undertaken the serious analysis that such a dramatic change in policy would presumably warrant.

One official described the changing policy toward the Soviet Union as "a very big thing that the government has not been able to argue out and decide how to deal with." The "optics" provided by the President in Moscow, he said, while going a long way to give Gorbachev encouragement, are not backed by any settled economic policy toward the Soviet Union. "There has been no internal debate in the Administration about how to greet this," he said. The reason, it appears, is that there is still a wariness among people inside the government about even engaging in such a debate; "everyone's afraid of looking too soft," said one official. While many of the ideologues who populated the Reagan Administration are gone, there are still enough of them around, and the atmosphere even outside the Administration is still sufficiently militant that officials are wary of getting too far beyond what is deemed acceptable. A number of careers have been destroyed in the past eight years for ideological incorrectness. The debate on the outside is also constrained. Even George Bush, after the summit, took issue with Reagan's generous new view of the Soviet Union. So officials deal with the dilemma, and displace serious debate, and substitute for a policy, by saying they don't know how long Gorbachev will last. They also raise the obvious question of whether Gorbachev's attempts to improve the Soviet economy will turn the Soviet Union more inward and be accompanied by a reduction of external adventurism, or whether an improved economy would be used to back increasingly aggressive behavior. My sense is that most top officials, looking at the current Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan and involved in discussions with the Soviets about using their influence with the Cubans and Angolans to work out a settlement in southern Africa, and listening to Gorbachev, are inclined to believe that he does consider such adventurism passé and the possibility of a military conflict with the United States out of the question. (Gorbachev said, "It is the fate of our two countries, two peoples, whether we want it or not, to live together and to coöperate.") But they are covering their bases, and when Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci, in what appeared to be a dissent from the chummy atmosphere of the summit, said in a recent speech that helping the Soviet Union modernize may be "an enormous miscalculation," and warned against emulating the détente of the nineteen-seventies (the word never crosses Administration officials' lips), White House officials said that this was consistent with their views. Quietly, trade and investment policy toward the Soviet Union has been loosened, though Administration officials are quick to say that of course this will not violate our ban on giving the Soviet Union sensitive technology. But even a very conservative official said to me recently that he wondered whether the Administration was doing enough to help Gorbachev, or whether it might miss a historic opportunity.

Despite the talk of continuing progress on a new agreement to reduce strategic arms, most officials say that there is little to no likelihood of one being completed before Reagan leaves office. Still, Administration members want to get a new START agreement as far along as possible—or ostensibly so—to leave to the next President to complete. A senior Administration official said to me in a recent interview, "My day would not be spoiled if we have a complete START package to leave at the end of the Administration, with S.D.I. as the outstanding issue." But the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars, is only one of several remaining issues. Even if the United States and the Soviet Union resolve most of their remaining differences, a START agreement would be far from ready for ratification, and would in fact be something of a phony document. The real difficulty in consummating a START agreement has less to do with the much discussed problems with verification, which are difficult enough, or even with the President's insistence that the United States has the unilateral right to proceed with his dream of having America protected by a space-based defense system, than with fundamental decisions about what our defense policy is which have yet to be made by the Reagan Administration—and probably won't be made before the next President takes over. And all of this is affected by the Administration's end-of-second-term fatigue. There has been no great drive within the Administration for arms control. Getting Senate approval of the intermediate-range-nuclear-forces agreement (I.N.F.), which was finally achieved, Perils of Pauline style, on the eve of the summit, proved more time-consuming and difficult than the Administration had figured on (this difficulty, too, had to do in part with the fatigue).

Secretary of State George Shultz has been distracted—by the Middle East and Panama, among other matters. He

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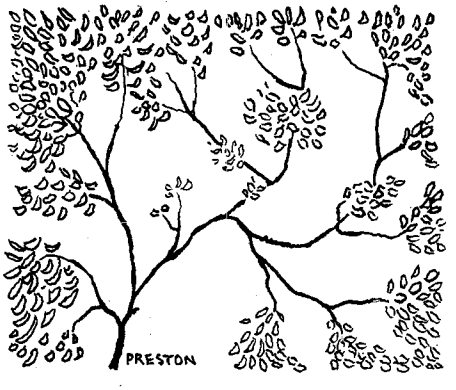
recently returned empty-handed from what will probably be his last trip to the Middle East. The Panama debacle was overtaken by the summit; it was probably in hopes of that that the Administration desperately tried to get an agreement with Noriega before the summit (Shultz even delayed his departure), with Administration officials torn over whether it would be more embarrassing to get the rather lenient agreement that the United States had proffered to Noriega, or to not get it. With Bush having taken a step out of Reagan's shadow by saying that the indictments brought against Noriega should not be dropped (for good measure, the Senate adopted a resolution, sponsored by Robert Dole, opposing the dropping of the indictments, by a vote of eighty-six to ten), the internal war within the Administration over whether to drop them went public. (Bush is said by an adviser to have been surprised at all the attention, and praise, his step had attracted.) While Bush and his friend Treasury Secretary James Baker were arguing that the indictments should not be dropped, Shultz and national-security adviser Colin Powell went on television saying that they should. (Their argument within the Administration was that it had already paid the political price for discussing the dropping of the indictments, which weren't of much practical value, and the important thing was to get Noriega out.) The President stuck with the original plan to drop them if that would get Noriega to leave office, and then the Administration was humiliated once again when Noriega rejected the offer. Not content to leave bad enough alone, Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams suggested that perhaps we would try to overthrow Noriega, but we'd already tried that, and he also let it be known that the use of military action was not ruled out (even though Carlucci had already held him off about this earlier). Another idea that has been floating around is to try to get someone to arrest Noriega and take him to a part of Panama under American military jurisdiction—where, presumably, he would be offered the options of leaving Panama or facing trial. (This is the way the United States got Juan Matta Ballesteros, a major Honduran drug dealer, arrested and brought to the United States—causing anti-American riots in Honduras.) More than one Administration official has called the Panama affair "a disaster," something that was got into without much thought as to how, or even why. Powell is said by associates to regret not having got into the thing earlier and stopped it before it got so far along. The White House has been trying to discourage public statements by officials about how soon they expect Noriega to go. Meanwhile, the peace talks between the Contras and the Sandinistas have broken down, with each side blaming the other, and the Administration debating over whether to ask Congress to resume military aid to the Contras. Some officials want to at least tide the Contras over until the next Administration arrives. One Administration official, talking to me recently (even before the military coup in Haiti this week) about the various recent setbacks to its policy in Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Guatemala, and the growing resistance to our large presence in Honduras, said unhappily, "We're back to where we were in 1980." He may have been too optimistic.

The biggest obstacle in the way of a START treaty, according to a number of officials, is the fact that the military can't decide what kind of land-based missile systems it wants as a result of the contemplated fifty-per-cent reduction of each side's warheads. The Joint Chiefs of Staff don't want to be pressed to make such a decision, and no real treaty can go forward until one has been made and the chiefs are on board. Even if the Administration goes for a piece of paper—to have something to show—without having resolved this underlying issue, the Senate would never approve a START treaty until it was resolved. There is also a question as to whether the chiefs would go along with such a gambit. A senior Administration official told me recently, "Where the chiefs are is 'Don't try to pin us down on START until we know what we can plan for.' " The chiefs don't know what they can plan for because basic questions about our military structure have not been resolved by the Administration. One powerful senator says that he finds the current state of defense policy so uncoherent that he is about to throw up his hands. The next President, he says, will have to resolve things.



The issues that will have to be resolved before a START agreement can come into being involve pride, politics, and serious philosophical differences about how to structure the best deterrent under a START regime. The Administration and Congress have been fighting for nearly eight years now over the large, ten-warhead MX missile, which the Administration and the Air Force prefer, with a number of powerful members of Congress, including Sam Nunn, preferring a single-warhead mobile missile, the Midgetman. Nunn believes that adherents of S.D.I. within the Administration have resisted the Midgetman because they feel that they have a better chance of selling S.D.I. if the force posture is vulnerable, and that for the same reason the MXs that have been wrung from Congress are based in vulnerable fixed silos. Powell said to me in a recent interview that for now both the MX and the Midgetman will go forward "at some level determined by Congress, and the next Administration will have to make a choice." Just about no one thinks there is the money, not to mention the rationale, for both systems. Powell said, "The Joint Chiefs of Staff would have difficulty going to closure on a START treaty without knowing the nature of a mobile program—if there is a mobile program." Carlucci has proposed placing the MX on railroad cars, which hasn't been met with a lot of enthusiasm on Capitol Hill and is the latest in a long list of bizarre proposals for basing the MX. Nunn says that a trainload of MXs would make "a vulnerable and lucrative target." There are also other unresolved issues between and within the military services over how the reduced number of warheads from a START agreement should be allocated. One observer says that the real problem isn't getting an agreement with the Soviet Union, it's getting one among the services.

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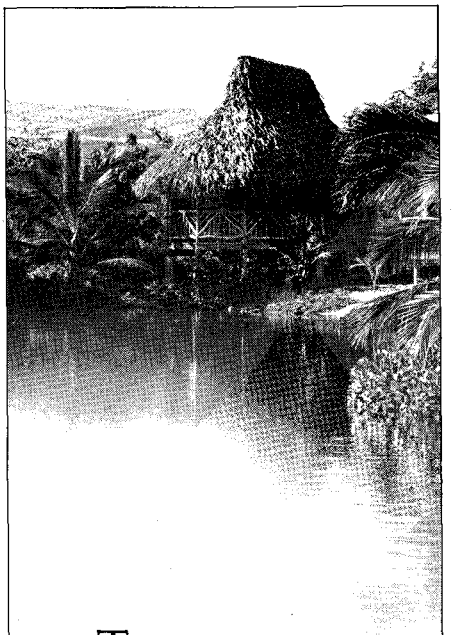
Nunn says, "Until we develop a consensus on our ground-force posture and relate that to stability in an arms-control context we're not ready for a START agreement." Some people—Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger, among others—argue that a START agreement might in fact lead to a strategic imbalance in the Soviet Union's favor. But another school of thought holds that a START agreement wouldn't make much difference one way or another, that it would be largely a symbolic treaty (as is the I.N.F. agreement, which removes only four per cent of the world's nuclear weapons). According to this view, a real difference would come only from a treaty that made still deeper cuts, or a policy that dramatically redesigned both sides' force structures, with single-warhead missiles (not necessarily mobile) replacing multiple independently targeted reëntry vehicles—the MIRVs that Nixon and Kissinger brought upon us in order to buy off the military on an earlier arms-control treaty. (Kissinger later said, "I wish I had thought through the implications of a MIRVed world.") Nunn is among those who would like to see a return to a single-warhead world, and who think that the Soviets might agree (and that such a change would be verifiable). Dukakis, in his recent talk on foreign and defense policy, reiterated his opposition to both a mobile MX and the Midgetman, and made no mention of any other single-warhead missile. His advisers say that he might support a single-warhead missile, but Dukakis himself doesn't say this. As an adviser describes his position, Dukakis would want to get a START agreement first and then decide what to do—decide, in Dukakis's words, "what new weapons systems, if any," we'll need—which is opposite to where the Joint Chiefs, and Nunn, are. Bush supports the proposal to put the MX on railroad cars, and, according to a spokesman, supports the idea of "looking at" a single-warhead system but is "not at this point ready to propose a particular system."

As for S.D.I., various solutions are possible, especially as it becomes increasingly clear (perhaps to all but the President) that the President's concept won't work, and as it has also become clear that Congress won't allow the President to break out of the anti-ballistic-missile (A.B.M.) treaty, or reinterpret it, to test, develop, and deploy a space-based S.D.I. The ambiguous and tortured wording on this subject that both sides agreed to at the Washington summit, last December, is not acceptable to the United States as treaty language, and Powell, representing the President's views, earlier this year shot down an attempt by Shultz and arms negotiator Paul Nitze to negotiate with the Soviets over what testing would be permitted. The Administration is still locked in an internal argument on this point. Moreover, the Administration hasn't decided what kind of defensive system it would like to have. The resolution of this, too, awaits the next President.

THE most fascinating by-product of the Moscow summit was the new insights it gave us into Reagan. Not an introspective man, he has been with us for a long time without revealing much about himself. He presents himself as he wants us to see him. The recent books about him tell us more about the passive, uncurious side of him that we had known was also there. Overreliance on those books, though, can throw people off about the canny, determined, even bullheaded Reagan; if he weren't those things as well he wouldn't have been President for eight years. Without those attributes, he would not have dominated the agenda to the extent that he has, the Iran-Contra affair might not have happened, and he might not have ended up in Moscow. Reagan defies convention and makes leaps of imagination—for good or for ill. Of course he oversimplified in Moscow, but his oversimplification allowed him to send powerful messages, as it does here. His pushing for human rights may or may not have been helpful to his (and Gorbachev's) cause, his talk about freedom may or may not have hit its mark, and he was downright embarrassing when he talked about American Indians (saying that "maybe we should not have humored them" by letting them stay on reservations and maybe we should have let them become citizens—which they are—and that "some of them became very wealthy because some of those reservations were overlaying great pools of oil") or when, to ease up on Gorbachev, he attributed human-rights problems to "the bureaucracy." But the large leap of imagination he took, the one that



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got him to Moscow, endorsing a Soviet leader who is also a visionary, and therefore at risk, might change history.

The revelations came in some seemingly offhand remarks Reagan made in the course of his five days in Moscow. We have known of course that Reagan relates to movies. He gave Gorbachev a copy of "Friendly Persuasion," because, he said, it showed "not just the tragedy of war but the problems of pacifism, the nobility of patriotism, as well as the love of peace." The movie, starring Gary Cooper and about a Quaker family during the Civil War, has an ambiguous moral about the use of force, and must have puzzled Gorbachev and his colleagues as they tried to fathom the meaning of Reagan's gesture. We have also known that he thinks in visual terms, and that his acting skills have been a critical part of his political career. But in Moscow, perhaps out of an awareness that his Presidency is coming to an end, he let us in on how that works. At a meeting with intellectuals and artists, he said, "In looking back, I believe that acting did help prepare me for the work I do now," that it had given him "two indispensable lessons." The first, he said, quoting the Soviet filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein, was "The most important thing is to have the vision. The next is to grasp and hold it. You must see and feel what you are thinking. . . . You must hold and fix it in your memory and senses." He continued, "To grasp and hold a vision, to fix it in your senses, that is the very essence, I believe, of successful leadership." The second, he said, was "You get inside a character, a place, and a moment." At the same event, he explained his evolution from the decrier of the "evil empire" to the friendly tourist in Moscow. He said, "In the movie business, actors often get what we call typecast." He explained, "The studios come to think of you as playing certain kinds of roles, so those are the kinds of roles they give you. And no matter how hard you try, you just can't get them to think of you in any other way." And then he said, "Well, politics is a little like that, too. So I've had a lot of time and reason to think about my role." And back in Washington he told a group of reporters that he felt that his trip was like a Cecil B. De Mille production, and that he had "dropped into a grand historical moment."

—Elizabeth Drew

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BOOKS

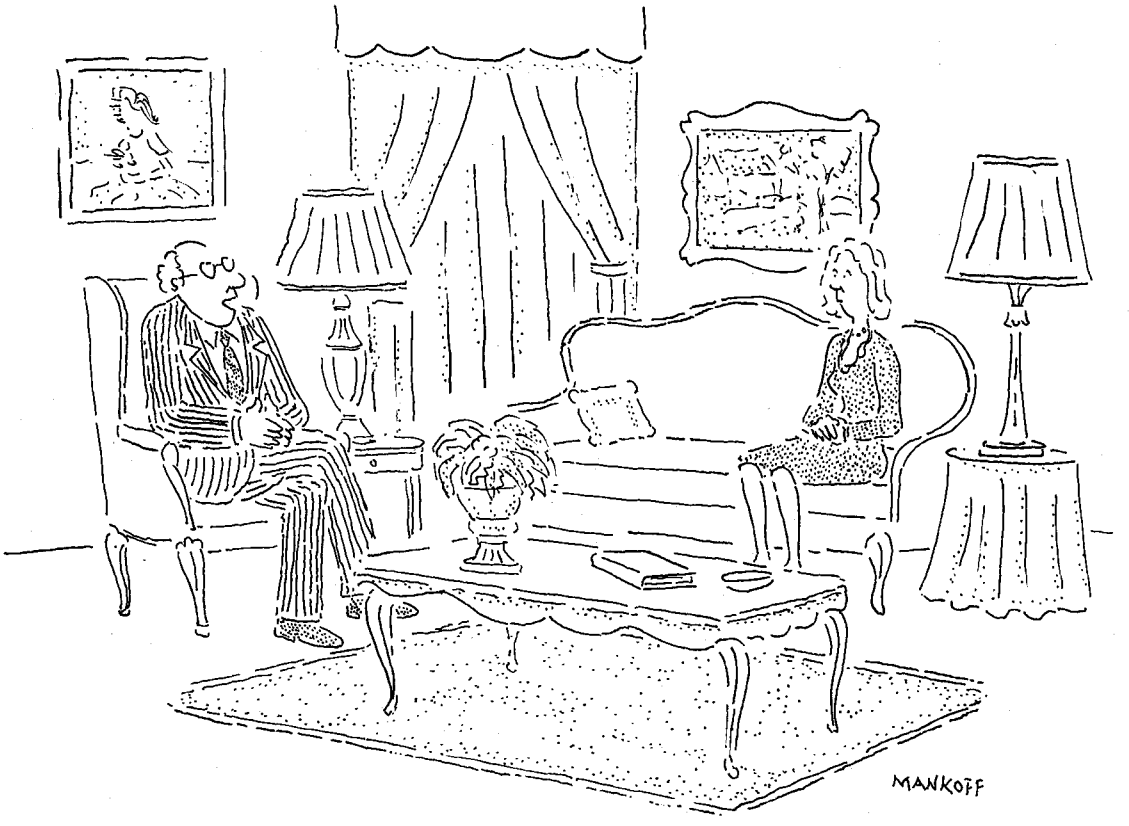
Small Packages

IN an era when nobody has enough time to read and the world is running out of trees, you would think small novels would be the thing. But the popular, or folk, sense of the novel is that to earn its keep it should be big, and, with few exceptions, the front tables at Waldenbooks groan under opuses thicker than a strong man's wrist. The three short novels about to be reviewed all come from Europe, and all, oddly enough, take place in France, though one is written in German. Perhaps France, with its fast trains, topless bathing suits, and habit of aphorism, is the last country in the West where anything can happen in less than two hundred pages.

A great deal happens in Raymond Queneau's "Pierrot Mon Ami" (translated from the French by Barbara Wright; Dalkey Archive Press; $20), and yet as far as the inner development of the hero is concerned nothing happens. But this is Queneau's perennial point: the banality and cheerful nullity of experience. We always feel good reading a Queneau novel; he is the least depressing of the moderns, the least heavy, with something Mozartian about the easy, self-pleasing flow of his absurd plots. "Pierrot Mon Ami" (what sort of translation is that? what would be wrong with "Pierrot My Friend" or "My Pal Pierrot"?) is centered, fittingly, on an amusement park; Uni Park lies in the northwest of Paris, toward Argenteuil, near the Seine, in a raffish region of factories and vacant lots. Pierrot, when we first meet him, has been newly hired to work in the Palace of Fun, where his principal duty, and that of his colleagues Petit-Pouce and Paradis, is to steer young women over the vents that blow their skirts up, to the edification and delight of paying voyeurs called "philosophers." Queneau's preening, rather professorial language puts a strange glaze on this rude material:

> [In the Palace of Fun] maliciously-calculated indignities pursued the buffs' every step: staircases whose steps collapsed horizontally, planks that jumped up at a right angle or curved in and became a basin, a conveyor belt that moved in alternate directions, floors that consisted of strips shaken with a Brownian movement. And more. Pierrot's job was to get the people out of this impasse. With the men, it was enough to give them a hand, but when a woman, terrified by this difficult passage, came along, you grabbed her by the wrists, you lugged her, you tugged her, and you finally plunked her down over an air vent that sent her skirts billowing up—the first treat for the philosophers, if this flurry revealed enough thigh.

Pierrot's task encounters obstruction, however, when some pimps accompanying their women cagily hold the billowing skirts down, to the enragement of the philosophers, producing a small riot, with the result that the Palace of Fun is closed by the police. That same evening, Pierrot falls in love with a girl, Yvonne, who turns out to be the daughter of Uni Park's proprietor, Eusèbe Pradonet; Pierrot offends Pradonet by running him over with a bumper car, and is thereupon fired. His next unsuccessful job is as assistant to a fakir, Crouïa Bey, whom Pradonet's mistress, Madame Prouillot, recognizes as the brother of her long-lost love, Jojo Mouilleminche. Our hero faints when Crouïa Bey/Sidi Mouilleminche begins to pierce his cheeks with hatpins, and so he loses that job. His next involvement is with the mysterious Arthème Mounnezergues, who owns a piece of land, in a corner of Uni Park, on which he has erected a chapel to the memory of a Poldevian prince, who might, it turns out, be the reputedly dead Jojo Mouilleminche, who also seems to be a Monsieur Voussois, an animal trainer in the Midi to whom Pierrot, once again gainfully if briefly employed, is trucking a wild boar called Pistolet and an ape named Mésange. There's much more to the



"I'd like to say something to you, Miriam—strictly off the record, of course."

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story, too, such as an affair between Yvonne and Paradis, and the machinations of Pradonet to obtain for Uni Park the plot of land Mounnezergues has consecrated to the alleged Poldevian prince, but all these intrigues and coincidences generate in their whirl no more heat than a swarm of fireflies. Queneau, without cracking a smile or dropping a stitch of his parody of a plot, demonstrates how futilely feverish human activity is.

Not only our outer but our inner lives are genially reduced to absurdity. The French have traditionally prized the life of the mind, and Queneau attentively reports Pierrot's mental states:

> Leaning comfortably on his elbows, Pierrot was thinking about the death of Louis XVI, which means, specifically, about nothing in particular; his mind contained nothing but a mental, light, and almost luminous mist, like the fog on a beautiful winter morning, nothing but a flight of anonymous midges.
>
> Pierrot continued on his way and thought about nothing, which he managed to do with some facility, and even without meaning to; in this way he reached the embankment.
>
> During this journey, he thought, among other things, that it was high time he got his skates on and found a job. This thought was quicker than a flash, though, and he didn't dwell on it; and the rest of the time he thought a little about Yvonne and a lot about nothing.

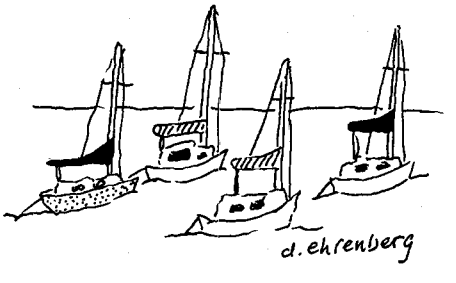
The vagueness and triviality of thought extend to memory, whose powers were so impressively extolled by Proust. Pierrot brings Proust down to earth when he reflects upon his past: "He was thinking that it isn't funny to have had a childhood like his, it goes sour on you, it goes mouldy, and the good bits where you can look back and see you were so nice and so full of hope are forever tarnished by the rest." Madame Pradonet tells her daughter:

> When *you* have a past, Vovonne, you'll realize what an odd thing it is. In the first place, there's whole chunks of it that have caved in: absolutely nothing left. Elsewhere, there's weeds that've grown haphazard, and you can't recognize anything there either. And then there's places that you think are so beautiful that you give them a fresh coat of paint every year, sometimes in one color, sometimes in another, and they end up not looking in the least like what they were.

Such deflationary psychological realism is temperamentally one with Queneau's scrupulous inventory of a shopwindow: "Gathering dust . . . were sticks of licorice, ceramic figures sitting on chamber pots, spools of thread, and illustrated publications, both Gallic and juvenile. Crippled tin soldiers threatened one another with their sabers or their buckled rifles, while authentic old Épinal prints were yellowing to the point of turning russet." Like James Joyce, Queneau recognized that the texture of daily life for Western man has become predominantly commercial; the contents of shopwindows excite his characters to thought in the way flowers and stars prompted exclamation in Romantic poets. Pierrot is fascinated by a ball-bearing manufacturer's display of "little steel spheres mathematically rebounding on drums made of the same metal," and Étienne, the meditative hero of Queneau's first novel, "The Bark Tree" (1933), broods over "two little ducks floating in a waterproof hat that had been filled with water in order to demonstrate its primary quality." Without his oddly ardent precision, Queneau's playfulness and sly rigor would not hold us; along with the anti-intellectual intellectualism that terms rowdy voyeurs "philosophers" he has a real affection for the surface of life as it is, in its sweet vapidity and farcical appetites.

One might add that "Pierrot Mon Ami" was published in 1942, in an Occupied France surrounded by a war alluded to only, and very obliquely, by the destruction of Uni Park, which is consumed by a conflagration spread by fiery planes flung from the chairoplane tower. And that Queneau's frequent translator, Barbara Wright, has waltzed around the floor with the Master so many times by now that she follows his quirky French as if the steps were in English.

Patrick Süskind, born near Munich in 1949, became a writer of international note with the publication of his widely successful novel "Perfume." As a performance, "Perfume" was dazzlingly expert and thrillingly cold: a tough one to follow. His new offering, "The Pigeon"—a long short story prettily got up as a book by Knopf (translated from the German by John E. Woods; $14.95)—though certainly destined for nothing like "Perfume" 's success, deepens my affection and respect for this author; he shows here, after his brilliant exercise in eighteenth-century monstrosity, a willingness to work within the range of the normal and contemporary, and to derive startling colors from a freshness of angle rather than from another century's susceptibility to fabulation.



Freshness remains the fiction writer's problem; in an age when the old romantic and moral largenesses are so worn and coarsened as to be fit for little but parody and best-sellerdom, the microscopic offers fresh territory. The massive minutiae of Proust and Joyce and the circling, semi-paralyzed sensibilities of Faulkner and Kafka offer ample modernist precedent for a fiction of inflammation. The story of "The Pigeon" is almost nothing: Jonathan Noel, an unmarried Parisian bank guard in his fifties, encounters a pigeon in the hall outside the exiguous room he has occupied since 1954, and for the next twenty-four hours wrestles with the terror that this modest disturbance of his life of seclusion and routine causes him. The hundred pages in which Süskind traces his obscure hero's overreaction are crowded with enlarged details:

> [The pigeon] laid its head to one side and was glaring at Jonathan with its left eye. This eye, a small, circular disc, brown with a black center, was dreadful to behold. It was like a button sewn onto the feathers of the head, lashless, browless, quite naked, turned quite shamelessly to the world and monstrously open; at the same time, however, there was something guarded and devious in that eye; and yet likewise it seemed to be neither open nor guarded, but rather quite simply lifeless, like the lens of a camera that swallows all external light and allows nothing to shine back out of its interior. No luster, no shimmer lay in that eye, not a spark of anything alive. It was an eye without sight. And it glared at Jonathan.

We murder to dissect, Wordsworth said; and under the scalpel of Süskind's sharply observant prose all objects yield a redolence of death, even the bodies of the young girls whom the hero of "Perfume" kills to extract their complex, enchanting aromas. The pigeon's lifeless button eye makes almost understandable the bank guard's hysterical fear; and the fraction that we do not

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quite understand leads us to read on. The guard's day of standing on the bank steps is full of suspense, as the sensations of standing still are rendered with an ominous, half-humorous exactitude:

> After only a few minutes he could feel the burden of his body as a painful pressure on his soles; he shifted his weight from one foot to the other and back again, sending him into a gentle stagger and making him interpolate little sidesteps to keep his center of gravity—which until now he had always held on classical plumb—from slipping off balance.

When he eats lunch, his tense mood inflames the simple act of swallowing:

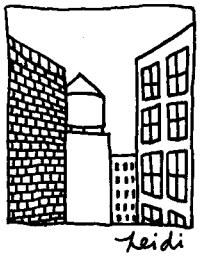
> It took an eternity before the bite got to his stomach, it crept down his esophagus with snail-like slowness, sometimes almost sticking there and pressing and hurting as if a nail were being driven into his chest, till Jonathan thought he would choke to death on this nauseating mouthful.

And when, in his distraction, he rips his trousers on the back of a park bench, the little tear becomes a crevasse:

> It also seemed to him that the *rip*—it was still echoing in his ears—had been so monstrously loud that more than his trousers had been torn, that the tear had ripped right through him, through the bench, through the whole park, like a gaping crevasse during an earthquake, and it seemed as if all the people roundabout must have heard it, this terrible *rip*.

As with his contemporary writers in German Peter Handke and Thomas Bernhard, rage lurks beneath the taut surface of Süskind's world. Jonathan, as the sun climbs higher, spitefully exults in his sweating and itching: "The suffering suited him fine, it justified and inflamed his hate and his rage, and the rage and the hate in turn inflamed the suffering, for it set his blood surging ever more fiercely, continually squeezing new ripples of sweat from the pores of his skin." The bank guard has not always lived insulated from the agonies of his times; we are told at the outset that his parents disappeared in the Second World War, he became a farm laborer in the tyrannical care of an uncle, and as a young man he served and was wounded in Indo-China. But, more than Handke and Bernhard, Süskind balances his dark side with a healing, comedic tendency: "The Pigeon" ends not unhappily, after Jonathan's recognition that even he needs people and his return, "on the wings of bliss," to the rain-puddled innocence of his childhood. In the course of its tiny adventure, the novella seems to run through most of the relations a man can strike with the world, and, by virtue of Süskind's powers of magnification, achieves a surprisingly large resonance.

THE young French writer Emmanuel Carrère is also a formidable magnifier, at least in "The Mustache" (translated by Lanie Goodman; Scribners, $17.95 cloth; Collier, $7.95 paper). It is his third novel; his second, "Bravoure," won two prizes, the Prix Passion and the Prix de la Vocation, and this one comes to translation into English bedecked with Franco-American praise. The tale's point of departure seems as trivial as a pigeon in the hall: a young Parisian architect, left nameless, decides to shave off the mustache he has been sporting for ten years. Like the bank guard of Süskind's tale, he is a man of routine, who shaves twice a day, the second time while luxuriating in his bathtub, which is surrounded by mirrors: "He'd prepare a drink, kept within arm's reach, then lavishly spread the shaving cream on his chin, going back and forth with the razor, making sure not to come too close to his mustache, which he would later trim with a scissors." Any fictional character with a razor in his hand makes a reader nervous, and our hero's impulsive, impish decision to surprise his wife, Agnes, by shaving off his mustache feels like a dangerous violation of the quotidian order. So it proves. Returning to their apartment and to her husband, she notices nothing different, though his upper lip is not only bare but paler than his ski-vacation-tanned face. When pressed, she claims that he never *had* a mustache. His friends and colleagues, too, assert that he never had a mustache, and Agnes maintains this fiction or delusion even while staring at vacation photographs of her husband's mustached self or when confronted with the mustache's remnants, rescued from the garbage.



What has happened? We never quite know, though the permutations of progressively malignant confusion are exquisitely described; in a sense, the book offers a paradigm of marital misunderstanding, with its volatile alternations of tenderness and rage, quarrel and lovemaking, empathy and bafflement. Agnes, who works at a publishing house, does have a history of willful and stubborn lying, even in the teeth of contradictory evidence, but this does not explain the apparent blindness of his colleagues at work and of the café owner across the street to the hero's newly clean-shaven condition, or her perfectly enacted appearance of distress at what she construes as *his* loss of sanity. At one point, when he confronts her with a mustached identity photo of himself, she rubs a wet finger across the mustache and shows him a spot of ink on her fingertip, accusing him of doctoring the photo with Magic Marker. Then she produces a razor blade from her pocketbook and scrapes away the mustache in the photo. As their grapple approaches full-fledged "conjugal guerrilla warfare," each suspecting the other of insanity, what has been a loving relationship and a thriving conventional marriage reasserts itself in painful oscillations of mood:

> He vacillated between anger and a nauseating tenderness for Agnes, poor Agnes, his wife, Agnes, totally fragile, delicately put together, a sly fox, with a fine line between an active mind and the irrationality that had begun to consume her.... Through the power of his love, patience, and tact, he'd tear her away from her demons, row with all his strength to get her to shore. He'd hit her if he had to, for the sake of love, just like you'd knock out a struggling swimmer to keep him from drowning. A wave of tenderness swept over him, facilitating this sudden burst of terrible and disturbing metaphors.

Agnes's denials of her husband's reality grow in scope: she denies that they have ever been on vacation in Java, though a blanket bought there hangs on the wall, and she tells him his father is dead, though he has just heard his father's voice on the answering machine. Yet the spreading irrationality is not only in her—an old Cary Grant picture that the couple watch together on television turns into a preposterous mélange—and "The Mustache" is not simply "Gaslight" with a female Charles Boyer. The irrationality lies in the tale itself, and the author has a nimble job of it to keep his hero away from a character who might restore order. The architect flees, for instance, from a scheduled appointment with a psychiatrist, and he unaccountably cannot find the apartment building where his parents live and where he

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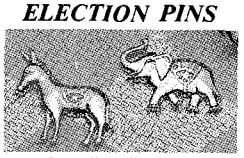

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himself lived for ten years. "The Mustache," fine and glossy and inexorable, like a machine with one lost gear tooth, processes reactions and emotions within a universe whose laws have slipped. The only rational explanation —if one is demanded—is that somehow, at the moment of his shaving off his mustache, the hero and his wife enter parallel universes, which one respectable contemporary school of cosmology holds are generated with every ambiguity of quantum measurement. In the words of the physicist Bryce DeWitt, "Every quantum transition taking place on every star, in every galaxy, in every remote corner of the universe is splitting our local world on earth into myriads of copies of itself."

But "The Mustache" is not science fiction; it is a fantasy situated just to one side of our world and an alarming commentary upon it. The stability of our personal lives rests upon a consensus of perception and memory that in fact has no guarantee. We are solipsists who in uneasy conjunction with other solipsists construct a society and a shared world. The apparatus and conventions of modern bourgeois life—the credit cards, the answering machines, the vacations by jet, the matter-of-fact sensuality, the days beginning with a shave and a "hiccuping coffeepot"—glitter familiarly through the slats of Carrère's subtly distorting, abruptly lowered blind. The relatively exotic settings of Hong Kong and Macao are realistically rendered, with plenty of tourist information, when the maddened hero flees there. The dénouement is drastic, but then so is any dislocation, however apparently minor, in our structure of shared perceptions. The book gets under one's skin; more than once, I turned to the back of the jacket to ponder, in the photograph of the boyish-looking author, the naked expanse of his prominent upper lip, to see whether something was growing there, or had been recently removed. "The Mustache" has been likened to "The Metamorphosis," but in Kafka's fable, once we accept that Gregor Samsa awakes in the body of a large insect, everything proceeds sturdily, dependably, knitting itself like a healing wound around this initial violation of probability, whereas Carrère's mise en scène deteriorates more and more; it melts away until nothing remains but the hero's possibly especially French determination to think, in a world where thought no longer works. Gogol's "The Nose" offers a closer parallel, since the world of the eccentric Russian master is also slippery and inconsistent. But Gogol's nonsense is forgiving; he conjures up a Russia so brightly tinted and primitive as to casually permit physical miracles—a nose in a loaf of bread, a blank space where a man can no longer take snuff—and the nose reappears on its proper face one morning as if its interval of absence were a dream. A much grimmer effort is necessary in "The Mustache" to put everything "back in place."

The book's ending shocks us, and we are additionally shocked to read, in a notation under the last line, that it was written in five weeks—"Biarritz-Paris / April 22-May 27, 1985." This is an arrogant miniaturization of Joyce's dating of his majestic labor on "Ulysses"—"Trieste-Zurich-Paris, 1914-1921." But "Candide," it is said, was written in three days, and perhaps "The Mustache" could only have been rapidly improvised, a nightmare of slippage the author pulled quickly from the placid yuppie textures of the life around him. His book is, to risk a rather devalued word, stunning—stunning in the speed and agility with which it slices through to its underlying desolation, and stunning in its final impact. In less than a hundred and fifty pages, it packs a punch.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SANDMOUTH, by Ronald Frame (Knopf; $19.95). From a Scottish novelist, an ambitious composite portrait of a seaside town on a St. George's Day in postwar England. Beneath Sandmouth's cozy, proper surface lies what one woman, in the midst of a humiliating, nearly brutal affair, calls "the sinister undertow to genteel life." The vicar's daughter communes privately with her dead sister; the bank clerk attempts weekly sex with his wife but longs for a prep-school boy; and the semi-retarded bastard niece of the wealthy Lady de Castellet personifies the fear of being "found out" which the dozens of characters in this book unknowingly share. Silently, with her mooning stare, she hovers behind bushes and at windows to take in the town's secrets. Mr. Frame's

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writing is precise and poetic by turns, and better than the book that contains it; the day's sordid finish doesn't satisfy the requirements of all the subplots he is trying to weave together.

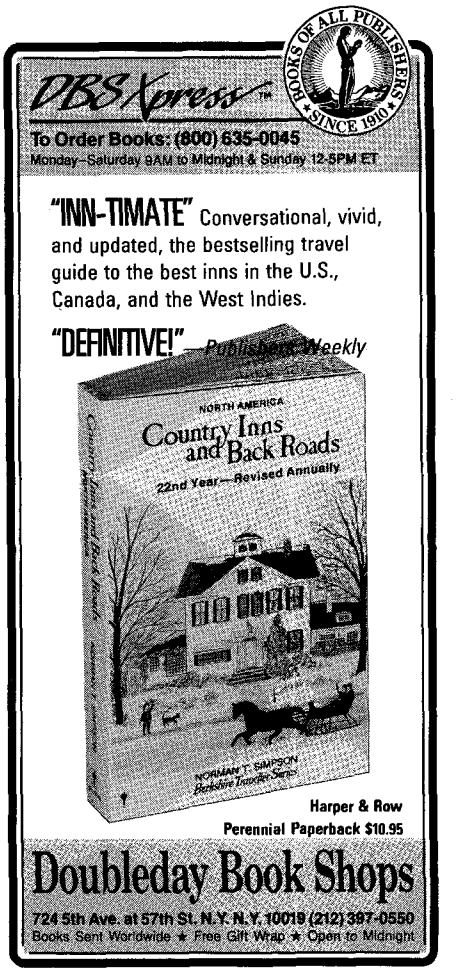
THE MYSTERIES OF PITTSBURGH, by Michael Chabon (Morrow; $16.95). The writer is twenty-five years old, and this book is a nearly perfect example of the promising first novel. It's a first-person coming-of-age story about a sensitive young man, just out of college, who is trying to figure out exactly who he is, and Chabon handles this material with a deftness—a real writer's grace—that it probably doesn't deserve. The intellectual and sexual confusions of the hero, Art Bechstein, are honestly portrayed and never become as tiresome as we fear they will. Chabon writes beautiful sentences—scrupulously crafted, yet retaining an easy colloquial vitality—and he keeps the narrative moving along. Finally, though, it's all too familiar: somebody dies, summer ends, the hero makes a choice. We're grateful to Chabon for giving us a fairly painless trip through this first-novel territory, but the book feels slight, almost weightless. "The Mysteries of Pittsburgh" is all spirit and no body, a lovely, darting apparition.

GENERAL

WHITE TRIBE DREAMING: APARTHEID'S BITTER ROOTS AS WITNESSED BY EIGHT GENERATIONS OF AN AFRIKANER FAMILY, by Marq de Villiers (Viking; $21.95). After Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, three French Protestant brothers named de Villiers fled to Holland, and the Dutch East India Company shipped them out to the Cape of Good Hope. During the next three centuries, the trio's descendants settled all over South Africa. The author, who now lives in Canada, chronicles both his family's history and the formation of the Afrikaner nation. Americans can recognize some aspects of the Afrikaners' history: the early settlers' mulish distrust of the Company recalls the inhabitants of New Amsterdam; the trekboers' constant search for land beyond the horizon reminds us that for some Americans, too, pioneering was an escape from constraint. De Villiers does not palliate the regressive aspects of Afrikaner culture, but he persuasively maintains that there has also been a rational, modernizing tendency. He points out that many modern Afrikaners have worked for racial inclusiveness—among them his great-uncle, who was a founder of South Africa's short-lived Liberal Party, and his father, who served as a Progressive Party M.P.

FREUD: A LIFE FOR OUR TIME, by Peter Gay (Norton; $25). The Yale historian has written a solid book that places Freud in his period, as "an unreconstructed nineteenth-century gentleman." Mr. Gay describes the scientific background that encouraged Freud's ambition to create a scientific psychology almost analogous to chemistry or physics, and follows him through the steps that led him, by the eighteen-nineties, to suppose that there was an unconscious mind whose operation one could perceive in dreams, and to begin to work out the methods of psychoanalysis. At the same time, Mr. Gay keeps track of Freud's family life, his medical practice, his friendships, his travels, his reading, so that the reader always has a complete sense of Freud's life. Freud was an extraordinarily assiduous worker; as his fame grew, and his disciples became an international movement, he was drawn into organizational squabbles and personal controversies, but his production of books and ideas never ceased. Though some of his speculations may still seem questionable, even the least sympathetic reader of this generous and shapely book will notice how many have become our platitudes.

THE EDITOR, THE BLUENOSE AND THE PROSTITUTE: H. L. MENCKEN'S HISTORY OF THE "HATRACK" CENSORSHIP CASE, edited by Carl Bode (Roberts Rinehart; $19.50). In April, 1926, H. L. Mencken, the editor of *The American Mercury*, went to Boston Common, accompanied by a number of newsmen and photographers, and sold a copy of that month's issue of his magazine to the Reverend J. Frank Chase, a prominent member of the powerful Watch and Ward Society, self-appointed guardian of public morals. That issue of the *Mercury* contained a piece about a prostitute, nicknamed Hatrack, in a small Missouri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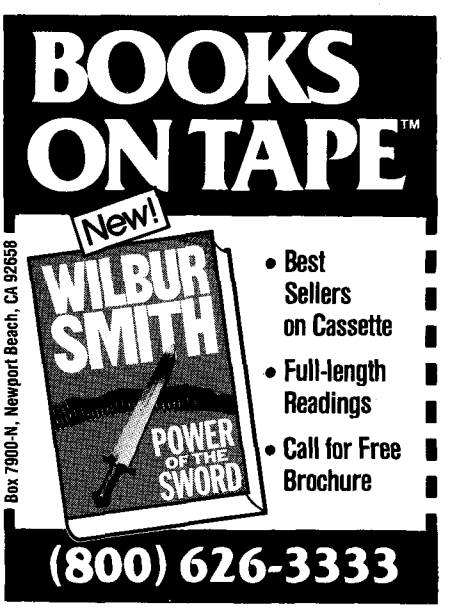

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town. Although there was nothing remotely pornographic about the article, the Reverend Mr. Chase had Mencken arrested for distributing obscene literature, and thus one of the most far-reaching censorship cases in our history got under way. A full account of the Hatrack case was written by Mencken in 1937. It is now published for the first time, along with the *Mercury* article, and with a foreword by Professor Bode, Mencken's biographer. It repays reading for its full airing of a challenge to the First Amendment, and because it affords us an opportunity to watch a great stylist and master of corrosive polemics at work.

SELECTED LETTERS OF VIRGIL THOMSON, edited by Tim Page and Vanessa Weeks Page (Summit; $24.95). Thomson's informal writing is as crisp, candid, and original as his criticism and memoirs. "Language, to me," he said, "is merely for telling the truth about something." The earliest letters are the reports of a bright, curious twenty-year-old in the Army during the First World War, and the last letter dates from 1985, when Thomson was eighty-eight. There are letters of business, letters of friendship, and letters of friendship telling about business—for example, describing the famous production of "Four Saints in Three Acts" in Hartford in 1934. The letters dispense news, information, gossip, good advice, and dandy recipes, and talk about almost every kind of music. Thomson's unpretentiousness—his simplicity—is inseparable from his sophistication: "Writing music is like giving parties. You make it as good as you can at the time you are doing it." The editors' annotations are unobtrusive, and their bridging commentary is apt.

NOTE: "Shapinsky's Karma, Boggs's Bills, and Other True-Life Tales," a collection of pieces by Lawrence Weschler, has been published by North Point ($17.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

FREAKY DEAKY, by Elmore Leonard (Arbor House/Morrow; $18.95). This is Mr. Leonard's twenty-sixth offering of high-class instant gratification, and the gratification he offers us here is as instantly compelling and, perhaps, as easily forgotten as before. The setting, as it has been more often than not, is Detroit, and the performers include such familiars as the smart, jaunty black dude and the good, intelligent detective who is plenty tough on the job but appealingly tongue-tied in better company. The other featured players in "Freaky Deaky" (the title comes from a central-city dance) are two leftover campus revolutionaries from the late sixties—Skip, a dynamiter of federal buildings turned Hollywood powder man, and Robin, his former lover and acid-dropping companion, still beautiful and seductive, still arrogant—and two of their onetime fellow-demonstrators, the brothers Ricks: Woody, fat, rich, and rum-dumb, and Mark, a would-be theatrical producer. These last —or, rather, the multimillions that Woody controls—spin the nasty, deadly plot.

THE LONG KILL, by Patrick Ruell (Foul Play Press; $15.95). When the professional killer Jaysmith misses a prospective victim, he decides that it is time for retirement. On an impulse, he settles down in the hilly British countryside where his final assignment failed, and compounds the error by falling in love with his target's daughter. Jaysmith's shadowy employer, Jacob, concluding that he has been betrayed by the assassin, calls in replacements and orders them not only to complete the original assignment but to dispose of Jaysmith and the daughter as well. Mr. Ruell makes Jaysmith's bizarre predicament seem convincing, and, on a more demanding level, manages to make a man who is, after all, a multiple murderer into an interesting and frequently attractive human being.

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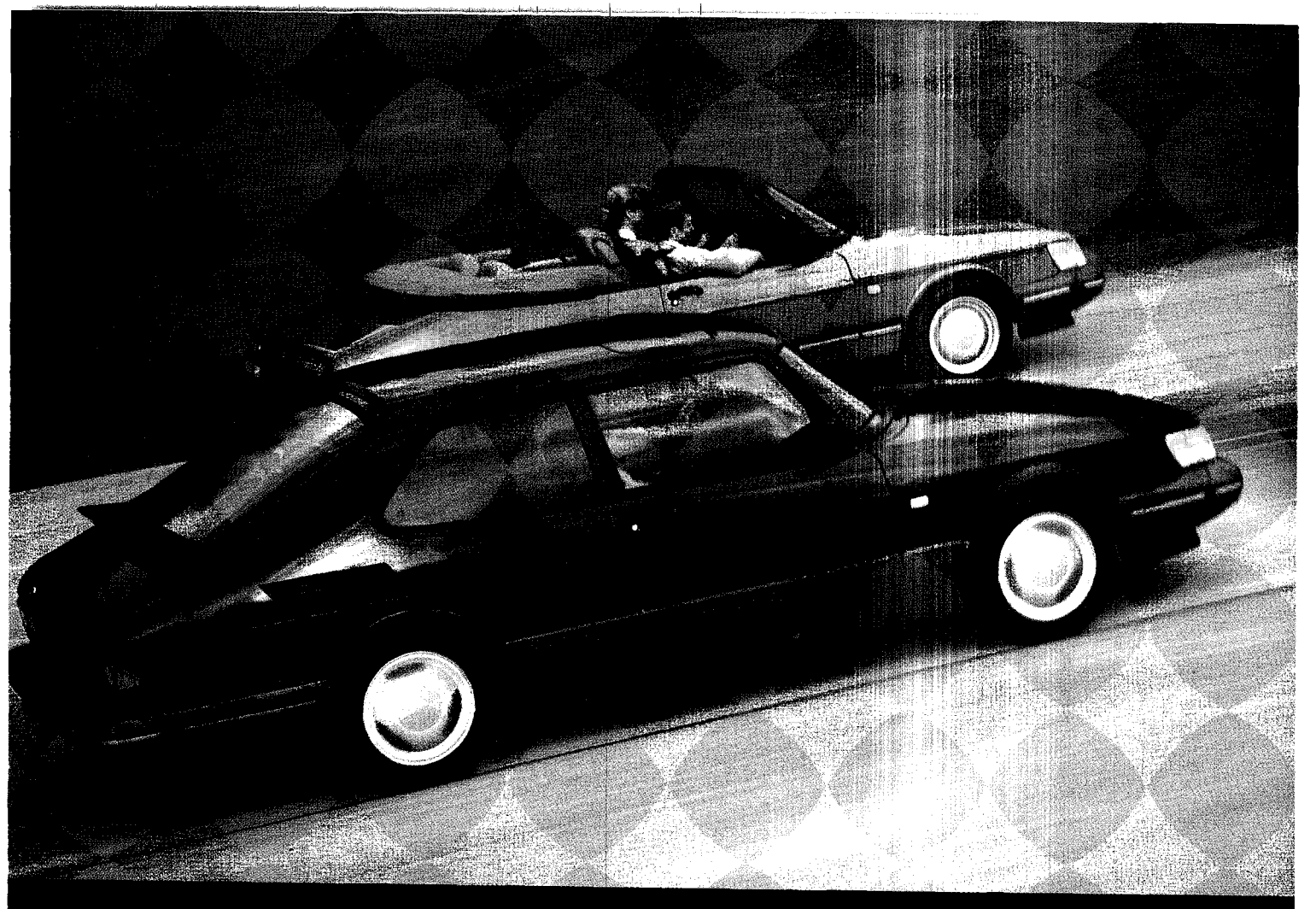

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